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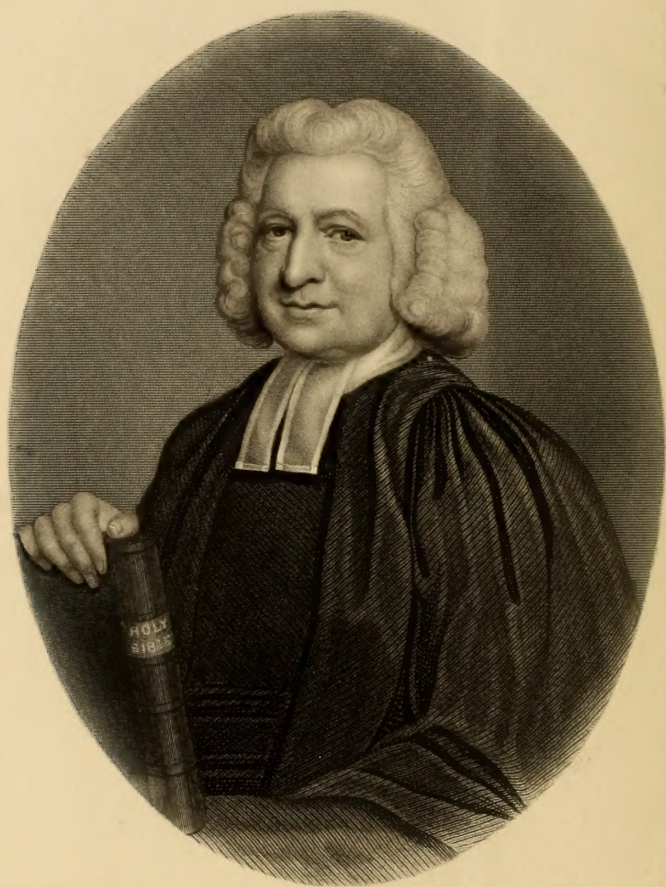


THE JOURNAL OF  
THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.









Wesley





# THE JOURNAL

OF THE REV.

## JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

ENLARGED FROM ORIGINAL MSS., WITH NOTES  
FROM UNPUBLISHED DIARIES, ANNOTA-  
TIONS, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS

EDITED BY

NEHEMIAH CURNOCK

ASSISTED BY EXPERTS

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the Wesley Historical Society.*



## PREFATORY NOTE

ON a summer evening in 1742, from his father's grave-stone, John Wesley saw a congregation that represented a whole countryside ; 'not only Epworth, but Burnham, Haxey, Owston, Belton, and other villages round about.' For 'near forty years' the old man whose bones lay under the preacher's feet had laboured here, and had seen little fruit. He too, as curate to his father, had 'taken some pains among this people,' and had seemed 'to spend his strength for nought.' But now, he writes, 'the fruit appeared.' The scene was typical. The Isle of Axholme, nestling in the angle between three great counties, stood for all England. It was the evening and the morning of a new day and of a great awakening. Out of the semi-parochialism and mysticism of the Religious Societies Wesley had come to his wider parish. Whether he knew it or not, the appeal he now made was national, and was destined to have far-reaching national, and even international, results.

In the present volume Wesley appears as preacher, writer, controversialist, educator. He preaches, often every day of the week, morning, noon, and night, wherever a crowd can gather or his voice can be heard. His printers are never idle, nor are his literary foes. Books, tracts, letters, hymns, pamphlets pour from the press in a ceaseless stream. But beyond and above all else he is a leader and commander. He compels. The people are charmed by a strange personality. His hand, his eye, the tones of his voice, cast spells about the wildest. All sorts and conditions hate him savagely or love him passionately. They wonder and fear as at one sent from God ; but almost invariably they follow and obey. The life of such a man, incessantly travelling, often traversing swiftly flowing currents of national movement, appeals to the romancist, for it is rich in startling situations and thrilling episodes. But still more powerfully it appeals to the historian, for he cannot fail to see in it one of those moral and spiritual forces that make history.

*The Cambridge Modern History* is the latest, and not the least remarkable, of many witnesses to this fact. The striking

feature in its testimony is that, in its treatment of English history in the eighteenth century, it gives to Wesley a co-ordinate primacy. In Volume VI a chapter is devoted to 'The Age of Walpole and the Pelhams.' At page 40 we read :

The age has changed. . . . The tyranny of ideas, which had caused the religious contentions of the seventeenth century, yields to the tyranny of facts and materialism, which causes the political strife of the eighteenth. . . . The age of Walpole brought many benefits to England—a long peace, which enabled her to recover from effort and overstrain, to garner the spoils won for her by the diplomacy of William and by the sword of Marlborough, to fill her coffers with gold and to cover the sea with her ships. Few ages have been more useful to England in the narrowest sense, few more materially prosperous; yet few have been less productive in the nobler and more ideal elements of national life. We are only saved from describing the age in the words which Porson once applied to an individual, as 'mercantile and mean beyond merchandise and meanness,' by the reflection that the age of Sunderland, of the second George, and of Walpole is also that of Berkeley, of Wesley, and of Pitt.

And again, at page 77 we read :

The earlier half of the eighteenth century in England is an age of materialism, a period of dim ideals, of expiring hopes. Before the middle of the century its character was transformed. There appeared a movement headed by a mighty leader, who brought water from the rocks to make a barren land live again. . . . Reason dominated alike the intellect, the will, and the passions; politics were self-interested, poetry didactic, philosophy critical and objective. Generalizations such as these are but rough approximations, for no age is without its individual protests and rebels; Berkeley among philosophers, Law among divines, all derived new thoughts, evoked new harmonies, or caught new inspirations from the age. But more important than any of these in universality of influence and range of achievement were John Wesley and the religious revival to which he gave his name and his life.

The publication of this volume has been retarded by the continual accumulation of information not hitherto generally known, and which in many instances has been elicited by the earlier issues of this edition of the Journal.

With the last volume of the series it is proposed to print an Itinerary Map, which, removed from its cover-pocket, may be used with the complete work.

# PART THE FIFTH

*(Continued)*





## THE JOURNAL

*From April 16, 1742, to October 27, 1743*

**1742.** APRIL 16 (being *Good Friday*).—I was desired to call on one that was ill at Islington. I found there several of my old acquaintance who loved me once as the apple of their eye. By staying with them but a little I was clearly convinced that, was I to stay but one week among them (unless the providence of God plainly called me so to do), I should be as *still* as poor Mr. St[onehouse]. I felt their words, as it were, thrilling through my veins. So soft! so pleasing to nature! It seemed *our* religion was but a heavy, coarse thing; nothing so delicate, so refined as *theirs*. I wonder any person of taste (that has not faith) can stand before them!

*Sun.* 18.—In the afternoon one who had tasted the love of God, but had turned again to folly, was deeply convinced, and torn, as it were, in pieces by guilt and remorse and fear; and even after the sermon was ended, she continued in the same agony, it seemed, both of body and soul. Many of us were then met together in another part of the house; but her cries were so piercing, though at a distance, that I could not pray, nor hardly speak, being quite chilled every time I heard them. I asked whether it were best to bring her in, or send her out of the house. It being the general voice, she was brought in, and we cried to God to heal her backsliding. We soon found we were asking according to His will. He not only bade her 'depart in peace,' but filled many others, till then heavy of heart, with peace and joy in believing.

*Mon.* 19.—At noon I preached at Brentford, and again about seven in the evening. Many who had threatened to do terrible things were present; but they made no disturbance at all.

*Tuesday* the 20th was the day on which our noisy neighbours had agreed to summon all their forces together: a great

number of whom came early in the evening and planted themselves as near the desk as possible. But He that sitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. The greater part soon vanished away; and to some of the rest I trust His word came with the demonstration of His Spirit.

*Fri. 23.*—I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Wh[itefield]. I believe he is sincere in all he says concerning his earnest desire of joining hand in hand with all that love the Lord Jesus Christ.<sup>1</sup> But if (as some would persuade me) he is not, the loss is all on his own side. I am just as I was: I go on my way, whether he goes with me or stays behind.

*Sun. 25.*—At five I preached in Ratcliffe Square, near Stepney,<sup>2</sup> on 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' A multitude of them were gathered together before I came home, and filled the street above and below the Foundry. Some who apprehended we should have but homely treatment begged me to go in as soon as possible; but I told them, 'No: provide you for yourselves; but I have a message to deliver first.' I told them, after a few words, 'Friends, let every man do as he pleases; but it is *my* manner, when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head'; which I accordingly did; and many of them did the same. I then exhorted them to repent and believe the gospel. Not a few of them appeared to be deeply affected. Now, Satan, count thy gains!

*Mon. 26.*—I called on one who was sorrowing as without hope for her son, who was turned again to folly. I advised her to wrestle with God for his soul; and in two days He brought home the wandering sheep, fully convinced of the error of his ways, and determined to choose the better part.

MAY 1, *Sat.*—One called whom I had often advised not to hear them that preach smooth things; but she could not believe there was any danger therein, seeing we were all, she said, children of God. The effects of it which now appeared in her were these: (1) She was grown above measure wise in her own

<sup>1</sup> Henceforth Wesley and Whitefield were divided, and yet united. Each pursued his own course, but their hearts and their aims were one. (Tyerman's

Wesley, vol. i. p. 372.) See also below, p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> Off Commercial Road East, and near Stepney Causeway.

eyes: she knew everything as well as any could tell her, and needed not to be 'taught of man.' (2) She utterly despised all her brethren, saying they were all in the dark; they knew not what faith meant. (3) She despised her teachers, as much, if not more, than them; saying they knew nothing of the gospel; they preached nothing but the law, and brought all into bondage who minded what they said. 'Indeed,' said she, 'after I had heard Mr. Sp[angenberg] I was amazed; for I never since heard you preach one good sermon. And I said to my husband, "My dear, did Mr. Wesley always preach so?" And he said, "Yes, my dear; but your eyes were not opened."'

*Thur. 6.*—I described that falling away, spoken of by St. Paul to the Thessalonians, which we so terribly feel to be already come, and to have overspread the (so-called) Christian world. One of my hearers was highly offended at my supposing any of the Church of England to be concerned in this; but his speech soon bewrayed him to be of no Church at all, zealous and orthodox as he was. So that after I had appealed to his own heart, as well as to all that heard him, he retired with confusion of face.

*Sat. 8.*—One of Fetter Lane mentioning a letter he had received from a poor man in Lincolnshire, I read and desired a copy of it; part of which is as follows:

SAMUEL MEGGOT TO RICHARD RIDLEY<sup>1</sup>

BROTHER,

*May 3, 1742.*

I have now much communion with thee, and desire to have more; but till now I found a great gulf between us, so that we could not pass one to the other. Therefore thy letters were very death to me, and thou wast to me as a branch broke off and thrown by to wither. Yet I waited, if the Lord should please to let us into the same union we had before. So the Lord hath given it. And in the same I write; desiring it may continue until death.

I wrote before to thee and John Harrison, 'Be not afraid to be found sinners,' hoping you would not separate the law from the Spirit, until the flesh was found dead. For I think our hearts are discovered by the law, yea, every tittle, and condemned by the same. Then are we quickened in the Spirit. Justice cannot be separated from mercy;

<sup>1</sup> Ridley visited Epworth with Harrison, and preached the 'still' doctrine, the chief hindrance to the work of the Wesleys at this time.

neither can they be one greater than the other. 'Keep the commandments'; 'and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.' Mark that! 'Thy sins be forgiven thee; arise, take up thy bed, and walk.' Here is work before mercy, and mercy before work. So then, through the law by faith our heart is pure. Beware, therefore, of them who, while they promise you liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption. O dead faith, that cannot always live pure! Treacherous Judas, that thus betrayest thy Master!

Let the law arraign you, till Jesus Christ bring forth judgement in your hearts unto victory. Yea, let your hearts be open wide, receiving both, that the one may confirm the other. So thou livest so much in the Son's righteousness that the law saith, 'I have nought against thee.' This is faith that thus conquers the old man, in putting him off, and putting on Christ. Purify your hearts by faith: so shall the temple of God be holy, and the altar therein; that spiritual sacrifices may be offered, acceptable to the Lord. Now, if any man be otherwise minded, let him be ashamed. For if there lives any of our self in us, that one branch of nature, that one member, shall cause the whole man to burn everlastingly. Let as many as know not this perfection, which is by Jesus Christ, press forward by faith till they come to the experimental knowledge of it.

But how many souls have I seen washed, and turned again to the wallowing in their sins! Oh that Lamb! How is He put to an open shame again, who had once reconciled them to the Father!

Now I would write a little of the travail of my own soul. I thought myself right long since; but when the light of life came, I saw myself ready to die in my sins. I had faith; but I had it by knowledge, and not in power: yet by this faith I had great liberty. Nevertheless this faith kept my heart corrupt, and the whole man of sin alive. My way of proceeding was thus: sometimes I was overtaken in a fault, and so was put to a stand a little. But as soon as I could, I would wipe myself by knowledge, saying, 'Christ died for sinners.' I was right so far, and no farther. He died for sinners; but not to save him that continues in his sins. For whomsoever He cleanses, they are clean indeed; first sinners, then saints, and so they remain. By-and-by I was overtaken again: and the oftener I was overtaken, the stronger I thought myself in the Lord. Yea, for my corruption's sake I was forced to get more knowledge, or else I should have been condemned. So I arrived at such a pitch of knowledge (that is, of notional faith) that I could crucify Christ with one hand and take pardon with the other; so that I was always happy. Here was the mystery of iniquity, conceived in my heart. For it led me to this: if I was to take of any man's goods, I would say or think, 'I am a sinner of myself; but Christ died for me; so His righteousness is mine.' And farther, I could not



see but if I was to kill a man, yet I should be pure. So great a friend to sin and the devil was I that I would have made sin and the devil to become the righteousness of God in Christ ; yea, that I began to love him whom the Lord hath reserved for everlasting fire.

So I held Christ without, and the devil within. This is a mystery, that I should feel myself safe and pure, and yet the devil to be in me. Judge who gave me this purity, and taught me to be thus perfect in Christ ! But ere long that began to break forth in action which I had conceived in my heart. But it was the Lord's will I should not go far before I was again brought under the law. Then did I stand stripped and naked of that knowledge. I wish all who are so deceived as I was were brought under the law, that they might learn what it is to come to Jesus Christ. And I wish them not to pass from under the law till they clearly see the end of the law come into their hearts.

The law being mixed with faith, makes it quick and powerful. For as the law will not leave one hair of our heads uncondemned, so faith will not leave one unreconciled. And blessed is he who lives in the same reconciliation, and turns not as a dog to his vomit. Then shall he be called a child of God ; who cannot sin, because His seed remaineth in him.

Thou writest, Jesus makes it manifest to thee that thou art a great sinner. That is well ; and if more, it would be better for thee. Again, thou sayest, since thou first receivedst a full and free pardon for all thy sins, thou hast received so many fresh pardons that they are quite out of count. And this, thou sayest, is spoken to thy own shame and thy Saviour's praise. Come, my brother, let us both be more ashamed. Let us see where we are, and what we are doing to the Lamb. We are not glorifying Him (let us not mistake ourselves thus) ; we are crucifying Him afresh. We are putting Him to an open shame, and bringing swift damnation on our own heads.

Again, thou sayest, though thy sins be great and many, yet thy Saviour's grace is greater. Thou sayest right ; or else, how should we have been cleansed ? But His great cleansing power does not design that we should become foul again ; lest He call us away in our uncleanness, and we perish for ever. For it will not profit us that we were once cleansed, if we be found in uncleanness.

Take heed to thyself, that the knowledge that is in thee deceive thee not. For thou writest so to my experience, that I can tell thee as plain how thou art, or plainer, than thou canst thyself. Thou sayest, after thou hast done something amiss, thou needest not to be unhappy one moment, if thou wilt but go to thy Saviour. Is not this the very state I have mentioned ? Oh that that knowledge was cast out ! So shouldest thou always do the things that please the Father. O my dear brother, how art thou bewitched by the



deceiver of thy soul! Thou art a stranger to the Saviour, who is gone to heaven to give repentance to His people and remission of sins. I am afraid the devil is thy saviour; more of him is manifest in thee than of Christ. He tells thee thou art pure and washed, but he cozens thee; yea, his deceitfulness cries out for vengeance; yet he would be a Christ or a God.

Thou sayest thou hast need of remission of sins every day. Yes, so thou hast, and more. Thou hast need every moment; so shouldest thou be clean; for this every moment should be eternity to thy soul. Thou thankest God that He hath provided such a High-Priest for thee. Let Him be thine; so shalt thou be ruled by Him every moment. What? Is He such a Saviour as can cleanse us from sin, and not keep us in the same? Judge where thou art. Thou and I, and many more, were once made pure. And we were pure while we believed the same, and were kept by the Father for His own name's sake. But how long did we thus believe? Let every man judge himself.

Now, my brother, answer for thyself. Dost thou believe that thou must always have this heart, which is corrupted through and through with sin? I say, dost thou believe thy heart must be thus unpure? If thou dost, the same doctrine must be preached to thee which was at first: 'Ye must receive the Holy Ghost'; that is, thou must be brought to the first remission; and there thou wilt see Jesus laid slain in thy heart. This thy first purity I will acknowledge, and none else. I believe the foundation of life was once in thee. But many together with thee have fallen away. Thou hearest how I acknowledge thee, and where, and nowhere else. And herein I have communion with thee in my spirit, and hope it will continue to the end.

And is poor Samuel Meggot himself now fallen into the very same snare against which he so earnestly warned his friend? Lord, what is man!<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 9.*—I preached in Charles Square to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Many of the baser people

<sup>1</sup> Later notices of him are found, June 10, 1742, at Epworth, where Wesley had 'a calm conversation' with him; June 6, 1763, at Barnard Castle, from whence he sent Wesley an account of the work there. He is the means of a wonderful revival at Weardale, June 5, 1772. See also *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 372-6, and *Early Methodist Preachers*, vol. v. p. 239. John Wesley, writing to John Cricket,

Feb. 10, 1783, referring to Barnard Castle, says:

When Samuel Meggot, now with God, came to them, he advised them to keep a day of fasting and prayer. A flame broke out and spread through all the circuit, nor is it extinguished to this day.

For a summary of his character see Atmore, *Methodist Memorial*, p. 270

would fain have interrupted ; but they found, after a time, it was lost labour. One, who was more serious, was (as she afterwards confessed) exceeding angry at them. But she was quickly rebuked, by a stone which light upon her forehead and struck her down to the ground. In that moment her anger was at an end, and love only filled her heart.

*Wed. 12.*—I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Whitefield,<sup>1</sup> and again on Friday ; as also on the Bishop of London. I trust if we should be called to appear before princes, we should not be ashamed.

*Mon. 17.*—I had designed this morning to set out for Bristol, but was unexpectedly prevented. In the afternoon I received a letter from Leicestershire,<sup>2</sup> pressing me to come

<sup>1</sup> In Easter Week, April 18, and following days, Whitefield had held a remarkable series of services in Moorfields. In two graphic letters he describes the scenes there : 'The whole fields ready, not for the Redeemer's, but for Beelzebub's harvest.' (Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, vol. i. p. 554.)

<sup>2</sup> A letter from John to Charles Wesley written on Monday, May 17, shows that a conflict of duties had arisen. He was under promise to his friend Piers, vicar of Bexley, to correct an official sermon which he (Piers) had to preach at Sevenoaks before the Dean of Arches and the Reverend Clergy of the Deanery of Shoreham on May 21. A journey to Bristol had been urged in a letter just received from Charles, with sermons at Brentford and Windsor *en route*. To his brother and Lady Huntingdon he had recently written discussing the expediency of a journey into Yorkshire, either by Charles or himself. A letter from Lady Huntingdon, then at Donington Park, urged him to come at once and minister to Miss Cowper, who was dying at the Castle, and wished to see him. Another letter from Lady Huntingdon, undated but written about this time and quoted by more than one witness who had seen it, pressed Wesley to visit 'the colliers in the north.' This

may have been in his mind when he referred to the proposed journey to Yorkshire. The letter to Charles shows that he was contemplating also a visit to Lincolnshire—his own and Lady Huntingdon's native county. What actually took him to Newcastle we do not know. John Nelson, whom he had known in London, had often asked him to visit Birstall ; but his visit on this occasion was not by appointment. It was only a casual halt on a longer journey. The companionship of John Taylor, who had been horsed by the Countess's directions that he might accompany Wesley from London to Donington, would suggest that the intended journey, if not at Lady Huntingdon's request, was taken after consultation with her, and, in some sense, by her assistance. John Taylor, if not Wesley also, rode one of her Ladyship's horses, and was no doubt franked by her, until, returning to London, he settled there. The authorities for this episode are Wesley's *Works*, vol. xii. p. 108 ; *Life of Lady Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 52, 53 ; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 375-7 (Piers) ; Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. i. p. 310 ; Stamp's *Orphan House of Wesley*, and Everett (Allens of Shiney Row, Section II., where the letter 'a little earlier than May 17' is quoted).

without delay, and pay the last office of friendship to one whose soul was on the wing for eternity.<sup>1</sup>

On *Thursday* the 20th I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know what his opinions were; therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him; he was quite uneasy to know whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did; but I told him over and over, 'We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another.' And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, 'No, I am John Wesley himself.' Upon which—

*Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem  
Pressit*<sup>2</sup>—

he would gladly have run away outright. But, being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to show him his heart, till we came into the street of Northampton.

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<sup>1</sup> Hutton, writing to Zinzendorf Nov. 18, 1741, describes a visit to Lord and Lady Huntingdon at Enfield Chace. Referring to their daughter, then sixteen years of age, whom he covets for Marien-born, he says: 'The person in charge of the above young lady is a good simple sheep.' This governess may have been the 'Miss Cowper' whom Wesley was asked to visit. (*Memoirs of James Hutton*, p. 68.) Letter of the Countess of Huntingdon after her death (*Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 531); register of her burial at Ashby-de-la-Zouch (*W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 39); also *Life of the Countess of Huntingdon*, i. 46, 52, 55.

<sup>2</sup> The appositeness of this truncated quotation may be missed without a reference to the whole passage. It is from Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 379-82. In

the conflict attending the capture of Troy, Androgeus, a Greek, has mistaken a troop of Trojans, disguised in Greek armour, for his countrymen, but suddenly discovers his fatal mistake:

Extemplo . . . sensit medios delapsus in  
hostes.  
Obstupuit, retroque pedem cum voce re-  
pressit.  
Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus  
anguem  
Pressit humi nitens . . . visu tremefactus  
abibat.

(Immediately . . . he saw he had slipped into the midst of foes. He was astounded, and checked both voice and foot, drawing back. As one who, unawares, walking with effort amid rough briers, has trod upon a snake . . . off he was going in alarm at the sight.)

(C. L. Ford, *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 27.)

Sat. 22.—About five in the afternoon I reached Donington Park.<sup>1</sup>

Miss Cowper was just alive; but as soon as we came in her spirit greatly revived. For three days we rejoiced in the grace of God, whereby she was filled with a hope full of immortality; with meekness, gentleness, patience, and humble love, knowing in whom she had believed.<sup>2</sup>

Tues. 25.—I set out early in the morning with John Taylor (since settled in London), and Wednesday the 26th, in the evening, reached Birstall, six miles beyond Wakefield.

John Nelson had wrote to me some time before<sup>3</sup>; but at that time I had little thought of seeing him. Hearing he was at home, I sent for him to our inn; whence he immediately carried me to his house, and gave me an account of the strange manner wherein he had been led on, from the time of our parting at London.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For a description of the park, with its noble trees and pleasant undulations, see *W.M. Mag.* 1865, p. 236. In the summer arbour Thomas Moore wrote a great part of 'Lalla Rookh' (*Life of James Dixon, D.D.*, pp. 4-6).

<sup>2</sup> The Countess wrote a full account of her last hours (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 52-3). For John Taylor, see note below, p. 24.

<sup>3</sup> See *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 58.

<sup>4</sup> In his *Short History of the People called Methodists* (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 310) Wesley gives the following account of his visit to Nelson:

In May, on the repeated invitation of John Nelson, who had been for some time calling sinners to repentance at Birstall and the adjoining towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire, I went to Birstall, and found his labour had not been in vain. Many of the greatest profligates in all the country were now changed. Their blasphemies were turned to praise. Many of the most abandoned drunkards were now sober; many Sabbath-breakers remembered the Sabbath to keep it holy. The whole town wore a new face. Such a change did God work by the artless testimony of one plain man! And from thence his words sounded forth to Leeds, Wakefield, Halifax, and all the West Riding of Yorkshire.

John Nelson was born at Birstall in

1707, and was brought up as a stonemason. He was a more than ordinarily skilful craftsman, and was able to undertake important work in his own county and also in London. At Harewood, seeking work on the erection of a mansion, he was asked scornfully whether he could make a pig-trough. Supplied with a block of stone at his request, he wrought upon it for some days behind a locked door. At length the manager, invited to inspect the work, found an ornamental trough carved with a sow and her litter of young pigs. In the chapel-yard at Birstall, where many of the early Methodists are buried, is a sun-dial, the work of John Nelson, with an inscription bearing the date 1750 (see p. 137). Dr. Osborn, who as a young man lived with Henry Moore in Wesley's House, once told the writer of this note (N. C.) that the old Methodists of City Road informed him that John Nelson carved some of the stone-work on the front of the houses on the north side of Finsbury Square. There are many indications in Nelson's story that during his long journeys in various parts of the country he was always able to earn his own living. See also below, p. 136.



He had full business there, and large wages. But from the time of his finding peace with God it was continually upon his mind that he must return (though he knew not why) to his native place. He did so about Christmas, in the year 1740. His relations and acquaintance soon began to inquire what he thought of this new faith; and whether he believed there was any such thing as a man's knowing that his sins were forgiven. John told them point-blank that this new faith, as they called it, was the old faith of the gospel; and that he himself was as sure his sins were forgiven as he could be of the shining of the sun. This was soon noised abroad. More and more came to inquire concerning these strange things. Some put him upon the proof of the great truths which such inquiries naturally led him to mention; and thus he was brought unawares to quote, explain, compare, and enforce, several parts of Scripture. This he did at first sitting in his house, till the company increased so that the house could not contain them. Then he stood at the door, which he was commonly obliged to do in the evening, as soon as he came from work. God immediately set His seal to what was spoken, and several believed, and therefore declared, that God was merciful also to their unrighteousness, and had forgiven all their sins.

Mr. Ingham, hearing of this, came to Birstall, inquired into the facts,<sup>1</sup> talked with John himself, and examined him in the closest manner, both touching his knowledge and spiritual experience; after which he encouraged him to proceed, and pressed him, as often as he had opportunity, to come to any of the places where himself had been, and speak to the people as God should enable him.

But he soon gave offence, both by his plainness of speech and by advising people to go to church and sacrament. Mr. Ingham reproved him; but finding him incorrigible, forbade any that were in his societies to hear him. But being persuaded this is the will of God concerning him, he continues to this hour working in the day, that he may be burdensome to no man, and in the evening 'testifying the truth as it is in Jesus.'

I preached at noon, on the top of Birstall Hill,<sup>2</sup> to several

<sup>1</sup> See *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 47.

<sup>2</sup> Two of his hearers, who became notable members of society, were Nathaniel Harrison and John Murgatroyd. For full account of this scene see Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. p. 384. Traditions in abundance linger around the name of John Nelson. Many are preserved in J. Ryley Robinson's *Notes on Early Methodism in Dewsbury, Birstall, and*

*Neighbourhood*, of which a new edition was published in 1900. A man going to preach at Glasshill Hall without a book attracts John Beaumont of Southroyd, who is convinced of sin. To quote one more example. Mr. Hirst describes Nelson preaching often at Batley Carr, when his work was done, with his hammer stuck in his apron-string on one side and his trowel on the other; giving out his text,



hundreds of plain people; and spent the afternoon in talking severally with those who had tasted of the grace of God. All of these, I found, had been vehemently pressed not to run about to church and sacrament, and to keep their religion to themselves; to be still; not to talk about what they had experienced. At eight I preached on the side of Dewsbury Moor, about two miles from Birstall, and earnestly exhorted all who believed to wait upon God in His own ways, and to let their light shine before men.

*Thur. 27.*—We left Birstall, and on *Friday* the 28th came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne.<sup>1</sup>

I read, with great expectation, yesterday and to-day, Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*. I was utterly amazed at his want of judgement. How many of these things would Plato never have mentioned! But it may be well that we see the shades too of the brightest picture in all heathen antiquity.

We came to Newcastle about six, and, after a short refreshment, walked into the town.<sup>2</sup> I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him who 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'

*Sat. 29.*—I was informed that one Mr. Hall<sup>3</sup> had been there

leaning forward, and beginning, 'My dear brethren.' See also, for Nathaniel Harrison, John Murgatroyd, and the second class-meeting raised by Wesley in Yorkshire, *Meth. Mag.* 1801, p. 525; 1808, p. 138.

<sup>1</sup> See above, note on May 17.

<sup>2</sup> A small house in the Low Street of Gateshead has been identified as the place of this 'short refreshment.' Tyerman describes Newcastle as it was when Wesley paid his first visit. 'The only streets of any consequence were Pilgrim Street, Newgate Street, Westgate Street, the Side, and Sandgate.' South of Westgate Street, open country; east of Pilgrim Street, open fields; and on the north, a few straggling houses. 'The town was surrounded with a wall, having turrets, towers, and gates. . . . There

were five churches, a Roman Catholic chapel, a Quakers' meeting-house, nearly opposite the Pilgrims' Inn, and two or three Dissenters' chapels. The public-house in which Wesley lodged belonged to a Mr. Gun, and stood a few yards northward of the site on which he built his Orphan House—all open country.'

<sup>3</sup> From a Westley Hall MS. we learn that in 1740 Hall went on a preaching-visit to Newcastle with Thomas Keene and his daughter-in-law. For references to Thomas Keene see below, May 10, 1766; and Charles Wesley's *Journal*, Aug. 7, 1739, May 29, 1740, and Jan. 4, 1745. This no doubt is the preaching-visit referred to in the text. Wesley may not before have heard of his brother-in-law's visit to Newcastle, and is here

about a year before, and had preached several times; but I could not learn that there was the least fruit of his labour; nor could I find any that desired to hear him again, nor any that appeared to care for such matters.

*Sun. 30.*—At seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town,<sup>1</sup> and, standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth Psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might be twelve to fifteen hundred before I had done preaching; to whom I applied those solemn words: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed.'

Observing the people, when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me with the most profound astonishment, I told them, 'If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again.'

At five the hill on which I designed to preach was covered from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either in Moorfields or at Kennington Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear; and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The word of God which I set before them was 'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.' After preaching the poor people were ready to tread me under-foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press. I then went back another way than I came; but several were got to our inn before me, by whom I was

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quoting his informant: that 'one Mr. Hall had been there about a year before.' (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 146.)

<sup>1</sup> He arrived on Friday night. On Sunday morning, he and John Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's Markfield teacher, took their stand near the pump, in Sandgate, at that time the poorest but perhaps now one of the busiest parts of the

town. At five in the evening he preached on the hill, by the side of the Keelmen's Hospital. (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 385-7; *W.M. Mag.* 1848, p. 91; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 93.) A granite obelisk marks the spot on which Wesley stood for his first sermon in Newcastle. See p. 57.

vehemently importuned to stay with them, at least, a few days ; or, however, one day more.<sup>1</sup> But I could not consent, having given my word to be at Birstall, with God's leave, on Tuesday night.

Some of these told me they were members of a religious society which had subsisted for many years, and had always gone on in a prudent, regular manner, and been well spoken of by all men. They likewise informed me what a fine library they had, and that the steward read a sermon every Sunday. And yet how many of the publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of heaven before these !

*Mon. 31.*—About three I left Newcastle. I read over to-day the famous Dr. Pitcairn's works<sup>2</sup> ; but I was utterly disappointed by that dry, sour, controversial book. We came in the evening to Boroughbridge, where, to my great surprise, the mistress of the house, though much of a gentlewoman, desired she and her family might join with us in prayer. They did so likewise between four and five in the morning. Perhaps even this seed may bring forth fruit.

JUNE 1, *Tues.*—As we were riding through Knaresborough, not intending to stop there, a young man stopped me in the street and earnestly desired me to go to his house. I did so. He told me our talking with a man, as we went through the town before,<sup>3</sup> had set many in a flame ; and that the sermon we gave him had travelled from one end of the town to the other. While I was with him a woman came and desired to speak with me. I went to her house, whither five or six of her friends came, one of whom had been long under deep conviction. We spent an hour in prayer, and all our spirits were refreshed.

About one we came to Mr. More's,<sup>4</sup> at Beeston, near Leeds. His son rode with me, after dinner, to Birstall, where (a multitude of people being gathered from all parts) I explained to

<sup>1</sup> See Christopher Hopper's account of the visit (*E.M.P.*, reprinted as *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. i. p. 114).

<sup>2</sup> *Harmonia Evangelica Apostolorum Pauli et Jacobii in Doctrinâ de Justificatione*, by Dr. Alexander Pitcairn, Rotterdam, 1685 (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 48).

<sup>3</sup> He probably took Knaresborough on his way north from Birstall to Newcastle. Later he preached there in the 'Assembly Room.' See below, July 8, 1761.

<sup>4</sup> Cottingley Hall was Mr. More's residence. See article in *Meth. Rec.*, April 1, 1909.



them the spirit of bondage and adoption. I began about seven, but could not conclude till half an hour past nine.

*Wed. 2.*—I was invited to Mrs. Holmes's,<sup>1</sup> near Halifax; where I preached at noon, on, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Thence I rode to Dr. L[eigh]'s,<sup>2</sup> the Vicar of Halifax; a candid inquirer after truth. I called again upon Mrs. Holmes in my return, when her sister a little surprised me by asking, 'Ought not a minister of Christ to do three things: first, to preach His law, in order to convince of sin; then, to offer free pardon, through faith in His blood, to all convinced sinners; and, in the third place, to preach His law again, as a rule for those that believe? I think, if any one does otherwise, he is no true minister of Christ. He divides what God has joined, and cannot be said to preach the whole gospel.'

I preached at eight near Dewsbury Moor, and at eight the next morning, *Thursday* the 3rd, at Mirfield,<sup>3</sup> where I found Mr. Ingham had been an hour before. Great part of the day I spent in speaking with those who have tasted the powers of the world to come, by whose concurrent testimony I find that

<sup>1</sup> The story of Moravianism in Yorkshire is extremely interesting. Many of the details may be read in the *Memoirs of Hutton*, but at one point there is some obscurity, the whole story not being told. At Smith House, Lightcliffe, near Halifax (see p. 297), lived Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, the former a devout Moravian, the latter more inclined to the Wesleys. Both Spangenberg and Wesley visited Smith House in the summer of 1742. Wesley, throughout his Yorkshire journey, finding the Methodist societies influenced, as he believed, mischievously by Moravian 'stillness,' preached against this error, warning the people of its danger. It was at the time of this visit that the definite separation between the Methodists in Yorkshire and the Moravians took place. The first visible sign of division was in the family at Smith House. There is no evidence of any quarrel between the two parties, but the fact that Mrs. Holmes smiled upon the Methodists and encouraged them to visit her house and hold services there convinced the

Moravian leaders that another home for the Congregation of the Brethren was desirable. They took a house in Lightcliffe. An ancient Moravian chapel at Wyke, near Lightcliffe, no doubt represents the first Moravian settlement in Yorkshire. Smith House, on the other hand, became increasingly a Methodist centre. Wesley frequently lodged there, preached, and met his society. From the work thus rooted at Smith House, the whole Methodism of the neighbourhood arose. (*Memoirs of Hutton*, pp. 100-11; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1899, p. 65; and *W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 169-73.)

<sup>2</sup> He was presented by George II to the living of Halifax in 1731, and held it forty-five years. He was also a Prebendary of York, and is described by the historian of Halifax as 'a Low Churchman, popular with the Dissenters, and generous to the poor.'

<sup>3</sup> For these visits see Ryley Robinson, *Early Methodism in Dewsbury, &c.*, p. 21. It was at this time that John Bennet first heard John Wesley preach at Dewsbury.

Mr. Ingham's method to this day is, (1) to endeavour to persuade them that they are in a delusion, and have indeed no faith at all; if this cannot be done, then (2) to make them keep it to themselves; and (3) to prevent their going to the church or sacrament; at least to guard them from having any reverence, or expecting to find any blessing in those ordinances of God.

In the evening I preached at Adwalton, a mile from Birstall, in a broad part of the highway, the people being too numerous to be contained in any house in the town. After preaching, and the next day, I spoke with more, who had, or sought for, redemption through Christ; all of whom I perceived had been advised also to put their light under a bushel, or to forsake the ordinances of God, in order to find Christ.

*Fri. 4.*—At noon I preached at Birstall once more. All the hearers were deeply attentive; whom I now confidently and cheerfully committed to 'the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.'<sup>1</sup>

Hence I rode to Beeston. Here I met once more with the works of a celebrated author, of whom many great men cannot speak without rapture and the strongest expressions of admiration—I mean Jacob Behmen.<sup>2</sup> The book I now opened was his *Mysterium Magnum*, or Exposition of Genesis. Being conscious of my ignorance, I earnestly besought God to enlighten my understanding. I seriously considered what I read, and endeavoured to weigh it in the balance of the sanctuary. And what can I say concerning the part I read? I can and must say thus much (and that with as full evidence as I can say that two and two make four), it is most sublime nonsense, inimitable bombast, fustian not to be paralleled! All of a piece with his inspired interpretation of the word *Tetragrammaton*; on which (mistaking it for the unutterable name itself, whereas it means

<sup>1</sup> See note above, p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Jacob Behmen (or Böhme), the noted mystic, born in Upper Lusatia in 1575, was a shoemaker. His first work, published in 1612, was a treatise entitled *Aurora, or the Rising Sun*, which caused the magistrates of Gorlitz, instigated by the dean, to silence him for seven years. During the last few years of his life he

wrote about twenty books. Amongst the minds which he captivated in England in the eighteenth century was that of William Law, thus lowering and all but ruining Law's great reputation. Behmen died in 1624. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 48. For Wesley's 'Thoughts upon Jacob Behmen' at length see *Works*, vol. ix. pp. 509-14.



only a word consisting of four letters) he comments with such exquisite gravity and solemnity, telling you the meaning of every syllable of it.

*Sat. 5.*—I rode for Epworth. Before we came thither, I made an end of Madame Guyon's *Short Method of Prayer*, and *Les Torrents Spirituelles*.<sup>1</sup> Ah, my brethren! I can answer your riddle, now I have ploughed with your heifer. The very words I have so often heard some of you use are not your own, no more than they are God's. They are only retailed from this poor Quietist, and that with the utmost faithfulness. Oh that ye knew how much God is wiser than man! Then would you drop Quietists and Mystics together, and at all hazards keep to the plain, practical, written Word of God.

It being many years since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance. But an old servant of my father's, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, 'Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?' She answered, 'I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith.' I asked, 'Have you, then, the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?' She replied, 'I thank God, I know it well. And many here can say the same thing.'

*Sun. 6.*—A little before the service began I went to Mr. Romley, the curate,<sup>2</sup> and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers; but he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumour being spread that I was to preach. But the sermon on 'Quench not the Spirit' was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them one of the

<sup>1</sup> Madame Guyon, the French mystic, was born 1648, and died in 1717. See other references to her below. In 1776 Wesley published *An Extract of the Life of Madame Guyon*. His later estimate of her differed from the earlier. The work was prohibited by the S.P.C.K. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 48.

<sup>2</sup> John Romley, curate of Epworth, was the son of William Romley of

Burton, co. Lincoln, Pleb. Magdalen Hall, matric. Dec. 13, 1735, aged 24 (*Alumni, Oxon*). During the closing years of Samuel Wesley's life he taught the Charity School at Wroot, and, according to Adam Clarke, assisted the rector as an amanuensis in his work on Job. For further notices of Romley see below, July 3, 1748; April 13, 1759; Tyerman's *S. Wesley*, p. 373.

most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm ; and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the churchyard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, 'Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock.'

Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

At eight I went to Edward Smith's,<sup>1</sup> where were many not only of Epworth, but of Burnham, Haxey, Owston, Belton, and other villages round about, who greatly desired that I would come over to them and help them. I was now in a strait between two, desiring to hasten forward in my journey, and yet not knowing how to leave those poor bruised reeds in the confusion wherein I found them. John Harrison, it seems, and Richard Ridley,<sup>2</sup> had told them in express terms, 'All the ordinances are man's inventions, and if you go to church or sacrament you will be damned.' Many hereupon wholly forsook the church, and others knew not what to do. At last I determined to spend some days here, that I might have time both to preach in each town and to speak severally with those in every place who had found or waited for salvation.

*Mon. 7.*—I preached at Burnham, a mile from Epworth, on 'The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.' At eight in the evening I stood again on my father's tomb (as I did every evening this week), and cried aloud to the earnestly attentive congregation, 'By grace are ye saved through faith.'

*Tues. 8.*—I walked to Hibaldstow (about twelve miles from Epworth) to see my brother and sister.<sup>3</sup> The minister of Owston (two miles from Epworth) having sent me word I was welcome to preach in his church, I called there in my return ; but, his

<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley preached in Edward Smith's yard on June 22, 1743.

<sup>2</sup> For Harrison see above, p. 5. See Ridley's proceedings in Charles Wesley's Journal, April 30, 1740.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Clarke says that it was his sister Anne and her husband, Lambert, a land-surveyor. Or, as Mr. Foster thought, it may have been 'Susanna,' Mrs. Richard Ellison.

mind being changed, I went to another place in the town and there explained, 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.' At eight I largely enforced at Epworth the great truth (so little understood in what is called a Christian country), 'Unto him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.' I went thence to the place where the little society met, which was sufficiently thronged both within and without. Here I found some from Hainton (a town twenty miles off), who informed us that God had begun a work there also, and constrained several to cry out, in the bitterness of their soul, 'What must I do to be saved?'

Wed. 9.—I rode over to a neighbouring town to wait upon a Justice of Peace,<sup>1</sup> a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) their angry neighbours had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning to night.' Mr. S[tovin] asked, 'But have they done nothing besides?' 'Yes, sir,' said an old man: 'an't please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb.' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' replied the Justice, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'

I went from hence to Belton, to H[enry F[oste]r's,<sup>2</sup> a young man who did once run well, but now said he saw the devil in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. George Stovin, of Crowle. On July 8, 1748, Wesley writes: 'I rode to Mr. Stovin's, of Crowle. I began preaching soon after eight; but so wild a congregation I had not lately seen. However, as I stood within the Justice's garden, they did not make a disturbance.' His father, James Stovin, was High Sheriff for Lincolnshire in George I's time. He himself was born about 1695, and before the death of his father married an heiress of the Empson family, settled at Goole. He was brought up to no profession, but led the life of a country gentleman, which

afforded him abundant leisure to pursue the topographical and antiquarian researches to which from early life he was addicted. See Rev. W. B. Stonehouse's *History of the Isle of Axholme*; also vol. i. p. 21, note, *Gent.'s Mag.* 1747, and *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 199.

<sup>2</sup> In a list of sufferers by a fire at Haxey, in February 1744, appear Edward Foster and George Foster, shopkeepers and small owners. Fosters are not rare in the neighbourhood. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 202.)



1. GRAVE OF REV. SAMUEL WESLEY IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD.  
 2. VIEW FROM THE SPOT ON WHICH JOHN WESLEY STOOD WHEN HE PREACHED  
 IN EPWORTH CHURCHYARD (see PAGE 19).





every corner of the church, and in the face of every one who had been there. But he was easily brought to a better mind. I preached under a shady oak, on 'The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.' At Epworth, in the evening, I explained the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. And I believe many began in that hour to cry out, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!'

*Thur. 10.*—I spoke severally with all who desired it. In the evening I explained, 'Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.' I had afterwards an hour's calm conversation with Samuel Meggot and James Herbury. What good did God do by these for a time! O let not their latter end be worse than the first!

*Fri. 11.*—I visited the sick, and those who desired, but were not able, to come to me. At six I preached at Uppertorpe, near Haxey (a little village about two miles from Epworth), on that comfortable scripture, 'When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' I preached at Epworth, about eight, on Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dry bones. And great indeed was the shaking among them: lamentation and great mourning were heard; God bowing their hearts, so that on every side, as with one accord, they lift up their voice and wept aloud. Surely He who sent His Spirit to breathe upon them will hear their cry and will help them.

*Sat. 12.*—I preached on the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. While I was speaking, several dropped down as dead, and among the rest such a cry was heard of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lift up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving, being assured they now had the desire of their soul—the forgiveness of their sins.

I observed a gentleman there who was remarkable for not pretending to be of any religion at all. I was informed he had not been at public worship of any kind for upwards of thirty years. Seeing him stand as motionless as a statue, I asked him abruptly, 'Sir, are you a sinner?' He replied, with a deep and broken voice, 'Sinner enough'; and continued staring upwards



till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 13.*—At seven I preached at Haxey, on 'What must I do to be saved?' Thence I went to Wroot,<sup>2</sup> of which (as well as Epworth) my father was rector for several years. Mr. Whitelamb<sup>3</sup> offering me the church, I preached in the morning, on 'Ask, and it shall be given you'; in the afternoon, on the difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. But the church could not contain the people, many of whom came from far; and, I trust, not in vain.

At six I preached for the last time in Epworth churchyard (being to leave the town the next morning) to a vast multitude gathered together from all parts, on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. I continued among them for near three hours; and yet we scarce knew how to part. Oh let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here, but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too,<sup>4</sup> and my strength also seemed spent in vain; but now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly; but the seed, sown so long since, now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins.

*Mon. 14.*—Having a great desire to see David Taylor,<sup>5</sup> whom God had made an instrument of good to many souls, I rode to Sheffield; but not finding him there, I was minded to go forward immediately: however, the importunity of the people

<sup>1</sup> See below, April 17, 1752.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i., Introductory, and Tyerman's *Samuel Wesley*, p. 388.

<sup>3</sup> John Whitelamb, husband of Mary Wesley, a man of humble birth, and one of Wesley's pupils at Oxford. See Tyerman's *Samuel Wesley*, p. 374. The old church at Wroot no longer remains; but the Communion-plate, the Bible, and the Prayer-book altered by Wesley for use in the Church are still preserved in the Rectory.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. i. pp. 69, 70; *W.M. Mag.* 1911, p. 618.

<sup>5</sup> David and John Taylor were both

in the service of the Huntingdon family. As early as June 10, 1741—as we learn from the Diary—Lady Huntingdon arranged that David Taylor should accompany Wesley on his first Midland tour. For fuller account of David Taylor see note below (p. 112). See also Nelson's *Journal*, *E.M.P.* vol. i. *passim*. Of John Taylor we have little other information than that supplied by Wesley's *Journal*. Lady Huntingdon hoped to employ him as one of the schoolmasters at Markfield, and may have done so. See *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 642.

constrained me to stay, and preach both in the evening and in the morning.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 15.*—He came. I found he had occasionally exhorted multitudes of people in various parts; but after that he had taken no thought about them; so that the greater part were fallen asleep again.

In the evening I preached on the inward kingdom of God; in the morning, *Wednesday* the 16th, on the Spirit of Fear and the Spirit of Adoption. It was now first I felt that God was here also; though not so much as at Barley Hall (five miles from Sheffield), where I preached in the afternoon.<sup>2</sup> Many were here melted down, and filled with love toward Him whom 'God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.'

I talked with one<sup>3</sup> here who, for about six months (from the hour that she knew the pardoning love of God) has been all peace and love. She rejoices evermore, and prays without ceasing. God gives her whatever petitions she asks of Him, and enables her in everything to give thanks. She has the witness in herself that, whatsoever she does, it is all done to the glory of God. Her heart never wanders from Him, no, not for a moment, but is continually before the throne. Yet, whether she was sanctified throughout or not, I had not light to determine.

*Thur. 17.*—I began preaching about five, on 'the righteousness of faith'; but I had not half finished my discourse when I was constrained to break off in the midst, our hearts were

<sup>1</sup> In a chapel in Cheney Square. (*W.M. Mag.* 1835, p. 606.)

<sup>2</sup> Barley Hall, then and now a farm-house, lies half a mile to the north of Thorpe-Hesley, and to the south of Wentworth, about eight (not five) miles north of Sheffield (see p. 297). Charles Wesley preached there May 27, 1743. Both he and David Taylor were mobbed by the ruffians of Thorpe. Mr. and Mrs. Birks invited Taylor to preach here in 1738. The barn used for this service still survives. Mr. Johnson, who was a tanner, was Wesley's host. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 97; *Meth. Rec.* Jan. 30, 1902, and May 28, 1903; also Everett's

*History of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield.* Wesley had visited Barley Hall when a student at Oxford in company with his father in 1733. See *Diary for 1733* in Colman Collection. In later years he visited it thirteen times. It is now in the Rotherham circuit.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Miss Jane Holmes, afterwards wife of William Green of Rotherham, and for many years, with her husband, the leader of Rotherham Methodism. For their history see Guest, *Historic Notices of Rotherham*, 1879. But Everett was informed that this was Miss Johnson, daughter of Wesley's host.

so filled with a sense of the love of God, and our mouths with prayer and thanksgiving. When we were somewhat satisfied herewith, I went on to call sinners to the salvation ready to be revealed.

The same blessing from God we found in the evening, while I was showing how He justifies the ungodly. Among the hearers was one who, some time before, had been deeply convinced of her ungodliness; insomuch that she cried out, day and night, 'Lord, save, or I perish!' All the neighbours agreeing that she was stark mad, her husband put her into a physician's hands, who blooded her largely, gave her a strong vomit, and laid on several blisters. But all this proving without success, she was, in a short time, judged to be incurable. He thought, however, he would speak to one person more, who had done much good in the neighbourhood. When Mrs. Johnson came, she soon saw the nature of the disease, having herself gone through the same. She ordered all the medicines to be thrown away, and exhorted the patient to look unto Jesus; which this evening she was enabled to do by faith; and He healed the broken in heart.

*Fri.* 18.—I left Sheffield, and after preaching at Ripley, by the way, hastened on to Donington Park; but Miss Cowper,<sup>1</sup> I found, was gone to rest, having finished her course near three weeks before.

*Sun.* 20.—I read prayers at Ockbrook, and preached on Acts xvii. 23: 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' At six in the evening I preached at Melbourne. There were many hearers; but I see little fruit.

*Tues.* 22.—I had a long conversation with Mr. Simpson. And of this I am fully persuaded, that whatever he does is in the uprightness of his heart. But he is led into a thousand mistakes by one wrong principle (the same which many either ignorantly or wickedly ascribe to the body of the people called Methodists), the making inward impressions his rule of action, and not the written word.

About eight I left Donington Park, and before noon came to Markfield.<sup>2</sup> We lay at Coventry, and the next day, *Wednes-*

<sup>1</sup> *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 531, and *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, as above.

<sup>2</sup> The following passage may be accepted as the estimate formed of Wesley by



day the 23rd, in the afternoon, came to Evesham. At eight I preached. There were many who came with a design to disturb the rest; but they opened not their mouth.

*Thur. 24.*—I spent great part of the day in speaking with the members of the society, whom in the evening I earnestly besought no more to tear each other to pieces by disputing; but to 'follow after holiness,' and 'provoke one another to love and to good works.'

*Fri. 25.*—I rode to Painswick<sup>1</sup>; where, in the evening, I declared to all those who had been fighting and troubling one another, from the beginning hitherto, about rites and ceremonies, and modes of worship, and opinions, 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

*Sat. 26.*—I was desired to call upon Mr. Walker, 'the pillar of the Church' in these parts. As soon as I came in he fell upon me with might and main for saying, 'People might *know* their sins were forgiven,' and brought a great book to confute me at once. I asked if it was the Bible; and upon his answering 'No,' inquired no farther, but laid it quietly down. This made him warmer still: upon which I held it best to shake him by the hand and take my leave.

I had appointed to preach in Stroud at noon; but, about ten, observing it to rain faster and faster, was afraid the poor people would not be able to come, many of whom lived some miles off. But in a quarter of an hour the rain ceased, and we had a fair, pleasant day; so that many were at the market-place,<sup>2</sup> while I applied the story of the Pharisee and Publican; the hard rain in the morning having disengaged them from their work in the

the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon and their family circle:

At this time Mr. Wesley's visits to Donington Park were very frequent; Lady Huntingdon having a very sincere esteem for him, and they were much united in sentiments of a theological nature. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every society, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation we might be at a loss which to admire most—his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the

grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 58).

<sup>1</sup> Formerly a place of importance. Charles I held a Court there.

<sup>2</sup> 'In an open space called the "Pitching," near the old Market House, now the Town Hall.' His pulpit was a butcher's block. (*Meth. Rec.* Aug. 20, 1903.)



grounds. There would probably have been more disturbance, but that a drunken man began too soon, and was so senselessly impertinent that even his comrades were quite ashamed of him.

In the evening I preached on [Minchin] Hampton Common. Many of Mr. Whitefield's society were there; to whom, as well as to all the other sinners (without meddling with any of their opinions), I declared, in the name of the Great Physician, 'I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely.'

*Sun. 27.*—I preached in Painswick at seven, on the Spirit of Fear and the Spirit of Adoption. I went to church at ten, and heard a remarkable discourse, asserting that we are justified by faith alone; but that this faith, which is the previous condition of justification, is the complex of all Christian virtues, including all holiness and good works, in the very idea of it.

Alas! how little is the difference between asserting either (1) that we are justified by works, which is Popery, bare-faced (and, indeed, so gross that the sober Papists, those of the Council of Trent in particular, are ashamed of it); or (2) that we are justified by faith and works, which is Popery refined, or veiled (but with so thin a veil, that every attentive observer must discern it is the same still); or, (3) that we are justified by faith alone, but by such a faith as includes all good works. What a poor shift is this: 'I will not say, We are justified by works; nor yet by faith and works: because I have subscribed Articles and Homilies which maintain just the contrary. No; I say, We are justified by faith alone; but then by faith I mean works!'

When the afternoon service was ended at Randwick,<sup>1</sup> I stood and cried to a vast multitude of people, 'Unto him that worketh not, but believeth, his faith is counted for righteousness.' I concluded the day on Hampton Common by explaining, to a large congregation, the essential difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith.

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Bristol. I soon found disputing had done much mischief here also. I preached on those words, 'From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?' Many were cut to the heart. A cry went forth, and great was the company of the mourners: but God

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 287.

did not leave them comfortless—some knew, in the same hour, that He had the words of eternal life.

*Tues. 29.*—I was desired to visit one in Newgate. As I was coming out, poor Benjamin Rutter<sup>1</sup> stood in my way, and poured out such a flood of cursing and bitterness as I scarce thought was to be found out of hell.

From *Thursday*, JULY 1, till *Monday* I endeavoured to compose the little differences which had arisen.

On *Monday* I rode to Cardiff, and found much peace and love in the little society there.

*Tues. 6.*—I rode over to Fonmon, and found Mrs. Jones thoroughly resigned to God, although feeling what it was to lose an husband, and such an husband, in the strength of his years.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 7.*—I returned, and at five in the afternoon preached to a small, attentive congregation near Henbury. Before eight I reached Bristol, and had a comfortable meeting with many who knew in whom they had believed.

Now at length I spent a week in peace, all disputes being laid aside.

*Thur. 15.*—I was desired to meet one who was ill of a very uncommon disorder.<sup>3</sup> She said, 'For several years I have heard, wherever I am, a voice continually speaking to me, cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in the most horrid manner, and inciting me to all manner of wickedness. I have applied to physicians, and taken all sorts of medicines, but am never the better.' No, nor ever will, till a better Physician than these bruises Satan under her feet.

I left Bristol in the evening of *Sunday* the 18th, and on *Tuesday* came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear; nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) 'to depart, and to be with Christ.'

*Fri. 23.*—About three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes

<sup>1</sup> 'A drunken Quaker' (C. Wesley's Journal, Aug. 26, Sept. 4, 1739). In the Bristol Poll-Book, 1734, is the following entry: 'Rutter, Benjamin, bellows-maker, Castle Precincts.'

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Jones died June 8, 1742, aged thirty-six years. His wife was a Miss Forrest, of Minehead (see above, vol. ii. p. 504).

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fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'<sup>1</sup>

AUG. 1, *Sun.*—Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my mother,<sup>2</sup> to sleep with

<sup>1</sup> See, fully, Stevenson's *Wesley Family*, pp. 223-30. Wesley, in *Arm. Mag.* 1781, p. 312, gives July 30 as the date on which Mrs. Wesley died, with which agrees the account in the two letters below. But in the text above, and on the tombstone in Bunhill Fields, the date is given as the 23rd. In a letter to his brother Charles dated July 31, 1742, he writes:

Yesterday, about three in the afternoon, as soon as Intercession was ended, I went up to my mother. I found her pulse almost gone, and her fingers dead: so that it was easy to see her spirit was on the wing for eternity. After using the Commendatory prayer, I sat down on her bed-side, and, with three or four of our sisters, sang a requiem to her parting soul. She continued in just the same way as my father was, struggling and gasping for life, tho' (as I could judge by several signs) perfectly sensible, till near four o'clock. I was then going to drink a dish of tea, being faint and weary; when one called me again to the bed-side. It was past (or just) four o'clock. She opened her eyes wide, and fixed them upward for a moment. Then the lids dropped, and the soul was set at liberty, without one struggle or groan or sigh.

I will carry the books to Evesham, if I do not send before. The day of my setting out hence (if I have life and health) is Monday fortnight; and on Thursday fortnight I hope to be at Bristol.

I shall write L[ady] H[untingdon] word of my mother's death to-night. She is to be buried to-morrow evening. Adieu!

A week later he wrote a letter to Howell Harris, which is as a window through which we may see the innermost thoughts of a chastened spirit:

LONDON, August 6, 1742.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I must write, though where my letter

will find you, that I know not; only that it will be under the shadow of the Almighty, yea, in the arms of Him that loveth you. Now, let Him cover your head in the day of battle! Let His faithfulness and truth be thy shield and buckler! Let Him comfort thy heart, and, after thou hast suffered a while, make thee perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle thee!

I have just read yours, dated at Trevecka, Oct. 19, 1741. And what is it that we contend about? Allow such a perfection as you have there described, and all further dispute I account vain jangling and mere strife of words. As to the other point, we agree; 1. That no man can have any power except it be given him from above. 2. That no man can merit anything but hell, seeing all other merit is in the blood of the Lamb. For those two fundamental points, both you and I earnestly contend. Why then, if we both disclaim all power and all merit in man, what need of this great gulf to be fixed between us? Brother, is thy heart with mine, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand. I am indeed a poor, foolish, sinful worm; and how long my Lord will use me, I know not. I sometimes think the time is coming when He will lay me aside. For surely, never before did He send such a labourer into such a harvest. But, so long as I am continued in the work, let us rise up together against the evil-doers. Let us not weaken, but (if it be our Lord's will) strengthen one another's hands in God. My brother, my soul is gone forth to meet thee; let us fall upon one another's neck. The good Lord blot out all that is past, and let there henceforward be peace between me and thee!

P.S.—On Friday last my mother went home with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

<sup>2</sup> In Bunhill Fields, City Road, where Bunyan, Owen, Isaac Watts, and her own sister, Mrs. Dunton, lie. Emilia

her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity.

We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:

Here lies the Body

OF

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,<sup>1</sup>

THE YOUNGEST AND LAST SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF  
DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY<sup>2</sup>

IN sure and steadfast hope to rise,  
And claim her mansion in the skies,  
A Christian here her flesh laid down,  
The cross exchanging for a crown.  
True daughter of affliction, she,  
Inured to pain and misery,  
Mourned a long night of griefs and fears,  
A legal night of seventy years.

(Mrs. Harper), Susanna (Mrs. Ellison), Mehetabel (Mrs. Wright), Anne (Mrs. Lambert), and Martha (Mrs. Hall) were present. Charles was not in London. John read the service 'in presence of an innumerable multitude.' At the words, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to take unto Himself the soul of our dear mother'—a solemn awe fell upon the people. They made great lamentation for her.

By a singular inadvertence, Susanna Wesley's grave was purchased and entered in the burial-register in the name of Samuel Wesley, hence the appearance of her husband's name instead of her own on the imperishable granite pillar at the south front of the burial-ground. Charles Wesley's truest memorial of his mother is not the somewhat commonplace rhyme engraved on the plain

stone, but rather the splendid verses written shortly after, as he thought of his father and mother and ancestral sufferers for conscience' sake on both sides of his house:

What are these arrayed in white?

The hymn was published in 1745 as a hymn on the Lord's Supper. John buried his mother among the great Puritan confessors and martyrs.

<sup>1</sup> The stone was renewed at the charges of the Book Committee in 1828, with a new and fuller inscription and the first only of these few stanzas. It was again renewed in 1902. Mrs. Wesley signed her name 'Susanna.' On the stone it is spelt 'Susannah.' See Stevenson's *Wesley Family*, p. 228; Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 563-9.

<sup>2</sup> See H. Moore's remark on John Wesley's restrained account of his mother and brothers, *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 563.

The Father then revealed His Son,  
Him in the broken bread made known;  
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,  
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,  
She heard the call, 'Arise, my love!'  
'I come,' her dying looks replied,  
And lamb-like, as her Lord, she died.

I cannot but further observe that even she (as well as her father and grandfather,<sup>1</sup> her husband, and her three sons) had been, in her measure and degree, a preacher of righteousness. This I learned from a letter, wrote long since to my father, part of which I have here subjoined<sup>2</sup>:

February 6, 1712.

... As I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, yet, in your absence, I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families both of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to Him or you in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto Him when He shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?<sup>3</sup>

As these and other such-like thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so—knowing our religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's Day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by going to church, unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion—I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family: and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

<sup>1</sup> 'So far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for three thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*, preaching the gospel, nay, and the genuine gospel, in a line. You know, Mr. White, sometime Chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father' (i.e. Mrs. Annesley's father). — John Wesley to Charles Wesley, Jan. 15, 1768.

<sup>2</sup> In the Colman Collection there is a copy in the handwriting of one of her daughters of an equally remarkable letter

written by Mrs. Wesley to her brother Annesley in defence of her husband. Portions only of this letter have been published. It has been assumed that Mrs. Wesley was left destitute. H. Moore (*Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 569) shows clearly that this was not the case.

<sup>3</sup> Here, in this act of hers, we have a touch of the old freer, Puritan, Dissenting training she had received. Compare her prompt and decisive recognition of the gifts of the unordained Thomas Maxfield.



This was the beginning of my present practice. Other people's coming and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they first desired to be admitted; then others that heard of it begged leave also. So our company increased to about thirty, and it seldom exceeded forty last winter.

But soon after you went to London last, I light on the account of the Danish missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with anything; I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, Though I am not a man, nor a minister, yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and I was inspired with a true zeal for His glory, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday with Hetty; Wednesday with Nancy; Thursday with Jacky; Friday with Patty; Saturday with Charles; and with Emily and Suky together on Sunday.

With those few neighbours that then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises without being careful about the success of my undertaking. Since this our company increased every night, for I dare deny none that ask admittance.

Last Sunday, I believe, we had above two hundred. And yet many went away, for want of room to stand.

We banish all temporal concerns from our society. None is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing. We keep close to the business of the day, and, when it is over, all go home.

I cannot conceive why any should reflect upon you because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day, by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part I value no censure upon this account. I have long since shook hands with the world. And I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost anything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls.

As for your proposal of letting some other person read: alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man



among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied : that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present—for those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world ; but because of my sex. I doubt if it is proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers ; but they begged so earnestly to stay, I durst not deny them.

TO THE REV. MR. WESLEY,<sup>1</sup>

*In St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster.*

For the benefit of those who are entrusted, as she was, with the care of a numerous family, I cannot but add one letter more, which I received from her many years ago :

*July 24, 1732.*

DEAR SON,

According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family ; which I now send you as they occurred to my mind, and you may (if you think they can be of use to any) dispose of them in what order you please.

The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth : as in dressing, undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradles awake, and rocked to sleep ; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping ; which at first was three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon ; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all.

When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly ; by which means they escaped abundance of correction they might otherwise have had, and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked ; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would ; but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught they used to whisper to the maid which

<sup>1</sup> Then attending Convocation in London.

attended them, who came and spake to me ; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made eat such things as were provided for the family.

Mornings they had always spoon-meat ; sometimes on nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted to eat at those meals of more than one thing ; and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness ; which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat ; if it was known they did, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

At six, as soon as family prayers were over, they had their supper ; at seven the maid washed them ; and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight ; at which time she left them in their several rooms awake—for there was no such thing allowed of in our house as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them that, when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine ; for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it ; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better. For, by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered ; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent whom I call cruel parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered ; and this will be no hard matter to do if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd ; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence require.

I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children ensures their after-wretchedness and irreligion ; whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own ; that, the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgences of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable ; and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

The children of this family were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's Prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed-time constantly ; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects ; a short catechism, and some portions of Scripture, as their memories could bear.

They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught without saying, 'Pray give me such a thing' ; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word. Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names, were never heard among them. Nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of Brother or Sister.

None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled ; and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this : the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five ; which, you



know, were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly; for which I then thought them very dull; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the horn-book, I have changed my opinion. But the reason why I thought them so then was because the rest learned so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the 10th of February; the next day he began to learn; and, as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year; and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice.

What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson he knew wherever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learned very soon to read an English author well.

The same method was observed with them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were put first to spell, and read one line, then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school-time, without any intermission; and before we left school each child read what he had learned that morning; and, ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learned that day.

There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of, but every one was kept close to their business, for the six hours of school: and it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year, by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Every one of these, Kezzy excepted, could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live.

Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted unless for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave was always esteemed a capital offence.

For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the fire, into several families. In these they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad, and play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observation of the Sabbath, and got



knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour which made them admired when at home by all which saw them was, in great measure, lost ; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered upon a strict reform ; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon, when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the Psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament ; as, in the morning, they were directed to read the Psalms and a chapter in the Old ; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast or came into the family. And, I thank God, this custom is still preserved among us.<sup>1</sup>

There were several by-laws observed among us, which slipped my memory, or else they had been inserted in their proper place ; but I mention them here, because I think them useful.

1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often led children into lying, till they get a custom of it, which they cannot leave. To prevent this a law was made, That whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more, if one<sup>2</sup> in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed on by false colours and equivocations ; which none would have used (except one), had they been kindly dealt with. And some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering, playing at church, or<sup>3</sup> on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarrelling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

3. That no child should ever be chid or beat twice for the same fault ; and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the cause.

5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did any-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Diary records in vol. i. above of Wesley's devotional methods in Oxford and Georgia.

<sup>2</sup> She refers, probably, to her husband. Was the '(except one)' Hetty?

<sup>3</sup> An erroneous reading left out 'or' in this sentence, occasioning severe reflections upon the moralities of the Epworth house régime.

thing with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted ; and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

6. That propriety be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin ; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children ; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

7. That promises be strictly observed ; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given ; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well ; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed ; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood.

*Sun.* 8.—I cried aloud, in Ratcliffe Square, ‘Why will ye die, O house of Israel?’ Only one poor man was exceeding noisy and turbulent ; but in a moment God touched his heart: he hung down his head, tears covered his face, and his voice was heard no more.

I was constrained this evening to separate from the believers some who did not show their faith by their works. One of these, Sam. Prig,<sup>1</sup> was deeply displeased, spoke many very bitter words, and went abruptly away. The next morning he called ; told me neither my brother nor I preached the gospel, or knew what it meant. I asked, ‘What do we preach, then?’ He said, ‘Heathen morality : Tully’s *Offices*, and no more. So I wash my hands of you both. We shall see what you will come to in a little time.’

*Wed.* 11.—He sent me a note, demanding the payment of one hundred pounds, which he had lent me about a year before, to pay the workmen at the Foundry. On Friday morning, at eight, he came and said he wanted his money, and could stay no longer. I told him I would endeavour to borrow it ; and desired him to call in the evening. But he said he could not stay so

<sup>1</sup> Eliz. Prig appears in the list of the single women at the Foundry in 1745.

long, and must have it at twelve o'clock. Where to get it I knew not. Between nine and ten one came and offered me the use of an hundred pounds for a year ; but two others had been with me before, to make the same offer. I accepted the bank-note which one of them brought ; and saw that God is over all !

*Mon.* 16.—I rode to Oxford, and the next day to Evesham. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday*, in riding from Evesham to Bristol, I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Ignatius Loyola*, surely one of the greatest men that ever was engaged in the support of so bad a cause ! I wonder any man should judge him to be an enthusiast. No ; but he knew the people with whom he had to do : and setting out (like Count Z[inzendorf])<sup>1</sup> with a full persuasion that he might use guile to promote the glory of God, or (which he thought the same thing) the interest of his Church, he acted, in all things, consistent with his principles.

In the evening I met my brother and Mr. Graves,<sup>2</sup> who, being able to delay it no longer, at length sent the following letter to the Fellows of St. Mary Magdalen College, in Oxford :

GENTLEMEN,

BRISTOL, *Aug.* 20, 1742.

In December 1740 I signed a paper containing the following words :

'I, Charles Caspar Graves, do hereby declare that I do renounce the modern practice and principles of the persons commonly called Methodists, namely, of preaching in fields, of assembling together and expounding the Holy Scriptures in private houses and elsewhere than in churches in an irregular and disorderly manner, and their pretensions to an extraordinary inspiration and inward feeling of the Holy Spirit.

<sup>1</sup> 'Not that he consciously told an untruth ; but, never having learned to keep a firm control over his thoughts, &c. . . . it would happen—especially if diplomacy was required—that his representation of fact did not tally with the reality.' (Wauer on Zinzendorf.)

<sup>2</sup> Charles Caspar Graves had been a student at St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Two years after the Wesleys left for Georgia his friends believed him to be 'stark mad,' and removed him from College. Charles Wesley expostulated with his relatives, and on Oct. 2 took him to Stanton Harcourt, where

he remained some time (Charles Wesley's Journal, July 25, Oct. 10, 1737). He found peace with God in 1738, and became a zealous outdoor preacher ; but in 1740 was persuaded, and almost coerced, to sign a paper to the effect that he now renounced the principles and practices of the Methodists. For nearly two years he acted accordingly, until he met the Wesleys in Bristol on this occasion. A month later he accompanied Charles Wesley to Donington Park, when the Countess was delighted to find him ready once more to go into the highways. See also *W.M. Mag.* 1856, p. 334.



'I do farther declare my conformity to the Liturgy of the Church of England, and my unfeigned assent and consent to the Articles thereof, commonly called the Thirty-nine Articles.

'Lastly, I do declare that I am heartily sorry that I have given offence and scandal by frequenting the meetings and attending the expositions of the persons commonly called Methodists; and that I will not frequent their meetings nor attend their expositions for the future, nor take upon me to preach and expound the Scriptures in the manner practised by them.

'CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES.'

I believe myself indispensably obliged openly to declare before God and the world that the motives whereby I was induced to sign that paper were partly a sinful fear of man; partly an improper deference to the judgement of those whom I accounted wiser than myself; and, lastly, a resolution that if my own judgement should at any time be better informed, I would then openly retract, in the presence of God and man, whatever I should be convinced I had said or done amiss.

Accordingly, having now had (besides a strong conviction immediately consequent thereon) many opportunities of informing my judgement better, and being fully convinced of my fault, I do hereby declare my sincere repentance for my wicked compliance with those oppressive men, who, without any colour of law, divine or human, imposed such a condition of receiving a testimonial upon me.

I do farther declare that I know no principles of the Methodists (so called) which are contrary to the Word of God; nor any practices of them but what are agreeable both to Scripture and to the laws of the Church of England: that I believe, in particular, their preaching the gospel in the fields (being first forbid so to do in churches, although 'a dispensation of the gospel is committed to them, and woe unto them if they preach not the gospel'), or in private houses, or in any part of His dominion who filleth heaven and earth, can never be proved to be contrary to any written law either of God or man; that I am not apprised of their preaching anywhere in an irregular, disorderly manner; neither of their pretending to any extraordinary inspiration, or extraordinary feelings of the Holy Spirit; but to those ordinary ones only, which, if a man have not, he is 'without hope and without God in the world.'

I do yet farther declare that (whatever indiscretion I may in other respects have been guilty of) I know of no just offence or scandal which I ever gave by frequenting the meetings, or attending the expositions, of the persons commonly called Methodists; and that I verily believe no offence was ever taken thereat, unless either by persons loaded with prejudice or by those who enter not into the



kingdom of heaven themselves, and, if others would enter in, suffer them not.

I do, lastly, declare that I look upon myself to be under no kind of obligation (except only that I do still assent and consent to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church) to observe anything contained in that scandalous paper, so un-Christianly imposed upon me.

Witness my hand,

CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES.

After having regulated the society here and in Kingswood, I set out again for London.

On *Monday* the 30th I read over that excellent tract, Mr. Middleton's *Essay on Church Government*,<sup>1</sup> so nicely avoiding the two extremes of either exalting or depressing the regal power.

*Tues.* 31.—I read once more the Life of that good and wise (though much mistaken) man, Gregory Lopez.<sup>2</sup> Surely it must be a compliment made him by the biographer (of which Gregory himself was in no wise worthy), that 'he ascribed all his virtues to the merits and mediation of the Queen of Heaven.' We reached London in the afternoon.

SEPT. 3, *Fri.*—I preached on Phil. i. 9: 'This I pray, that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgement'—or rather, 'feeling,' as it is in the margin.<sup>3</sup> It pleased God to make this discourse an occasion of discovering such wiles of Satan as it never entered into my heart to conceive.

*Sat.* 4.—I was pressed to visit a poor murderer in Newgate,

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1733. (See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 49.)

<sup>2</sup> Gregory Lopez, born in Madrid in 1542, went to South America when twenty years old; died there in 1596. Wesley has a long account of him in the *Arm. Mag.* 1780. The original work was entitled, *The Holy Life, Pilgrimage, and Blessed Death of Gregory Lopez, a Spanish Hermit in the West Indies*. It was translated by Abraham Woodhead in 1675; this no doubt was the edition which Wesley took with him to Georgia, reading it at Cowes and elsewhere (vol. i. p. 122, *Diary*). His estimate of

Lopez was very high: 'For many years I despaired of finding any inhabitant of Great Britain that could stand in any degree of comparison with Gregory Lopez or M. de Renty. But let any impartial person judge if Mr. Fletcher was at all inferior to them.' In any estimate of the devotional literature that strongly influenced Wesley in the years immediately before his evangelical conversion, the *Life of Gregory Lopez* must occupy a prominent place. (*Green's Bibliography*, p. 230.)

<sup>3</sup> In the A.V. the margin has 'sense.' See Wesley's *Notes on N.T.*

who was much afflicted both in body and soul. I objected, It could not be; for all the turnkeys, as well as the keeper, were so good Christians, they abhorred the name of a Methodist, and had absolutely refused to admit me even to one who earnestly begged it the morning he was to die. However, I went, and found, by a surprising turn, that all the doors were now open to me. I exhorted the sick malefactor to cry unto God with all his might for grace to repent and believe the gospel. It was not long before the rest of the felons flocked round, to whom I spoke strong words concerning the Friend of sinners, which they received with as great signs of amazement as if it had been a voice from heaven. When I came down into the Common Hall (I think they called it), one of the prisoners there asking me a question, gave me occasion to speak among them also; more and more still running together, while I declared God was 'not willing any of them should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

*Mon. 6.*—Finding many had been offended at the sermon I preached on Friday night, especially those who were supposed to be strong in faith, I determined to examine the matter thoroughly. Accordingly I desired M. C., M. F., E. H., and A. G., and a few others to meet me with Sarah Cl., Jane J—n, and Ann P.,<sup>1</sup> to whom they had said most concerning

<sup>1</sup> In Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 29, will be found, under date April 1742, lists of leaders in the London societies. In the Colman Collection are the actual bands, with the names of all the members; from these lists we may gather a sufficient number of names to correspond with the initials which Wesley gives. Presumably the last three names, who were with Wesley when the complainants met him, are the names of leaders. They are found in Stevenson's list and in the Colman lists: Sarah Cl. we may recognize as 'Sarah Clavel'; Jane J—n, as 'Jane Jackson'; and Ann P. as 'Ann Pye.' For the other names, selecting only from the list of members, we have the following:

Mehetabel Chiffinch	Martha Frank
Mary Craig	Mary Fox

Mary Cobb	Mary Francis
Mary Chappel	
Eliz. Hall	Ann Graham
Eliz. Hart	Ann Grace
Eliz. Hilman	
Eliz. Hibbard	
Eliz. Holland	
Eliz. Henry	
Eliz. Holmes	
Eliz. Harding	

The extreme probability is that all these initials represent women; the lists of men do not supply names that answer to the initials. It may be that some of the groups in these lists represent classes. If so they were very small, not numbering more than six or seven in each class. But the greater number of groups are obviously bands, in which, as a rule, we find three members under a leader.

the point in question. I then heard each of them relate her experience at large. I afterwards examined them severally touching the circumstances which I had not understood; on which I then talked with several others also. And thus far I approved of their experience (because agreeable to the written word), as to their feeling the working of the Spirit of God, in peace, and joy, and love. But as to what some of them said farther, concerning feeling the blood of Christ running upon their arms, or going down their throat, or poured like warm water upon their breast or heart, I plainly told them the utmost I could allow, without renouncing both Scripture and reason, was, that some of these circumstances might be from God (though I could not affirm they were) working in an unusual manner, no way essential either to justification or sanctification; but that all the rest I must believe to be the mere empty dreams of an heated imagination.

*Wed. 8.*—I observed that the leaven of 'stillness' is not yet purged out from among us. One of our brethren saying he was uneasy because he had wilfully neglected the Lord's Supper, another replied, Then his faith was weak, else his peace could not be shaken by such little things. Yea, but I think such little things as these will shake the peace of any true believer, viz. a wilful breach of any commandment of God. If it does not shake us, we are asleep in the devil's arms.

*Thur. 9.*—I buried the body of Lucy Godshall, [a member of] one of the first women bands at Fetter Lane. After pressing toward the mark for more than two years, since she had known the pardoning love of God, she was for some time weary and faint in her mind, till I put her out of the bands. God blessed this greatly to her soul, so that in a short time she was admitted again. Soon after, being at home, she felt the love of God, in an unusual manner, poured into her heart. She fell down upon her knees, and delivered up her soul and body into the hands of God: in the instant the use of all her limbs was taken away, and she was in a burning fever. For three days she mightily praised God, and rejoiced in Him all the day long. She then cried out, 'Now Satan hath desired to have me, that he may sift me as wheat.' Immediately darkness and heaviness fell upon her, which continued till Saturday the 4th instant. On

Sunday the light shone again upon her heart. About ten in the evening one said to her, 'Jesus is ready to receive your soul.' She said, 'Amen! Amen!' closed her eyes, and died.

*Sun. 12.*—I was desired to preach in an open place, commonly called the Great Gardens, lying between Whitechapel and Coverlet Fields,<sup>1</sup> where I found a vast multitude gathered together. Taking knowledge that a great part of them were little acquainted with the things of God, I called upon them in the words of our Lord, 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' Many of the beasts of the people laboured much to disturb those who were of a better mind. They endeavoured to drive in a herd of cows among them; but the brutes were wiser than their masters. They then threw whole showers of stones, one of which struck me just between the eyes: but I felt no pain at all; and, when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying with a loud voice that God hath given to them that believe 'not the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.' And, by the spirit which now appeared through the whole congregation, I plainly saw what a blessing it is when it is given us, even in the lowest degree, to suffer for His name's sake.

*Mon. 13.*—I preached about nine at Windsor, and the next evening came to Bristol. I spent the remainder of this and the following week in examining those of the society, speaking severally to each, that I might more perfectly know the state of their souls to Godward.

*Thur. 23.*—In the evening, almost as soon as I began to pray in the society, a voice of lamentation and bitter mourning was heard from the whole congregation; but in a while loud thanksgivings were mixed therewith, which in a short space spread over all, so that nothing was to be heard on every side but, 'Praise to God and to the Lamb for ever and ever!'

*Fri. 24.*—I had notes from nineteen persons desiring to return God thanks. Some of them follow:

John Merriman, a blind man, desires to return thanks to Almighty God for the discovery of His love to him, an old sinner.

One desires to return God thanks for giving her a token of His love in removing all prejudices, and giving her love to all mankind.

<sup>1</sup> On the N. side of Whitechapel Road. about 200 yards E. of St. Mary's, Whitechapel. There is still a Great Garden Street, chapel.



Edith W—— desires to return thanks for great and unspeakable mercies, which the Lord was pleased to reveal to her heart, 'even telling me, "I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and thy sins I will remember no more." And I desire that the praise of the Lord may be ever in my heart.'

Ann Simmonds desires to return hearty thanks to God for the great mercies she received last night; for she has a full assurance of her redemption in the blood of Christ.

Mary K—— desires to return thanks to God for giving her a fresh sense of her forgiveness.

Mary F—— desires to return thanks for that the Lord hath made her triumph over sin, earth, and hell.

Mary W——<sup>n</sup><sup>1</sup> desires to return thanks to Almighty God for a fresh sense of forgiveness.

SIR,—I desire to return humble thanks to Almighty God for the comfortable assurance of His pardoning love. E. C——.

Many others took an opportunity of speaking to me, and declaring what God had done for their souls.

But one came to me, Mrs. Sp——,<sup>2</sup> who was still torn in pieces with sorrow, and doubts, and fears. Her chief fear, she said, was that we are all Papists. I asked her how she came to fear this, after she had heard us preach for near three years, and had been more than a twelvemonth in the society. She said, 'Why, it is not long since I met with a gentleman who told me he was a Roman Catholic. And when I asked him if Mr. Wesley was a Papist, he would not say "Yes" or "No," but only, "Mr. Wesley is a very good man, and you do well to hear him." Besides, it is but two or three nights since, as I was just setting out to come to the room, Miss Gr—— met me and said, "My dear friend, you shan't go; indeed you shan't; you don't know what you do. I assure you Mr. Wesley is a Papist, and so am I; he converted me. You know how I used to pray to saints and to the Virgin Mary! It was Mr. Wesley taught me when I was in the bands. And I saw him rock the cradle on Christmas Eve: you know I scorn to tell a lie." "Well, but," said I, "how comes it that none of

<sup>1</sup> 'W——n' may be Wigginton.

<sup>2</sup> 'Sprag' or 'Sparrow,' both of which are found in Charles Wesley's Journal. Sister 'Spr——' is mentioned

in Diary (above, vol. ii. p. 432). Miss 'Gr——' is probably Miss Gregory: see Diary, p. 430.

the rest who are in the bands have found this out as well as you?" "Oh," replied she, "they are not let into the secret yet; perhaps, if you was in the bands, you might not hear a word of it for a year or more. Oh, you can't imagine the depth of the design!" The maid at her back then fell a-crying, and said, 'Indeed, madam, Miss Gr—— talks so fine! Do, madam, mind what she says.' So, between one and the other, Mrs. Sp—— was utterly confounded.

Perhaps I need observe no more upon this than that the Popish priest knew well how much it would be for the interest of his Church to have me accounted a member of it, and that Miss Gr—— had lately been raving mad (in consequence of a fever); that, as such, she was tied down in bed; and, as soon as she was suffered to go abroad, went to Mr. Whitefield to inquire of him whether she was not a Papist. But he quickly perceived she was only a lunatic, the nature of her disorder soon betraying itself. Oh that all who advance the same assertion with her had as good a plea to urge in their excuse!

*Sun.* 26.—In the evening I rode to Marshfield. The next evening I reached Whitchurch.

*Tues.* 28.—In the morning I preached at Great Marlow on the Pharisee and the Publican. Many were surprised, and perhaps in some measure convinced (but how short-lived are most of these convictions!), that it is very possible a man may be a Pharisee now—yea, though he be not a Methodist.

A little before twelve I came to Windsor. I was soon informed that a large number of the rabble had combined together, and declared, again and again, there should be no preaching there that day. In order to make all sure they had provided gunpowder enough and other things some days before. But Burnham Fair<sup>1</sup> coming between, they agreed to go thither first and have a little diversion there. Accordingly they went, and bestowed a few of their crackers upon their brother-mob at Burnham. But these, not being Methodists, did not take it well, turned upon them, and gave them chase. They took shelter in an house. But that would not serve; for those without soon forced a way in, and seized on as many as they

<sup>1</sup> Burnham Fair, held September 21.

could find, who, upon information made, were sent to jail. The rest ran away, so that when I came none hindered or interrupted.

In the evening I came to London. I proposed spending a fortnight there, and then returning to Bristol.

I spent this time partly in speaking severally to all the members of the society, partly in making a full inquiry into those devices of Satan whereof I had scarce ever heard or read before. And I believe they were now thoroughly discovered and brought to nought. Oh may they never more deceive the hearts of the simple!<sup>1</sup>

OCT. 11, *Mon.*—I had designed to leave London; but, Mr. Richards<sup>2</sup> being taken ill, I put off my journey. He was much better on Tuesday; so I set out the next morning, and before seven in the evening reached the half-way house, four miles short of Hungerford.

I now found it was well I did not set out on Monday, in order to be at Bristol on Tuesday night, as usual; for all the travellers who went that way on Tuesday were robbed. But on Thursday the road was clear, so that I came safe to Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at Bristol.

My chief business now was to examine thoroughly the

<sup>1</sup> For letter from the Countess of Huntingdon to John Wesley dated Sept. 29, 1742, see *Meth. Mag.* 1799, p. 99. She writes:

Nothing less do I look for from you, than making our sinful apostate Church the footstool of Christ. . . . Attempt nothing less than all mankind; the work is nothing for our Lord. All will fall before you. I know it; I am sure of it. . . . Let us not rest in anything whereunto we have attained; we are but just entering upon infinitude. I feel no fear that you should ever depart from the simplicity of the gospel.

Wesley wrote to Whitefield on Oct. 5, and the reply, dated Oct. 11, is in Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 34. Whitefield says: 'Yesterday morning I had your kind letter dated Oct. 5. In answer to the first part of it, I say, "Let old things pass away, and all things become new." I can heartily say "Amen" to the latter part of it: "Let the King live for ever, and controversy die." It has died with

me long ago.' 'From this time,' says Tyerman, 'their mutual regard and friendly intercourse suffered no interruption until Whitefield's death, twenty-eight years afterwards.'

<sup>2</sup> 'A young man, named Thomas Maxfield, came and desired to help me as a son in the gospel. Soon after came a second, Thomas Richards; and then a third, Thomas Westell' (*Works*, vol. viii. p. 311; cf. vol. vii. p. 277). The List of Masters for Kingswood School was 'for the languages, John Jones, T. Richards, &c.' (*Bennet Minutes*, *W.H.S.* Publication No. 1, p. 56.) Richards was present at the second Conference, but afterwards joined the Established Church, Lady Huntingdon securing for him episcopal ordination. (*History of Kingswood School*, p. 34. See also *Orphan House*, pp. 116 and 167; *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 446, note. See also below, p. 151.)

society in Kingswood. This found me full employment for several days.

On *Wednesday* the 27th, having finished my work, I set out very early, and (though my horse fell lame) on *Thursday* evening came to London.

*Fri.* 29.—I largely explained, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty': namely, liberty to obey the whole will of God; to be and do whatsoever He hath commanded: in a word, to love God with all our heart, and to serve Him with all our strength.

*Sun.* 31.—Several of the leaders desired to have an hour's conversation with me. I found they were greatly perplexed about 'want of management, ill husbandry, encouraging idleness, improper distribution of money,' 'being imposed upon by fair pretences,' and 'men who talked well, but had no grace in their hearts.' I asked who those men were; but that they could not tell. Who encouraged idleness; when and how; what money had been improperly distributed; by whom, and to whom; in what instances I had been imposed on (as I presumed they meant *me*); and what were the particulars of that ill husbandry and mismanagement of which they complained. They stared at one another as men in amaze. I began to be amazed too, not being able to imagine what was the matter, till one dropped a word, by which all came out. They had been talking with Mr. [Westley] Hall, who had started so many objections against all I said or did that they were in the utmost consternation, till the fire thus broke out, which then at once vanished away.

Nov. 3, *Wed.*—Two of those who are called *Prophets*<sup>1</sup> desired to speak with me. They told me they were sent from God with a message to me; which was that very shortly I

<sup>1</sup> One of these pretended 'Prophets,' named Lacey, came to Chief Justice Holt and said: 'I come to you a prophet from the Lord God, who has sent me to thee and would have thee grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, His servant, whom thou hast sent to prison.' Holt replied, 'Thou art a false prophet, a lying knave. If God hath sent thee, it

would have been to the Attorney-General, for He knows that it belongeth not to the Chief Justice to grant a *nolle prosequi*; but I, as Chief Justice, can grant a warrant to commit thee to bear him company.' This was accordingly done. (Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices*.) Wesley's method, if less severe, was probably not less effective.



should be *born'd* again. One of them added they would stay in the house till it was done, unless I turned them out. I answered gravely, 'I will not turn you out,' and showed them down into the society-room. It was tolerably cold; and they had neither meat nor drink: however, there they sat from morning to evening. They then went quietly away, and I have heard nothing from them since.

*Sun. 7.*—I concluded the Epistle to the Hebrews, that strong barrier against the too prevailing imagination that the privileges of Christian believers are to be measured by those of the Jews. Not so: that Christians are under a better covenant, established upon better promises; that although 'the law made nothing perfect,' made none perfect either in holiness or happiness, yet 'the bringing in of a better hope' did, 'by which we' now 'draw nigh unto God,'—this is the great truth continually inculcated herein, and running through this whole Epistle.

*Mon. 8.*—I set out at four, reached Northampton that night, and the next evening, Donington Park.

*Wed. 10.*—I rode on to Rushey Inn,<sup>1</sup> and on *Saturday*, the 13th, reached Newcastle.

My brother had been here for some weeks before, and was but just returned to London.<sup>2</sup> At eight I met the wild, staring, loving society<sup>3</sup>; but not them alone, as I had designed. For we could not persuade the strangers to leave us. So that we only spent about an hour in prayer.

*Sun. 14.*—I began preaching about five o'clock (a thing never heard of before in these parts) on 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' And the victorious sweetness of the grace of God was present with His word. At ten we went to All Saints, where were such a number of

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. pp. 31–3. The notes on the name of this wayside inn are an illustration of the critical care which the Rev. H. J. Foster bestowed on Wesley's Journal. Probably Mr. Pater (of Retford) has arrived at the right conclusion. Rushey Inn, it should be.

<sup>2</sup> There is no MS. of Charles Wesley's Journal for the year 1742; but from references made to him by his brother, John Nelson, Christopher Hopper, and

others, we know that it was a period when his ministry was remarkably powerful and fruitful, especially in Newcastle and the neighbourhood, where he formed societies; also at Birstall and Wednesbury, where he preached with his friend, C. Caspar Graves, two months in advance of John Wesley.

<sup>3</sup> This society was the result of his brother Charles's labours.

communicants as I have scarce seen but at Bristol or London. At four I preached in the Square of the Keelmen's Hospital,<sup>1</sup> on 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' It rained and hailed hard, both before and after; but there were only some scattered drops while I preached, which frightened away a few careless hearers. I met the society at six, and exhorted all who had 'set their hand to the plough' not to 'look back.'

*Mon.* 15.—I began at five expounding the Acts of the Apostles. In the afternoon (and every afternoon this week) I spoke severally with the members of the society. On *Tuesday* evening I began the Epistle to the Romans. After sermon the society met. I reprov'd some among them who walked disorderly, and earnestly besought them all to beware, lest, by reason of their sins, the way of truth should be evil spoken of.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur.* 18.—I could not but observe the different manner wherein God is pleased to work in different places. The grace of God flows here with a wider stream than it did at first either at Bristol or Kingswood. But it does not sink so deep as it did there. Few are thoroughly convinced of sin, and scarce any can witness that the Lamb of God has taken away their sins.

*Fri.* 19.—I found the first witness of this good confession. Margaret H—— (oh how fallen since then!) told me that the night before, her sight (an odd circumstance) and her strength were taken away at once. At the same time the love of God so overflowed her soul that she could not speak or move.

<sup>1</sup> For the 'Keelmen of Newcastle' see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 37. The Keelmen's Hospital stood a little above Sandgate. See also *Orphan House*, p. 15; *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 186; and *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> On Nov. 17, 1742, whilst in Newcastle, Wesley wrote to his sister Martha, Mrs. Hall, comforting her because 'the death of your children is a great instance of the goodness of God towards you. You have often mentioned to me how much of your time they took up.' He proceeds to remind her that now she will be able to serve without carefulness. Referring to her husband, Mr. Hall, he

assures her that he had invited him to stay at the Foundery, but he had refused. 'The *still brethren* have gradually infused into him as much as they could of their own contempt of me and my brother, and dislike of our whole method of proceeding, which is as different from theirs as light from darkness.' It is pathetic to find him, in the same letter, clinging to the belief that Hall's 'old regard for me which he had at Oxford' will by-and-by prevail. He cleaves also to the hope that 'the poor desolate Church of England' will be visited. (Clarke's *Wesley Family*, vol. ii. p. 337.) He was still, as in Georgia an optimistic winner of souls.

James R—— also gave me an account to-day that, in going home the day before, he lost his sight in a moment, and was forced to catch hold of some rails for fear of falling. He continues under strong conviction, longing for the salvation of God.

*Sun.* 21.—After preaching in the Room<sup>1</sup> at five I began preaching about eight at the Hospital. It rained all the time; but that did not disturb either me or the congregation, while I explained ‘Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins.’

*Tues.* 23.—There seemed in the evening to be a deeper work in many souls than I had observed before. Many trembled exceedingly; six or seven (both men and women) dropped down as dead; some cried unto God out of the deep; others would have cried, but their voice was lost; and some have found that the Lord is ‘gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.’

*Thur.* 25.—In the evening God was pleased to wound many more who were quiet and at ease. And I could not but observe that here the very best people, so called, were as deeply convinced as open sinners. Several of these were now constrained to roar aloud for the disquietness of their hearts; and these generally not young (as in most other places), but either middle-aged or well stricken in years.

I never saw a work of God, in any other place, so evenly and gradually carried on. It continually rises step by step. Not so much seems to be done at any one time as hath frequently been at Bristol or London; but something at every time. It is the same with particular souls. I saw none in that triumph of faith which has been so common in other places. But the believers go on calm and steady. Let God do as seemeth Him good.

*Fri.* 26.—Between twelve and one I preached in a convenient ground at Whickham,<sup>2</sup> two or three miles from Newcastle.

<sup>1</sup> This was in a narrow lane, now Lisle Street, nearly opposite the site of Wesley's Orphan House. This ‘Room,’ or ‘Tabernacle,’ as it was called, had been built by a fanatic named MacDonald, who had removed to Manchester. It

was the first Methodist meeting-house in the north of England. (Tyerman, vol. i. p. 392.)

<sup>2</sup> Stephen Gladders was an early convert at Gelsfieldhold, near Whickham (see *Meth. Mag.* 1815, p. 321).



I spoke strong, rough words ; but I did not perceive that any regarded what was spoken. The people indeed were exceeding quiet, and the cold kept them from falling asleep, till (before two) I left them, very well satisfied with the preacher and with themselves.

*Sun.* 28.—I preached, both at five in the Room and at eight in the Hospital, on ‘Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins.’ We then walked over to Tanfield Lea,<sup>1</sup> about seven miles from Newcastle. Here a large company of people were gathered together from all the country round about, to whom I expounded the former part of the fifth chapter to the Romans. But so dead, senseless, unaffected a congregation have I scarce seen, except at Wickham. Whether gospel or law, or English or Greek, seemed all one to them !

Yet the seed sown even here was not quite lost ; for on Thursday morning, between four and five, John Brown,<sup>2</sup> then of Tanfield Lea, was waked out of sleep by the voice that raiseth the dead ; and ever since he has been full of love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

At four I preached in the Hospital Square, to the largest congregation I had seen since we left London, on ‘Jesus Christ,’ our ‘wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.’

DEC. 1, *Wed.*—We had several places offered on which to build a Room for the society ; but none was such as we wanted.

<sup>1</sup> South of the Tyne and east of Derwent, in the county of Durham. Charles Wesley, on his recent visit to Newcastle, had preached a powerful sermon at Tanfield Cross. Amongst his hearers was Christopher Hopper, a young tutor in his twentieth year, who became one of Wesley’s helpers in 1747, and died in 1802, the senior of all the preachers whose names were then on the *Minutes of Conference*. See below, p. 74. (*E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 185.)

<sup>2</sup> On July 14, 1743, he removed to Lower Spen. Wesley attributes to him the beginning of societies at Blanchland and Newlands (see below, p. 286, and C.

Wesley’s Journal, 1746). Later he joined Christopher Hopper on his missionary journeys. Wesley mentions them both as accompanying him on his journey through the north (Sept. 1749), and later says that Hopper and Brown visited Weardale in that year. See June 4, 1772. On June 13, 1759, Wesley found him at Newlands in despair, having ceased to preach ; but, recovering, he recommenced his labours. (Mark Noble in *Church Record*, Nov. 1894.) For upwards of sixty-five years he was a devoted and hard-working Methodist. Two of his sons became clergymen in the Church of England. See also *Orphan House*, p. 13.



And perhaps there was a providence in our not finding any as yet ; for by this means I was kept at Newcastle whether I would or no.

*Sat. 4.*—I was both surprised and grieved at a genuine instance of enthusiasm. J[ohn] B[rown], of Tanfield Lea, who had received a sense of the love of God a few days before, came riding through the town, hallooing and shouting, and driving all the people before him ; telling them God had told him he should be a king, and should tread all his enemies under his feet. I sent him home immediately to his work, and advised him to cry day and night to God, that he might be lowly in heart, lest Satan should again get an advantage over him.

To-day a gentleman<sup>1</sup> called and offered me a piece of ground. On Monday an article was drawn, wherein he agreed to put me into possession on Thursday, upon payment of thirty pounds.

*Tues. 7.*—I was so ill in the morning that I was obliged to send Mr. Williams to the Room. He afterwards went to Mr. Stephenson,<sup>2</sup> a merchant in the town, who had a passage through the ground we intended to buy. I was willing to purchase it. Mr. Stephenson told him, 'Sir, I do not want money ; but if Mr. Wesley wants ground, he may have a piece of my garden, adjoining to the place you mention. I am at a word. For forty pounds he shall have sixteen yards in breadth and thirty in length.'<sup>3</sup>

*Wed. 8.*—Mr. Stephenson and I signed an article, and I took possession of the ground ; but I could not fairly go back from my agreement with Mr. Riddell, so I entered on his ground at the same time. The whole is about forty yards in length ; in the middle of which we determined to build the house, leaving room for a small courtyard before and a little garden behind the building.

*Sun. 12.*—I expounded at five the former part of the Parable of the Sower. At eight I preached in the Square, on 'I am the

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<sup>1</sup> For all these transactions, see Stamp's *Orphan House of Wesley*, dp. 13-14. This piece of ground was outside the Pilgrim Street Gate.

<sup>2</sup> An ancestor of Sir William Stephen-

son, so long and usefully connected with Methodism and its institutions at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and several times chief magistrate of the city.

<sup>3</sup> £400 an acre.

good Shepherd : the good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep.' The effect of what had been spoken in the morning now evidently appeared ; for one could not observe any in the congregation to stir hand or foot. When the sermon was done, they divided to the right and left, none offering to go till I was past ; and then they walked quietly and silently away, lest Satan should catch the seed out of their hearts.

*Mon. 13.*—I removed into a lodging adjoining to the ground where we were preparing to build ; but the violent frost obliged us to delay the work. I never felt so intense cold before. In a room where a constant fire was kept, though my desk was fixed within a yard of the chimney, I could not write for a quarter of an hour together without my hands being quite benumbed.

*Wed. 15.*—I preached at Horsley-upon-Tyne,<sup>1</sup> eight (computed) miles from Newcastle. It was about two in the afternoon. The house not containing the people, we stood in the open air, in spite of the frost. I preached again in the evening and in the morning. We then chose to walk home, having each of us caught a violent cold by riding the day before. Mine gradually wore off ; but Mr. Meyrick's increased, so that on Friday he took his bed. I advised him to bleed ; but he imagined he should be well without it in a few days.

*Sun. 19.*—I cried to all who felt themselves lost, ' Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ' ; and in the afternoon, ' Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' At that hour one who was bitterly mourning after Christ (Mary Emerson) was filled with joy unspeakable.

*Mon. 20.*—We laid the first stone of the house.<sup>2</sup> Many were gathered from all parts to see it ; but none scoffed or interrupted while we praised God, and prayed that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us. Three or four times in the evening I was forced to break off preaching that we might pray and give thanks to God.

When I came home they told me the physician said he did

<sup>1</sup> A quiet village north of the Tyne. See Account of Jonathan Simpson of Horsley by his widow (*Arm. Mag.* 1789, p. 470). Wesley found John Downes at Horsley.

<sup>2</sup> This is the fourth building which

Wesley provided for meetings of the new society. The ' New Room ' at Bristol, the School at Kingswood, and the Foundery in London he held in his own possession, but the house at Newcastle he vested in trustees.

not expect Mr. Meyrick<sup>1</sup> would live till the morning. I went to him, but his pulse was gone. He had been speechless and senseless for some time. A few of us immediately joined in prayer (I relate the naked fact); before we had done his sense and his speech returned. Now he that will account for this by natural causes has my free leave; but I choose to say, This is the power of God.

*Thur. 23.*—It being computed that such a house as was proposed could not be finished under seven hundred pounds, many were positive it would never be finished at all; others, that I should not live to see it covered. I was of another mind; nothing doubting but, as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing it.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 25.*—The physician told me he could do no more; Mr. Meyrick could not live over the night. I went up and found them all crying about him, his legs being cold, and (as it seemed) dead already. We all kneeled down and called upon God with strong cries and tears. He opened his eyes and called for me; and from that hour he continued to recover his strength till he was restored to perfect health. I wait to hear who will either disprove this fact or philosophically account for it.

*Sun. 26.*—From those words, 'Sing we merrily unto God our strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob,' I took occasion to show the usual way of keeping these days holy, in honour of the birth of our Lord; namely, by an extraordinary

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Meyrick had an eventful career. He was born in Cornwall, educated for the law, and afterwards became an itinerant preacher. Not long after his recovery he sought episcopal ordination, and was made curate of a chapel near Halifax, increasing his income by keeping a school. But he fell from grace. A short time before his death in 1770 he was made afternoon lecturer at the Halifax parish church. Matthew Errington, for nearly forty years an inmate of the Orphan House, walked with Meyrick from Newcastle to Cornwall, about May 1743, sharing his hardships and perils. See *Arm. Mag.* 1789, p. 23; also below, p. 174.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Moore says (vol. i. p. 550):

Mr. Wesley informed me that he had £16s. when he undertook to build the preaching-house at Newcastle, at that time the largest in England. Soon after he began he received a letter from a pious Quaker (who had heard of the work at Newcastle), in the following terms: 'Friend Wesley, I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded with a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought after I awoke was, that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have enclosed a note for one hundred pounds, which may help thee to provide a house.' The building rose by supplies received from time to time, like Professor Francke's at Halle, and Mr. Wesley called it by the same name 'The Orphan House.'



1. BASE OF THE OBELISK ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHERE JOHN WESLEY PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
2. THE ORPHAN HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
3. THE OLD KEENLY CHAPEL, THE SECOND METHODIST PLACE OF WORSHIP IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND—THE NEWCASTLE ORPHAN HOUSE WAS THE FIRST (*see* PAGE 429).





degree of gluttony and drunkenness ; by heathen, and worse than heathen, diversions (with their constant attendants, passion and strife, cursing, swearing, and blasphemy) ; and by dancing and card-playing, equally conducive to the glory of God. I then described the right way of keeping a day holy to the Lord,—by extraordinary prayer, public and private ; by thanksgiving ; by hearing, reading, and meditating on His word, and by talking of all His wondrous works.

*Mon. 27.*—I rode to Horsley. The house being too small, I was obliged again to preach in the open air ; but so furious a storm have I seldom known. The wind drove upon us like a torrent, coming by turns from east, west, north, and south ; the straw and thatch flew round our heads, so that one would have imagined it could not be long before the house must follow ; but scarce any one stirred, much less went away, till I dismissed them with the peace of God.

*Tues. 28.*—I preached in an open place at Swalwell,<sup>1</sup> two or three miles from Newcastle. The wind was high, and extremely sharp ; but I saw none go away till I went. Yet I observed none that seemed to be much convinced ; only stunned, as if cut in the head.

*Wed. 29.*—After preaching (as usual) in the Square, I took horse for Tanfield. More than once I was only not blown off my horse. However, at three I reached the Lea,<sup>2</sup> and explained to a multitude of people the salvation which is through faith. Afterwards I met the society in a large upper room, which rocked to and fro with the violence of the storm. But all was calm within ; and we rejoiced together in hope of a kingdom which cannot be moved.

*Thur. 30.*—I carefully examined those who had lately cried out in the congregation.<sup>3</sup> Some of these, I found, could give no

<sup>1</sup> See below, June 29, 1759 ; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> At John Brown's house.

<sup>3</sup> The cases of physical prostration and loud outcries which took place under Wesley's preaching in the north were the same in kind, although less violent in degree, than those in Bristol. Charles Wesley, who visited Newcastle a second

time in June 1743, treated these cases differently from his brother. 'Some very "un-still" sisters,' he writes, 'who always took care to stand near me, and tried which could cry the loudest, since I had them removed out of my sight, have been as quiet as lambs' (Charles Wesley's Journal, June 4, 1743).

account at all how or wherefore they had done so ; only that of a sudden they dropped down, they knew not how ; and what they afterwards said or did they knew not. Others could just remember they were in fear ; but could not tell what they were in fear of. Several said they were afraid of the devil, and this was all they knew. But a few gave a more intelligible account of the piercing sense they then had of their sins, both inward and outward, which were set in array against them round about ; of the dread they were in of the wrath of God and the punishment they had deserved, into which they seemed to be just falling, without any way to escape. One of them told me, ' I was as if I was just falling down from the highest place I had ever seen. I thought the devil was pushing me off, and that God had forsaken me.' Another said, ' I felt the very fire of hell already kindled in my breast ; and all my body was in as much pain as if I had been in a burning fiery furnace.' What wisdom is that which rebuketh these, that they 'should hold their peace' ? Nay, let such an one cry after Jesus of Nazareth till He saith, ' Thy faith hath made thee whole.'

At eleven I preached my farewell sermon in the Hospital Square. I never saw such a congregation there before ; nor did I ever speak so searchingly. I could not conclude till one ; and then both men, women, and children hung upon me, so that I knew not which way to disengage myself. After some time, I got to the gate, and took horse ; but even then 'a muckle woman' (as one called her in great anger) kept her hold, and ran by the horse's side, through thick and thin, down to Sandgate. Jonathan Reeves<sup>1</sup> rode with me. - We reached Darlington that night, and Boroughbridge the next day.

What encouragement have we to speak for God ! At our inn we met an ancient man, who seemed, by his conversation, never to have thought whether he had any soul or no. Before we set out, I spoke a few words concerning his cursing and idle conversation. The man appeared quite broken in pieces : the tears started into his eyes ; and he acknowledged (with

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<sup>1</sup> Reeves, after an adventurous career as a Methodist preacher, sought episcopal ordination. He was appointed to Magdalen Hospital, where the governors

required him to read Tillotson's sermons. From this he escaped to a curacy in Whitechapel. (*Orphan House*, p. 41 ; also *Atmore's Memorial*, p. 345.)

abundance of thanks to me) his own guilt and the goodness of God.

1743. JAN. 1, *Sat.*—Between Doncaster and Epworth I overtook one who immediately accosted me with so many and so impertinent questions that I was quite amazed. In the midst of some of them, concerning my travels and my journey, I interrupted him, and asked, 'Are you aware that we are on a longer journey; that we are travelling toward eternity?' He replied instantly, 'Oh, I find you! I find you! I know where you are! Is not your name Wesley?—'Tis pity! 'Tis great pity. Why could not your father's religion serve *you*? Why must you have a *new* religion?' I was going to reply; but he cut me short by crying out in triumph, 'I am a Christian! I am a Christian! I am a Churchman! I am a Churchman! I am none of your Culamites'<sup>1</sup>; as plain as he could speak; for he was so drunk he could but just keep his seat. Having then clearly won the day, or, as his phrase was, 'put them all down,' he began kicking his horse on both sides, and rode off as fast as he could.

In the evening I reached Epworth.

*Sun. 2.*—At five I preached on 'So is every one that is born of the Spirit.' About eight I preached from my father's tomb, on Heb. viii. 11. Many from the neighbouring towns asked if it would not be well, as it was sacrament Sunday, for them to receive it. I told them, 'By all means; but it would be more respectful first to ask Mr. Romley, the curate's, leave.' One did so, in the name of the rest; to whom he said, 'Pray tell Mr. Wesley I shall not give *him* the sacrament, for he is not *fit*.'

How wise a God is our God! There could not have been so fit a place under heaven, where this should befall me first, as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place where, 'according to the straitest sect of our religion,' I had so long 'lived a Pharisee'! It was also fit, in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very

<sup>1</sup> David Culey 'raised up a people' with whom in Lincolnshire the Methodists were confounded and nick-named

Culeymites. (*W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 137, and vol. viii. p. 57.)



table, where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life, should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shown to his, as well as personally to himself.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 3.*—I rode to Birstall, where John Nelson gave a melancholy account of many that *did* run well. I told him I was as willing they should be with the Germans as with us, if they did but grow in grace. He said, 'But that is not the case. They grow worse instead of better: they are changed both in their tempers and lives; but not for the better at all. They now do things without scruple which they could not do before. They are light and trifling in their behaviour; they are easy and thoughtless; having now no holy fear, no earnest care to work out their own salvation.'

*Wed. 5.*—I came wet and weary to Sheffield, and on *Friday* to Donington Park, which I left before eight the next morning, in order to go to Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. I was immediately met by a vehement shower of rain, driven full in my face by a strong wind; but in an hour the day was clear and calm. About four in the afternoon I came to Wednesbury.<sup>2</sup> At seven I preached in the Town Hall: it was filled from end to end; and all appeared to be deeply attentive while I explained 'This is the covenant which I will make after those days, saith the Lord.'

*Sun. 9.*—The Hall was filled again at five; and I proclaimed 'the name of the Lord'; 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' At eight we met in the place where my brother preached, made, as it were, for the great congregation.<sup>3</sup> It is a large

<sup>1</sup> 'I have documents before me which abundantly prove this' (Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 549, note by author).

<sup>2</sup> And was welcomed by Francis Ward. See *Meth. Rec.* April 25, 1901. Tradition makes Ward underground manager at Mr. John Wood's colliery.

<sup>3</sup> See *Papers on the Rise and Progress of Methodism in Wednesbury*, London, 1744. At this period West Bromwich was an open common, covered with heath and burrowed with rabbit-warrens. Wednesbury was a small country town,

irregularly built, the road following ancient footways and leaving wide spaces unoccupied. One of these was called the 'High Bullen,' and was the place where bulls were baited. So extensively did this barbarous sport prevail in the 'Black Country' that, in Tipton parish, nineteen of these furious animals were baited at one of the annual wakes. Wednesbury, however, was most celebrated for its cockfights. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 406; also *Meth. Rec.* April 25, 1901.)

hollow, not half a mile from the town, capable of containing four or five thousand people.<sup>1</sup> They stood in a half-circle, one above another, and seemed all to receive with joy that great truth, 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

In the afternoon Mr. Egginton<sup>2</sup> preached a plain, useful sermon. Almost the whole congregation then went down to the place, where abundance of people were already waiting for us; so that the hollow could not contain them, but was edged round with those who came from all parts. My subject was, 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' Oh that all who heard might experience this salvation!

*Mon. 10.*—I preached at five, at eight, and at three. In the intervals of preaching I spoke to all who desired it. Last night twenty-nine of them were joined together; *Tuesday* the 11th, about an hundred. Oh that none of these may 'draw back to perdition'! Let these 'believe unto the saving of the soul.'

*Wed. 12.*—I took my leave of them in the morning by showing the difference between the righteousness of the law and that of faith; and in the evening explained to a large congregation at Evesham, 'So is every one that is born of the Spirit.'

*Thur. 13.*—I rode to Stratford-upon-Avon. I had scarce sat down before I was informed that Mrs. K., a middle-aged woman, of Shottery, half a mile from Stratford, had been for many weeks last past in a way which nobody could understand; that she had sent for a minister, but almost as soon as he came began roaring in so strange a manner (her tongue at the same time hanging out of her mouth, and her face distorted into the most terrible form), that he cried out, 'It is the devil, doubtless! It is the devil!' and immediately went away.

I suppose this was some unphilosophical minister, else he would have said, 'Stark mad! send her to Bedlam.'

I asked, 'What good do you think I can do?' One answered,

<sup>1</sup> The Holloway. (*W.M. Mag.* 1836, pp. 179, 599; and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 154.)

<sup>2</sup> The vicar of Wednesbury. On this occasion he invited Wesley to his house, and told him the oftener he came the better; but next time Wesley went he

found him savagely hostile, and the principal agent to incite the mob against the Methodists. (Tyerman, vol. i. p. 407; Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. i. p. 353. See also below, p. 75.)

'We cannot tell; but Mrs. K.' (I just relate what was spoken to me, without passing any judgement upon it) 'earnestly desired you might come, if you was anywhere near, saying she had seen you in a dream, and should know you immediately; but the devil said (those were her own expressions), "I will tear thy throat out before he comes." But afterwards, she said, his words were, "If he does come, I will let thee be quiet; and thou shalt be as if nothing ailed thee till he is gone away."'

A very odd kind of madness this! I walked over about noon; but, when we came to the house, desired all those who came with me to stay below. One showing me the way, I went up straight to her room. As soon as I came to the bed-side she fixed her eyes and said, 'You are Mr. Wesley. I am very well now, I thank God: nothing ails me; only I am weak.' I called them up, and we began to sing:

Jesu, Thou hast bid us pray,  
Pray always and not faint:  
With the word a power convey  
To utter our complaint.

After singing a verse or two we kneeled down to prayer. I had but just begun (my eyes being shut) when I felt as if I had been plunged into cold water, and immediately there was such a roar that my voice was quite drowned, though I spoke as loud as I usually do to three or four thousand people. However, I prayed on. She was then reared up in the bed, her whole body moving at once, without bending one joint or limb, just as if it were one piece of stone. Immediately after it was writhed into all kind of postures, the same horrid yell continuing still. But we left her not till all the symptoms ceased, and she was (for the present at least) rejoicing and praising God.

Between one and two I preached at Stratford, on 'The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.' Most of the hearers stood like posts; but some mocked, others blasphemed, and a few believed.

I preached at Evesham in the evening, rode to Painswick the next day, and on *Saturday* the 15th to Bristol, where, the following week, I spoke to each member of the society, and

rejoiced over them, finding they had not been 'barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Mon. 24.*—I preached at Bath. Some of the rich and great were present, to whom, as to the rest, I declared with all plainness of speech: (1) that, by nature, they were all children of wrath; (2) that all their natural tempers were corrupt and abominable; and, (3) all their words and works, which could never be any better but by faith; and that (4) a natural man has no more faith than a devil, if so much. One of them, my Lord —, stayed very patiently till I came to the middle of the fourth head. Then, starting up, he said, 'Tis hot! 'tis very hot,' and got downstairs as fast as he could.

Several of the gentry desired to stay at the meeting of the society, to whom I explained the nature of inward religion, words flowing upon me faster than I could speak. One of them (a noted infidel)<sup>1</sup> hung over the next seat in an attitude not to be described, and, when he went, left half a guinea with Mary Naylor for the use of the poor.<sup>2</sup>

On the following days I spoke with each member of the society in Kingswood. I cannot understand how any minister can hope ever to give up his account with joy, unless (as Ignatius advises) he 'knows all his flock by name, not overlooking the men-servants and maid-servants.'

I left Bristol on *Friday* the 28th; came to Reading on *Saturday*, and to Windsor on *Sunday* morning. Thence I walked over to Egham, where Mr. — preached one of the most miserable sermons I ever heard: stuffed so full of dull, senseless, improbable lies of those he complimented with the title of 'False Prophets.'

I preached at one, and endeavoured to rescue the poor text (Matt. vii. 15)<sup>3</sup> out of so bad hands. About four I left Egham, and at eight in the evening met with a joyful congregation at the Foundery.

*Mon. 31.*—One writing to desire that I would preach on Isaiah lviii., I willingly complied with his request in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> Not improbably Dr. Oliver. See above, vol. ii. p. 206.

<sup>2</sup> See C. Wesley's *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Naylor* in six parts; also two hymns.

She figures frequently and honourably in his Journal.

<sup>3</sup> *Works*, vol. v. p. 413. Sermon on Matt. vii. 15-20.



A day or two after, I received a letter from a girl of sixteen or seventeen, whom I had often observed as being, in an eminent degree, of a meek and lowly spirit. Some of her words were: 'I do not think there were above six or seven words of the true gospel in your whole sermon. I think nothing ought to concern *you* but the errand which the Lord gave you. But how far are you from this! You preach more the law than the gospel.' Ah, my poor *still* sister! thou art an apt scholar indeed! I did not expect this quite so soon.

FEB. 2, *Wed.*—My brother and I began visiting the society together, which employed us from six in the morning every day till near six in the evening.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 6.—I preached in the morning on 'While we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men,' and in the afternoon on 'By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' So rough a charity sermon was scarce ever heard; but God gave it His blessing, insomuch that fifty pounds were contributed toward finishing the house at Newcastle.

*Fri.* 11.—I called on poor Joseph Hodges,<sup>2</sup> who, after so long withstanding all the wiles of the enemy, has been at last induced, by his fatal regard for Mr. Hall, to renounce my brother and me in form. But he had perfectly learned the exercise of his arms. He was so happy, so poor a sinner, that to produce either Scripture or reason against him was mere beating of the air.

*Mon.* 14.—I left London, and (riding early and late) the next evening came to Newark. Here I had met with a few who had tasted the good word: one of whom received me gladly, and desired me, whenever I came to Newark, to make his house my home.

*Wed.* 16.<sup>3</sup>—I reached Epworth. I was to preach at six; but the house not being able to contain half the congregation, I went out and declared, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'

<sup>1</sup> See Charles Wesley's Journal, Feb. 5, 1743.

<sup>2</sup> 'Joseph Hodges Smith.' He and his second wife were both buried at Chelsea, 'much-valued members of the

congregation.' (*Memoirs of Hutton*, p. 93.)

<sup>3</sup> William Blow, a cordwainer, went from Grimsby and asked him to visit the town, but it was not possible then. (*Meth. Rec.* Dec. 8, 1898.)

In the morning, *Thursday* the 17th, I largely explained 'the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father.' And it was high time; for I soon found the spirit of delusion was gone abroad here also; and some began to boast that Christ 'had made them free' who were still the 'servants of sin.' In the evening I preached on that bold assertion of St. John (indeed of all who have the true Spirit of adoption), 'We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.'

*Fri.* 18.—I rode forward for Newcastle. We inquired at Poppleton, a little town three miles beyond York, and, hearing there was no other town near, thought it best to call there. A Bible lying in the window, my fellow traveller<sup>1</sup> asked the woman of the house if she read that book. She said, 'Sir, I can't read; the worse is my luck. But that great girl is a rare scholar; and yet she cares not if she ever looks in a book; she minds nought but play.' I began soon after to speak to our landlord, while the old woman drew closer and closer to me. The girl spun on; but all on a sudden she stopped her wheel, burst out into tears, and, with all that were in the house, so devoured our words that we scarce knew how to go away.

In the evening we came to Boroughbridge, and *Saturday* the 19th, to Newcastle.

*Sun.* 20.—I went on in expounding the Acts of the Apostles and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. In the following week I diligently inquired who they were that did not walk according to the gospel; in consequence of which I was obliged to put away above fifty persons. There remained about eight hundred in the society.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thomas Dixon was his fellow traveller.

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 22 Wesley published the first edition of the 'Rules,' under the title: 'The Nature, Design, and General Rules of the United Societies, in London, Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Printed by John Gooding, on the Side.' [Price one penny, 1743, 12mo, pp. 12.] These were signed by John Wesley only, and dated Feb. 22, 1742-3. A hymn of eighteen verses, entitled 'A Prayer for those who are convinced of Sin,' and beginning 'O most com-

passionate High-priest,' follows the Rules. Wesley read them over to the society at Newcastle on March 6 (see below). In the second and all later editions Charles Wesley's name is added, and the 'I' on p. 9 becomes 'We.' For Rules of the United Societies (1743), Band Societies (1738), and Directions to Band Societies, see *Works*, vol. viii. pp. 269-74, and Green's *Bibliography*, No. 43. These Rules do not contain the constitution and creed of a Church, but certain ethical directions for a religious society within a Church. More than

*Sat. 26.*—I visited those that were sick. One of these had kept her room for many months, so that she had never heard the voice or seen the face of any preacher of 'this way'; but God had taught her in the school of affliction. She gave a plain and distinct account of the manner wherein she received a sense of her acceptance with God, more than a year before; and of a fuller manifestation of His love, of which she never after doubted for a moment.

*Mon. 28.*—I preached again at Horsley, and spoke severally with those of the society. The world now begins to take alarm, and to cast out their name as evil. After a very good woman (so-called) had used abundance of arguments to hinder her neighbour from going near these people, she told her at length, 'Why, none but the wickedest people upon earth go there.' 'Nay, then,' replied she, 'I will go immediately; for I am sure none upon earth is wickeder than me.' Such be the event of all worldly wisdom!

MARCH 1, *Tues.*—I preached at two in Pelton, five miles south of Newcastle. A multitude of people were gathered together from all the neighbouring towns, and (which I rejoiced at much more) from all the neighbouring pits. In riding home I observed a little village called Chowden, which they told me consisted of colliers only. I resolved to preach there as soon as possible; for these are sinners, and need repentance.

*Sun. 6.*—I read over in the society the rules which all our members are to observe; and desired every one seriously to consider whether he was willing to conform thereto or no. That this would shake many of them I knew well; and therefore, on *Monday* the 7th, I began visiting the classes again, lest 'that which is lame should be turned out of the way.'

*Tues. 8.*—In the afternoon I preached on a smooth part of the Fell<sup>1</sup> (or Common) near Chowden. I found we were got into the very Kingswood of the North. Twenty or thirty wild

three years had elapsed since the first of the United Societies had begun in London, yet no rules, except for the bands, and certain 'Orders' written from time to time for local societies or bands, had been formed in that interval, so little

did Wesley foresee whereunto this thing would grow.

<sup>1</sup> Gateshead Fell. The neighbourhood was then principally inhabited by colliers, and was a wild uncultivated waste. (*Meth. Rec.* June 1, 1899; July 18, 1901.)

children ran round us, as soon as we came, staring as in amaze. They could not properly be said to be either clothed or naked. One of the largest (a girl about fifteen) had a piece of a ragged, dirty blanket some way hung about her, and a kind of cap on her head, of the same cloth and colour. My heart was exceedingly enlarged towards them ; and they looked as if they would have swallowed me up ; especially while I was applying these words, ' Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins.'

*Sat. 12.*—I concluded my second course of visiting, in which I inquired particularly into two things : (1) The case of those who had almost every night the last week cried out aloud during the preaching ; (2) The number of those who were separated from us, and the reason and occasion of it.

As to the former I found :

1. That all of them (I think, not one excepted) were persons in perfect health ; and had not been subject to fits of any kind, till they were thus affected.

2. That this had come upon every one of them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the word of God or thinking on what they had heard.

3. That in that moment they dropped down, lost all their strength, and were seized with violent pain.

This they expressed in different manners. Some said they felt just as if a sword was running through them ; others, that they thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would squeeze them into the earth. Some said they were quite choked, so that they could not breathe ; others, that their hearts swelled ready to burst ; and others that it was as if their heart, as if their inside, as if their whole body, was tearing all to pieces.

These symptoms I can no more impute to any natural cause than to the Spirit of God. I can make no doubt but it was Satan tearing them, as they were coming to Christ. And hence proceeded those grievous cries, whereby he might design both to discredit the work of God and to affright fearful people from hearing that word whereby their souls might be saved.

I found (4) that their minds had been as variously affected as their bodies. Of this some could give scarce any account at



all ; which also I impute to that wise spirit, purposely stunning and confounding as many as he could, that they might not be able to bewray his devices. Others gave a very clear and particular account, from the beginning to the end. The word of God pierced their souls, and convinced them of inward as well as outward sin. They saw and felt the wrath of God abiding on them, and were afraid of His judgements. And here the accuser came with great power, telling them there was no hope, they were lost for ever. The pains of body then seized them in a moment, and extorted those loud and bitter cries.

As to the latter, I observed the number of those who had left the society since December 30 was seventy-six :

Fourteen of these (chiefly Dissenters) said they left it because otherwise their ministers would not give them the sacrament.<sup>1</sup>

Nine more, because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it.

Twelve, because their parents were not willing.

Five, because their master and mistress would not let them come.

Seven, because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it.

Five, because people said such bad things of the society.

Nine, because they would not be laughed at.

Three, because they would not lose the poor's allowance.

Three more, because they could not spare time to come.

Two, because it was too far off.

One, because she was afraid of falling into fits.

One, because people were so rude in the street.

Two, because Thomas Naisbit was in the society.

One, because he would not turn his back on his baptism.

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<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Simpson, precentor of the Presbyterian meeting-house at Horsley, and his wife, who found peace with God through a sermon preached at Ryton by Charles Wesley, were refused the Lord's Supper by their minister for professing to know that their sins were forgiven. (Stamp's *Orphan House*, pp. 6, 7.) Because the precentor now sang with more than ordinary zest the elders dis-

missed him. In a church court the ministers and some of the elders proposed excommunication. But the court being divided in opinion, the culprits escaped and became devoted Methodists. Wesley also disciplined the societies, purging them, but for very different reasons, as this remarkable document shows—an admirable example of the thoroughness of Wesley's visitations.

One, because we were mere Church of England men. And,  
One, because it was time enough to serve God yet.

The number of those who were expelled the society was  
sixty-four :

Two for cursing and swearing.

Two for habitual Sabbath-breaking.

Seventeen for drunkenness.

Two for retailing spirituous liquors.

Three for quarrelling and brawling.

One for beating his wife.

Three for habitual, wilful lying.

Four for railing and evil-speaking.

One for idleness and laziness. And,

Nine-and-twenty for lightness and carelessness.

*Sun.* 13.—I went in the morning in order to speak severally with the members of the society at Tanfield. From the terrible instances I met with here (and indeed in all parts of England), I am more and more convinced that the devil himself desires nothing more than this, that the people of any place should be half-awakened and then left to themselves to fall asleep again. Therefore I determine, by the grace of God, not to strike one stroke in any place where I cannot follow the blow.

*Mon.* 14.—I preached again near Chowden ; and this I continued to do weekly, as well as at all the other places round Newcastle (except Swalwell) where I had preached once.

*Thur.* 17.—As I was preaching at Pelton, one of the old colliers, not much accustomed to things of this kind, in the middle of the sermon began shouting amain, for mere satisfaction and joy of heart. But their usual token of approbation (which somewhat surprised me at first) was clapping me on the back.

*Fri.* 18.—As I was meeting the leaders, a company of young men, having prepared themselves by strong drink, broke open the door and came rushing in with the utmost fury. I began praying for them immediately. Not one opened his mouth, or lifted up a finger against us ; and after half an hour we all went away together, in great quietness and love.

*Tues.* 22.—I went to South Biddick, a village of colliers, seven miles south-east of Newcastle. The spot where I stood

was just at the bottom of a semicircular hill, on the rising sides of which many hundreds stood; but far more on the plain beneath. I cried to them, in the words of the prophet, 'O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!' Deep attention sat on every face; so that here also I believed it would be well to preach weekly.

*Wed. 23.*—I met a gentleman in the streets cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer; told me he must treat me with a glass of wine; and that he would come and hear me, only he was afraid I should say something against fighting of cocks.

*Fri. 25.*—At the pressing instance of a cursing, swearing, drunken Papist, who would needs bring me into a state of salvation, I spent some hours in reading an artful book entitled *The Grounds of the Old Religion*.<sup>1</sup> In the first thirty pages the author heaps up scriptures concerning the privileges of the Church. But all this is beating the air till he proves the Romanists to be the Church, that is, that a part is the whole. In the second chapter he brings many arguments to show that the Scripture is not the sole rule of faith; at least, not if interpreted by private judgement, because private judgement has no place in matters of religion! Why, at this moment you are appealing to my private judgement; and you cannot possibly avoid it. The foundation of your, as well as my, religion must necessarily rest here. First you (as well as I) must judge for yourself whether you are implicitly to follow the Church or no; and also, which is the true Church; else it is not possible to move one step forward.

This evening I preached in the shell of the new House, on the Rich Man and Lazarus. A great multitude were gathered together there, most of whom stayed with us and watched unto the Lord.

*Sat. 26.*—I preached at Birtley, a village four miles south of Newcastle, surrounded by colliers on every side. The greater part of the congregation earnestly attended to those solemn words, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me; because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor.'

*Mon. 28.*—I was astonished to find it was real fact (what I

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<sup>1</sup> By Richard Challoner. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 49.

would not believe before) that three of the Dissenting ministers (Mr. A[rthur], Mr. A[itkin], and Mr. B[ruce])<sup>1</sup> had agreed together to exclude all those from the Holy Communion who would not refrain from hearing us. Mr. A[itkin] publicly affirmed we were all Papists, and our doctrine was mere Popery. And Mr. B[ruce], in the conclusion of a course of sermons, which he preached professedly against us, went a step farther still: for after he had confessed, 'Many texts in the Bible are for them,' he added, 'But you ought not to mind these texts; for the Papists have put them in.'

*Wed. 30.*—While I was reasoning (from the twenty-fourth chapter of the Acts) on 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' God constrained many of the stout-hearted sinners to tremble. Oh that they may not put Him off to 'a more convenient season'!

APRIL 1 (being *Good Friday*).—I had a great desire to visit a little village called Plessey, about ten measured miles north of Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had been always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickedness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on the Lord's Day; on which men, women, and children met together, to dance, fight, curse, and swear, and play at chuck, ball, span-farthing,<sup>2</sup> or whatever came next to hand. I felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the time I heard of them first; and the more because all men seemed to despair of them. Between seven and eight I set out with John Healy,<sup>3</sup> my guide. The north wind, being unusually high, drove the sleet in our face, which froze as it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to Plessey, we could very hardly stand. As soon as we were a little recovered I went into the Square, and declared Him who 'was wounded for our transgressions,' and 'bruised for our iniquities.' The poor sinners were quickly gathered together, and gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken.<sup>4</sup> And so they did in the afternoon again, in spite of the wind and snow

<sup>1</sup> See note by Rev. J. Conder Nattrass in *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 72, identifying these three ministers as above.

<sup>2</sup> 'A play at which money is thrown within a span, or mark' (Johnson).

<sup>3</sup> 'An astute, valiant, though not always discreet, defender.' See Charles Wesley's Journal, March 10, 1744; May 8 and July 6, 1749.

<sup>4</sup> See *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 590.



when I besought them to receive Him for their King, to 'repent and believe the gospel.'

On *Easter Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached there again, the congregation continually increasing. And as most of these had never in their lives pretended to any religion of any kind, they were the more ready to cry to God as mere sinners for the free redemption which is in Jesus.

*Thur. 7.*—Having settled all things according to my desire, I cheerfully took leave of my friends at Newcastle, and rode that day to Sandhutton. At our inn I found a good-natured man sitting and drinking in the chimney-corner; with whom I began a discourse, suspecting nothing less than that he was the minister of the parish. Before we parted I spoke exceeding plain; and he received it in love, begging he might see me when I came that way again. But before I came he was gone into eternity.

*Fri. 8.*—I preached at Knaresborough and at Leeds,<sup>1</sup> on 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' The three following days I divided between Leeds and Birstall, and on *Tuesday* rode to Sheffield.

I found the society both here and at Barley Hall earnestly pressing on toward the mark; although there had not been wanting here also those who, by fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 15.*—I rode in two days to Wednesbury, but found things surprisingly altered. The inexcusable folly of Mr. [Robert] W[illiams] had so provoked Mr. E[gginton] that his

<sup>1</sup> On Sunday, May 29, 1743, Charles Wesley, referring to Leeds, writes: 'Not a year ago, I walked to and fro in these streets, and could not find a man, but a spark is at last lit on this place also; and a great fire it will kindle.' At a Conference in Leeds a few years after Wesley's death, when all the chapels were full, and several of the preachers were preaching abroad at the same time, Henry Moore heard the venerable Christopher Hopper relate the history of this 'spark.' 'Just fifty years ago,' he said, 'I opened my commission in a barber's shop in this town—the shop of William Shent. I had just as many hearers as the shop

would contain. There the Lord sowed the grain of mustard seed.' Charles Wesley, less than two months later than this date of his brother's visit, met 'the infant society, fifty in number.' At seven he stood at Shent's door and cried to thousands, and during the same visit sat in the minister's pew in the parish church, and with eight ministers assisted in administering the sacrament. (C. Wesley's Journal, vol. i. p. 313; Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 17.) Hopper writes: 'Our brethren made me President in Mr. Wesley's absence' (*E.M.P.*, vol. i. p. 219.)

<sup>2</sup> See Everett's *Sheffield*, p. 39.

former love was turned into bitter hatred.<sup>1</sup> But he had not yet had time to work up the poor people into the rage and madness which afterwards appeared ; so that they were extremely quiet both this and the following days, while I improved the present opportunity, and exhorted them, morning and evening, to 'believe on the Lord Jesus,' and to 'work out their salvation with fear and trembling.'

Yet on *Sunday* the 17th the scene began to open ; I think I never heard so wicked a sermon, and delivered with such bitterness of voice and manner, as that which Mr. E[gginton] preached in the afternoon. I knew what effect this must have in a little time, and therefore judged it expedient to prepare the poor people for what was to follow ; that, when it came, they might not be offended. Accordingly, on *Tuesday* the 19th I strongly enforced those words of our Lord, 'If any man come after Me, and hate not his father and mother . . . yea, and his own life, he cannot be My disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple.'

While I was speaking a gentleman rode up very drunk, and, after many unseemly and bitter words, laboured much to ride over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighbouring clergyman. And this, too, is a man zealous for the Church ! Ah, poor Church, if it stood in need of such defenders !

*Thur. 21.*—I spent an hour with some of my old friends whom I had not seen for many years.<sup>2</sup> I rejoiced to find them still loving and open of heart, just as they were before I went to Georgia. In the afternoon I called at Berkswell, near Coventry ; where I had formerly spent many pleasant hours. And here likewise I found friendship and openness still ; but the master of the house was under heavy affliction ; and such

<sup>1</sup> For fuller explanation of the change in Mr. Egginton's attitude, see Wesley's letter to 'John Smith,' June 25, 1746 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 79) ; or Moore's *Life*, vol. ii., App., p. 529. See also above, Jan. 9, 1743. Charles Wesley visited Egginton's widow, Feb. 2, 1744 (see his *Journal*, i. 345).

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley in this neighbour-

hood was entertained by Mr. Boyse's family. On Nov. 15, 1730, Mr. Boyse contributes 5s. to the first collection for the Holy Club charities (see above, vol. i. p. 91.) The name frequently appears in the First Oxford Diary. The Wesleys had many friends in Oxfordshire and neighbouring counties.

affliction as I believe will never be removed till he is filled with 'peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

*Fri. 22.*—I rode to Painswick, and on *Saturday* the 23rd, through heavy rain, to Bristol.

I had now a week of rest and peace, which was refreshing both to my soul and body.

MAY 1, *Sun.*<sup>1</sup>—I had an opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper, at St. James's, our parish church. We had another comfortable hour in the afternoon, while I was explaining, 'This is the covenant which I will make, saith the Lord; I will put My laws in their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be unto them a God, and they shall be to Me a people.'

*Tues. 3.*—I set out for Wales, in company with one who was my pupil at Oxford. We could get that night no farther than the Bull, five Welsh miles beyond Abergavenny. The next morning we came to Builth, just as the church prayers began. Mr. Phillips, the rector of Maesmynys (at whose invitation I came), soon took knowledge of me, and we began a friendship which I trust shall never end. I preached on a tomb at the east end of the church at four, and again at seven. Mr. Gwynne<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Prothero (Justices of the Peace) stood on either hand of me; and all the people before, catching every word, with the most serious and eager attention.

*Thur. 5.*—I rode over such rugged mountains as I never saw before, to Cardiff. But it was late before we came in, so I could not preach that night.

*Fri. 6.*—I preached at eleven in the new room,<sup>3</sup> which the

<sup>1</sup> An edition of 'Rules' of Society, signed by John and Charles Wesley, is dated May 1, 1743. See Whitehead, vol. ii. p. 164.

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free from controversy, and is to come again August next. After he had preached twice he kept a society. The Rev. Mr. Phillips was with him. He prayed with much power for "Brother Harris."' (*W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 464.)

<sup>3</sup> The 'new room' in Church Street (formerly St. John Street), the first Methodist chapel in Wales, was used until 1829, when it was replaced by a larger chapel, whose front and date may still be seen, though now converted into shops. (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 176.)



society had just built in the heart of the town; and our souls were sweetly comforted together. About two I preached at Llantrisant; and at Fonmon Castle in the evening, to a loving and serious congregation.

*Sat. 7.*—I was desired to preach at Cowbridge. We came into the town about eleven; and many people seemed very desirous to hear for themselves concerning the way which is everywhere spoken against. But it could not be: the sons of Belial gathered themselves together, headed by one or two wretches called gentlemen; and continued shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and throwing showers of stones, almost without intermission.<sup>1</sup> So that after some time spent in prayer for them, I judged it best to dismiss the congregation.

*Sun. 8.*—I preached in the Castle Yard<sup>2</sup> at Cardiff, at five in the morning and seven in the evening; in the afternoon at Wenvoe, where the church was quite filled with those who came from many miles round; and God answered many of them in the joy of their hearts. It was a solemn and refreshing season.

*Mon. 9.*—I returned to Bristol. Most of the week I spent in visiting the society in Kingswood; whom I now found quite clear of those vain janglings which had, for a time, wellnigh torn them in pieces.

*Tues. 17.*—My brother set out for Cornwall,<sup>3</sup> where (according to the accounts we had frequently received) abundance of those who before neither feared God nor regarded man began to inquire what they must do to be saved; but the same imprudence which had laid the foundation for all the disturbances in Staffordshire had broke out here also, and turned

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Last Sunday I heard Bro. John Wesley preach upon the seventh of the Romans. He was very sweet and loving, and seemed to have his heart honestly bent on drawing the poor souls to Christ. The persecutors at Cardiff said if he would preach anywhere

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many of our friends into bitter and implacable enemies.<sup>1</sup> Violent persecution was the natural consequence of this ; but the power of God triumphed over all.

*Sun. 22* (being *Whit Sunday*).—I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol on those solemn words, 'Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

*Tues. 24*.—I rode to Cirencester, and preached on a green place, at a little distance from the town, on 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

*Wed. 25*.—I preached to a little company at Oxford.

*Thur. 26*.—I had a large congregation at Wycombe ; from whence I hastened to London, and concluded the day by enforcing those awful words at the Foundery, 'The Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world : Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy Salvation cometh ! Behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him.'

*Sun. 29* (being *Trinity Sunday*).—I began officiating at the chapel in West Street,<sup>2</sup> near the Seven Dials, of which (by a strange chain of providences) we have a lease for several years. I preached on the Gospel for the day, part of the third chapter of St. John ; and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper to some hundreds of communicants. I was a little afraid at first that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked

<sup>1</sup> The Methodists themselves were not always so prudent as they might have been. The Wesleys were not blind to their indiscretion. But Henry Moore (*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. chap. i.) shows that the 'imprudence' here referred to was that of the clergy, who, both in Wednesbury and Cornwall, incited the riots.

<sup>2</sup> About sixty years previously it had been built by French Protestants. Dr. Smiles says that the original name was *La Tremblade*, probably a reminiscence of

some far-off scene of persecution in France. Mrs. Elizabeth Palmer left £500 to be invested for the benefit of poor widows of St. Clement Danes. With this the West Street freehold and premises were purchased in 1728, and let for £18 a year (raised in 1760 to £30). Probably the rector of St. Clement Danes (the Rev. Thomas Blackwell) offered Wesley the (perhaps unlet) premises. See Telford's *Two West-End Chapels*, p. 10 ; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 91 ; also below, p. 477.

to that: so I must think; and they that will call it enthusiasm may. I preached at the Great Gardens,<sup>1</sup> at five, to an immense congregation, on 'Ye must be born again.' Then the leaders met (who filled all the time that I was not speaking in public), and after them the bands. At ten at night I was less weary than at six in the morning.

The following week I spent in visiting the society. On *Sunday*, JUNE 5, the service of the chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon; so that I found it needful, for the time to come, to divide the communicants into three parts, that we might not have above six hundred at once.

*Wed.* 8.—I ended my course of visiting, throughout which I found great cause to bless God, so very few having drawn back to perdition out of nineteen hundred and fifty souls.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat.* 18.—I received a full account of the terrible riots which had been in Staffordshire.<sup>3</sup> I was not surprised at all; neither should I have wondered if, after the advices they had so often received from the pulpit, as well as from the episcopal chair, the zealous High Churchmen had rose, and cut all that were called Methodists in pieces.

*Mon.* 20.—Resolving to assist them as far as I could, I set out early in the morning, and, after preaching at Wycombe about noon, in the evening came to Oxford.

*Tues.* 21.—We rode to Birmingham; and in the morning, *Wednesday* the 22nd, to Francis Ward's, at Wednesbury.

Although I knew all that had been done here was as contrary to law as it was to justice and mercy, yet I knew not how to advise the poor sufferers, or to procure them any redress. I was then little acquainted with the English course of law, having long had scruples concerning it; but, as many of these were now removed, I thought it best to inquire whether there could be any help from the laws of the land. I therefore rode over to Counsellor Littleton,<sup>4</sup> at Tamworth, who assured us we might have an easy remedy if we resolutely prosecuted, in the

<sup>1</sup> Whitechapel. See p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> The actual names are preserved in the lists of the Colman Collection.

<sup>3</sup> See Charles Wesley's Journal, May 18, 1743, &c.

<sup>4</sup> A barrister, son of Sir Edward Littleton, the second baronet, and a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Littleton, the eminent judge and great jurist, author of the famous *Treatise on Tenures*.



manner the law directed, those rebels against God and the King.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 23.*—I left Wednesbury, and in the evening preached at Melbourne, in Derbyshire. I preached at Nottingham (where I met my brother coming from the north)<sup>2</sup> on *Friday*, and on *Saturday* and *Sunday* at Epworth.

*Mon. 27.*—I preached at Alkborough, on the Trent side, to a stupidly attentive congregation. We then crossed over, and rode to Sykehouse; on *Tuesday* to Smeaton, and on *Wednesday* to Newcastle.

*Thur. 30.*<sup>3</sup>—I immediately inquired into the state of those whom I left here striving for the mastery; and some of them, I found, were grown faint in their minds: others had turned back 'as a dog to the vomit'; but about six hundred still continued striving together for the hope of the gospel.

*JULY 4, Monday*, and the following days, I had time to finish the *Instructions for Children*.<sup>4</sup>

*Sun. 10.*—I preached at eight on Chowden Fell,<sup>5</sup> on 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?' Ever since I came to Newcastle the first time my spirit had been moved within me at the crowds of poor wretches who were every Sunday, in the afternoon, sauntering to and fro on the Sandhill. I resolved, if possible, to find them a better employ, and, as soon as the service at All Saints was over, walked straight from the church to the Sandhill, and gave out a verse of a psalm. In a few minutes I had company enough, thousands upon thousands crowding together. But the prince of this world

<sup>1</sup> This statement of Littleton's encouraged John Griffiths and F. Ward to apply to another magistrate for protection, but in vain. (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 409.)

<sup>2</sup> On his arrival in Nottingham, June 24, Charles Wesley writes: 'I found my brother in the market-place, calling lost sinners to Him that justifieth the ungodly. He gave notice of my preaching in the evening.'

<sup>3</sup> On this day he wrote a letter to his sister Emilia, in which he replied to her unjust complaints of unkindness.

She had exaggerated ideas of his 'great riches.' 'You know nothing,' he writes, 'of my temporal circumstances, and the straits I am in, almost continually; so that, were it not for the reputation of my great riches, I could not stand one week.' For nearly thirty years afterwards Emilia (Mrs. Harper) lived in the preachers' house, West Street.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. ii. p. 446, note.

<sup>5</sup> 'In the spinney,' Christopher Hopper adds. The latter was probably made a leader at this visit. (*E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 190.)

fought with all his might, lest his kingdom should be overthrown. Indeed the very mob of Newcastle, in the height of their rudeness, have commonly some humanity left. I scarce observed that they threw anything at all; neither did I receive the least personal hurt: but they continued thrusting one another to and fro, and making such a noise that my voice could not be heard: so that, after spending near an hour in singing and prayer, I thought it best to adjourn to our own house.

*Mon. 11.*—I had almost such another congregation, in the High Street at Sunderland<sup>1</sup>; but the tumult subsided in a short time; so that I explained, without any interruption, the one true religion, 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

*Thur. 14.*—I preached at the Lower Spen, seven or eight (northern) miles from Newcastle. John Brown had been obliged to remove hither from Tanfield Lea, I believe, by the peculiar providence of God. By his rough and strong, though artless words, many of his neighbours had been much convinced, and began to search the Scriptures as they never had done before; so that they did not seem at all surprised when I declared, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life.'

*Sun. 17.*—I preached (as I had done the Wednesday before) to my favourite congregation at Plessey, on 'Him hath God exalted, with His own right hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour.' I then joined a little company of them together who desire 'repentance and remission of sins.'

*Mon. 18.*—I set out from Newcastle with John Downes,<sup>2</sup> of Horsley. We were four hours riding to Ferry Hill, about twenty measured miles. After resting there an hour we rode softly on, and at two o'clock came to Darlington. I thought my horse was not well; he thought the same of his; though they were both young and very well the day before. We ordered the ostler to fetch a farrier, which he did without delay; but before

<sup>1</sup> He preached at the market cross, and was rescued from the mob by a burly, drunken fishwife, who challenged them not to touch her 'canny man.' (*Meth. Rec.* March 13, 1902.)

<sup>2</sup> For an account of this remarkable man's life and death see below, Nov. 4, 1774, and *Orphan House*, p. 59; *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 63; *Atmore's Memorial*, p. 109.

the men could determine what was the matter both the horses lay down and died.

I hired horse to Sandhutton,<sup>1</sup> and rode on, desiring John Downes to follow me. Thence I rode to Boroughbridge on *Tuesday* morning, and then walked on to Leeds.

*Wed.* 20.—I preached at Birstall and Hightown. After I had visited all the societies in these parts, and preached at as many of the little towns as I could, on *Monday* the 25th I rode to Barley Hall. Many from Sheffield were there. We rejoiced greatly together in 'Him who justifieth the ungodly.' On *Tuesday* night and *Wednesday* morning I preached at Nottingham; on *Wednesday* evening at Markfield.

*Fri.* 29.—We rode to Newport Pagnell, and *Saturday* the 30th to London.<sup>2</sup>

AUG. 6, *Sat.*—A convenient chapel was offered me at Snowsfields,<sup>3</sup> on the other side the water. It was built on purpose, it seems, by a poor Arian misbeliever, for the defence and propagation of her bad faith. But the wisdom of God brought that device to nought; and ordered, by His overruling providence, that it should be employed, not for 'crucifying the Son of God afresh,' but for calling all to believe on His name.

*Mon.* 8.—Upon mention made of my design to preach here, a zealous woman warmly replied, 'What! At Snowsfields! Will Mr. W. preach at Snowsfields? Surely he will not do it!

<sup>1</sup> Wesley stayed the night at the Buck Inn, Sandhutton, now a private house. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 28.)

<sup>2</sup> The Wesleys came to London, John from the North, Charles from Cornwall, for a Conference, which did not meet (p. 84).

<sup>3</sup> Three months earlier Wesley had acquired West Street Chapel, in the West End; the Unitarian Chapel in Snowsfields was the third building acquired in London. It served for the society formed in Long Lane, and was the predecessor of Long Lane Chapel and the Bermondsey Mission. Charles Wesley's first service at the 'new chapel at Snowsfields' was on Aug. 20, 1743. But he had 'expounded' there as early as May 27, 1740. The Arian lady (Madame Ginn), who built the Snowsfields Meeting-house,

was a seceder from Maze Pond Chapel. Mr. Thomas Day, one of the original trustees of City Road Chapel, compiled a folio manuscript book of letters, &c., including a poetical review of his religious experience. In the latter, three Southwark religious societies meeting in the area bounded by the Borough on the east and Blackfriars Road on the west are vaguely described. Clink Street, College Graveyard, 'The Great Hall,' once part of Winchester Palace, seem to have been the homes of Day's three societies. But there was also a room in Long Lane, another in Snowsfields (probably other than the chapel), Zoar Street, and others more dimly discernible. Religious societies abounded in Southwark. (*W.H.S.* vol. vii. pp. 106-111.)

Why, there is not such another place in all the town. The people there are not men, but devils.' However, I resolved to try if God was not stronger than them: so this evening I preached there on that scripture, 'Jesus said, They that be whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'

*Sun. 14.*—Mr. G[arden]<sup>1</sup> assisted me at the chapel: one who had then a deep sense of the goodness of God, in lifting him up from the gates of death and delivering him out of all his troubles.

*Mon. 22.*—After a few of us had joined in prayer, about four I set out, and rode softly to Snow Hill, where, the saddle slipping quite upon my mare's neck, I fell over her head, and she ran back into Smithfield. Some boys caught her and brought her to me again, cursing and swearing all the way. I spoke plainly to them, and they promised to amend. I was setting forward when a man cried, 'Sir, you have lost your saddle-cloth.' Two or three more would needs help me to put it on; but these, too, swore at almost every word. I turned to one and another, and spoke in love. They all took it well, and thanked me much. I gave them two or three little books, which they promised to read over carefully.

Before I reached Kensington I found my mare had lost a shoe. This gave me an opportunity of talking closely, for near half an hour, both to the smith and his servant. I mention these little circumstances to show how easy it is to redeem every fragment of time (if I may so speak) when we feel any love to those souls for which Christ died.

*Tues. 23.*—I came to Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at Bristol.

*Wed. 24.*—I made it my business to inquire concerning the truth of a strange relation which had been given me, and I found there was no possibility of doubting it. The plain fact was this:

The Rev. Mr. — (I use the words of a gentleman of Bristol, whose MS. lies by me), preached at two or three churches, on these words, 'Having the form of godliness, but denying the power

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<sup>1</sup> On this day Mr. Garden also assisted Charles Wesley at West Street.



thereof.' After showing the different sorts of Dissenters from the Church of England, who (as he said) had only the form of godliness, he inveighed very much against the novel sect, the upstart Methodists (as he termed them), which indeed he was accustomed to do, more or less, in almost all his sermons. 'These are the men,' said he, 'whom St. Paul foretold, who have the form, the outward show of holiness, but not the power; for they are ravening wolves, full of hypocrisy within.' He then alleged many grievous things against them; but without all colour of truth; and warned his flock to turn away from them, and not to bid them Godspeed, lest they should be partakers of their evil deeds.

Shortly after he was to preach at St. Nicholas church. He had named the above-mentioned text twice, when he was suddenly seized with a rattling in his throat, attended with an hideous groaning. He fell backward against the door of the pulpit, burst it open, and would have fallen down the stairs, but that some people caught him and carried him away, as it seemed, dead, into the vestry. In two or three days he recovered his senses, and the Sunday following died!<sup>1</sup>

In the evening the word of God was indeed quick and powerful. Afterwards I desired the men as well as the women to meet; but I could not speak to them. The spirit of prayer was so poured upon us all that we could only speak to God.

Having found for some time a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield as far as possible, to cut off needless dispute, I wrote down my sentiments, as plain as I could, in the following terms<sup>2</sup>:

There are three points in debate: 1. Unconditional Election. 2. Irresistible Grace. 3. Final Perseverance.

With regard to the first, Unconditional Election, I believe,

<sup>1</sup> John Appleton was present on one of the occasions of the delivery of the sermon. On his return to Shrewsbury he fitted up a room in a hired house, and began a life-long career of preaching there. (Phillips's *Early Methodism in Shropshire*, pp. 9-11.) The *Bristol Oracle* of July 16, 1743, says: 'The same day (i.e. July 11, 1743) died the Rev. Mr. Weston, curate of St. Peter's, who on Sunday sennight before was seized with an Apoplectic Fit in the pulpit as he was preaching at St. Nicholas.' Cf. also a similar tragedy in Ireland recorded below, June 15, 1769.

<sup>2</sup> The Evangelical Revival was divided into three parties—the Arminian Methodists, led by John and Charles Wesley; the Calvinistic Methodists, led by George Whitefield, Howell Harris, and Lady Huntingdon; and the Moravians, led in England by Spangenberg and James Hutton. It was proposed that a conference should be held in London, at which points of difference might be so discussed as to bring about a better understanding. The chief questions in dispute are defined by Wesley. He himself, for the sake of peace and friendly co-operation, was prepared to make concessions. How far he

That God, before the foundation of the world, did unconditionally elect certain persons to do certain works, as Paul to preach the gospel :

That He has unconditionally elected some nations to receive peculiar privileges, the Jewish nation in particular :

That He has unconditionally elected some nations to hear the gospel, as England and Scotland now, and many others in past ages :

That He has unconditionally elected some persons to many peculiar advantages, both with regard to temporal and spiritual things :

And I do not deny (though I cannot prove it is so),

That He has unconditionally elected some persons [thence eminently styled 'The Elect']<sup>1</sup> to eternal glory.

But I cannot believe,

That all those who are not thus elected to glory must perish everlastingly ; or,

That there is one soul on earth who has not, [nor]<sup>1</sup> ever had a possibility of escaping eternal damnation.

With regard to the second, Irresistible Grace, I believe,

That the grace which brings faith, and thereby salvation into the soul, is irresistible at that moment :

That most believers may remember some time when God did irresistibly convince them of sin :

That most believers do, at some other times, find God irresistibly acting upon their souls.

Yet I believe that the grace of God, both before and after those moments, may be, and hath been, resisted ; and

That, in general, it does not act irresistibly ; but we may comply therewith, or may not.

was willing to go in the Calvinistic direction may be gathered from the document quoted above (see also Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 350). John Cennick coincidentally advocated a conference. By this time he was inclining more and more towards the Moravian position. The Calvinism of his predestinarian days was being modified. John Wesley summoned his brother from Cornwall, and Nelson from Yorkshire, that they might attend the conference ; but, as Charles Wesley says on his arrival at the Foundry : ' Here I heard the Moravians would not be present at the conference. Spangenberg indeed said he would, but immediately left England. My brother was come from Newcastle, John Nelson from Yorkshire, and I from the

Land's End, to good purpose.' Tyerman says that James Hutton's excuse for non-attendance was that his brethren had orders not to confer at all, unless the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were also present. This, of course, meant that Zinzendorf, Hutton sympathizing with him, still clung to the hope of an arrangement by which the Moravian Church in England might be recognized as in communion with the Anglican Church. Tyerman thinks, and not unreasonably, that this abortive conference may have suggested to Wesley's mind the idea of a conference of his own which he began to hold twelve months afterwards (*Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 420).

<sup>1</sup> Insertions from 1st edition.

And I do not deny,

That, in some souls [in those eminently styled The Elect (if such there be)],<sup>1</sup> the grace of God is so far irresistible that they cannot but believe and be finally saved.

But I cannot believe,

That all those must be damned in whom it does not thus irresistibly work ; or,

That there is one soul on earth who has not, and never had, any other grace than such as does, in fact, increase his damnation, and was designed of God so to do.

With regard to the third, Final Perseverance, I incline to believe [I believe],<sup>1</sup>

That there is a state attainable in this life, from which a man cannot finally fall ; and

That he has attained this who [is, according to St. Paul's account, 'a new creature' ; that is, who]<sup>1</sup> can say, 'Old things are passed away ; all things' in me 'are become new.' [And I do not deny that all those eminently styled The Elect will infallibly persevere to the end.]<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 25.*—My subject in the evening was 'As ye have received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' Oh what a season was this ! I scarce remember such an hour since the first stone of the house was laid.

*Fri. 26.*—I set out for Cornwall.<sup>2</sup> In the evening I preached at the Cross in Taunton, on 'The kingdom of God is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' A poor man had posted himself behind, in order to make some disturbance ; but the time was not come—the zealous wretches who 'deny the Lord that bought them' had not yet stirred up the people. Many cried out, 'Throw down that rascal there ! knock him down ! beat out his brains !' So that I was obliged to entreat for him more than once, or he would have been but roughly handled.

*Sat. 27.*—I reached Exeter<sup>3</sup> in the afternoon ; but, as no

<sup>1</sup> Insertions from 1st ed.

<sup>2</sup> Nelson travelled to London with a neighbour partly on foot. After a few days in London he and Mr. Richards set out for Oxford. He then writes :

One of the brethren then went with us to Bristol. . . . Mr. Wesley, Mr. Downes, and I set out for Cornwall. Mr. Downes and I had but one horse ; so we rode by turns. Mr. Wesley preached at Taunton Cross and

Exeter Castle, as we went. We generally set out before Mr. Wesley and Mr. Shepherd. . . . We got to Bodmin that night, but it was late before Mr. Wesley and Mr. Shepherd arrived, having lost the path on the twelve-mile Common, having found the way again by the sound of the bells.

<sup>3</sup> In Trueman's Exeter paper, Nov. 18, 1820, is the following report : 'Died yesterday morning, aged 84, Priscilla



one knew of my coming, I did not preach that night, only to one poor sinner at the inn; who, after listening to our conversation for a while, looked earnestly at us and asked whether it was possible for one who had in some measure known 'the powers of the world to come,' and was 'fallen away' (which she said was her case), to be 'renewed again to repentance.' We besought God in her behalf, and left her sorrowing, yet not without hope.

*Sun. 28.*—I preached at seven to a handful of people. The sermon we heard at church was quite innocent of meaning; what that in the afternoon was I know not, for I could not hear a single sentence.

From church I went to the Castle,<sup>1</sup> where were gathered together (as some imagined) half the grown persons in the city. It was an awful sight. So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre! And all silent and still, while I explained at large, and enforced, that glorious truth, 'Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.'

I went thence to poor Mr. V——, the clergyman lying under sentence of death. He had for some time acted the lunatic; but I soon put him out of his play; and he appeared to have wit enough in his anger. I designed to close in with him immediately; but two cruelly impertinent gentlemen would needs come into the room; so that I could say no more, but was obliged to leave him in their hands.

The lad who was to die the next day was quite of another spirit. He appeared deeply affected while we were speaking, and yet more during our prayer; and no sooner were we gone than he broke out into a bitter cry. Who knows but he might be heard by Him that made him?

*Mon. 29.*—We<sup>2</sup> rode forward. About sunset we were in the

Eastlake, relict of the late Mr. John Eastlake, whose death we announced a short time since, at the age of 88. This aged couple were among the earliest Methodists in this city, and the first who entertained the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of that numerous and increasingly respectable Society which bears his name.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rougemont Castle, the seat of the

Anglo-Saxon kings and afterwards of the Dukes of Exeter.

<sup>2</sup> The party consisted of John Wesley and the Rev. W. Shepherd, together with John Nelson and John Downes, who, having only one horse between them, usually set out first. Nelson describes the tour. See previous page, *E.M.P.* vol. i. pp. 73-5, and the reprint of Nelson's journal in *Wesley's Veterans*, vol. iii.



middle of the first great pathless moor beyond Launceston. About eight we were got quite out of the way ; but we had not gone far before we heard Bodmin bell.<sup>1</sup> Directed by this, we turned to the left, and came to the town before nine.

*Tues. 30.*—In the evening we reached St. Ives.<sup>2</sup> At seven I invited all guilty, helpless sinners who were conscious they 'had nothing to pay' to accept of free forgiveness. The room was crowded both within and without ; but all were quiet and attentive.

*Wed. 31.*—I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near an hundred of these had found peace with God : such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake ! As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza : wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their *own* town) :

Charles Wesley is come to town,  
To try if he can pull the churches down.

In the evening I explained 'the promise of the Father.' After preaching, many began to be turbulent ; but John Nelson went into the midst of them, spoke a little to the loudest, who answered not again, but went quietly away.

SEPT. 1, *Thur.*—We had a day of peace.

*Friday, 2.*—I preached at Morvah, about eight miles west of St. Ives, on the north sea. My text was : 'The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephtholim, by the way of the sea. . . The people which sat in darkness saw great light ; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.'

I observed an earnest, stupid attention in the hearers, many of whom appeared to have good desires ; but I did not find one

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley missed his way here on July 15, 1743, being alone. In those days Cornwall had only bridle-paths. In 1761 the great turnpike from the Devonshire side only reached Falmouth. Carriages were almost un-

known, and even carts very little used. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 185.)

<sup>2</sup> Charles had visited St. Ives on July 16. and was met by Mr. Shepherd and entertained by Mr. Nance.

who was convinced of sin, much less who knew the pardoning love of God.

*Sat. 3.*—I rode to the Three-cornered Down<sup>1</sup> (so called), nine or ten miles east of St. Ives, where we found two or three hundred tinnerns, who had been some time waiting for us. They all appeared quite pleased and unconcerned; and many of them ran after us to Gwennap (two miles east), where their number was quickly increased to four or five hundred. I had much comfort here in applying those words, 'He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor.' One who lived near invited us to lodge at his house, and conducted us back to the Green in the morning. We came thither just as the day dawned. I strongly applied those gracious words, 'I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely,' to five or six hundred serious people. At Treswithen Downs,<sup>2</sup> five miles nearer St. Ives, we found seven or eight hundred waiting, to whom I cried aloud, 'Cast away all your transgressions; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?' After dinner I preached again, to about a thousand people, on Him whom 'God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.' It was here first I observed a little impression made on two or three of the hearers; the rest, as usual, showing huge approbation and absolute unconcern.

At seven I met the society at St. Ives, where two women who came from Penzance fell down as dead, and soon after cried out in the bitterness of their souls; but we continued crying to God in their behalf, till He put a new song in their mouths. At the same time, a young man of the same place, who had once known the peace of God, but had sinned it away, had a fresh and clear manifestation of the love of God.

*Tues. 6.*—I preached at Morvah, on 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' But still I could not find the way into the hearts of the hearers, although they were earnest to hear what they understood not.

*Wed. 7.*—I preached to two or three hundred people at Zennor (four miles west of St. Ives), and found much goodwill in them, but no life. It was much the same on *Thursday* the

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to be Illogan Downs, near Illogan Highway. Gwennap lies three miles to the east of this spot; not

two miles. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 185.)

<sup>2</sup> Near Camborne, enclosing 475 acres. (*Ibid.*)

8th, while I preached at Kenneggy Downs (five miles south of St. Ives) on the resurrection of the dry bones. There is not yet so much as a shaking among them ; much less is there any breath in them.

*Fri. 9.*—I rode in quest of St. Hilary Downs, ten or twelve miles south-east of St. Ives.<sup>1</sup> And the Downs I found, but no congregation—neither man, woman, nor child. But by that I had put on my gown and cassock, about a hundred gathered themselves together, whom I earnestly called ‘to repent and believe the gospel.’ And if but one heard, it was worth all the labour.

*Sat. 10.*—There were prayers at St. Just in the afternoon, which did not end until four. I then preached at the Cross,<sup>2</sup> to I believe a thousand people, who all behaved in a quiet and serious manner.

At six I preached in Sennen, near the Land’s End<sup>3</sup>; and appointed the little congregation (consisting chiefly of old, greyheaded men) to meet me again at five in the morning. But on *Sunday* the 11th great part of them were got together between three and four o’clock. So between four and five we began praising God, and I largely explained and applied ‘I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely.’

We went afterwards down, as far as we could go safely, toward the point of the rocks at the Land’s End. It was an awful sight! But how will these melt away when God ariseth

<sup>1</sup> It was here that Wesley appreciated the blackberries. See John Nelson’s Journal, *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> St. Just Cross; now in the New Cemetery. The Rev. J. Andrews Reeve, the former vicar, says:

Old men remember it in its original position at the south-west corner of the churchyard, and they tell me that, after service on Sunday mornings, the sexton used to mount the steps on which it stood, and give out notices of sales, &c. It was removed into the vicarage garden by the Rev. J. Buller, and was afterwards thrown down the well by the famous (!) Mr. Gorham. There I found it covered with mud, and the crucifixion downwards (Langdon’s *Old Cornish Crosses*, 1896; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 185).

<sup>3</sup> On July 30 of the same year Charles Wesley wrote:

I believed a door would be open this day, and, in the strength of the Lord, set out for St. Just, a town of tinnerns. . . . My text was, ‘The poor have the gospel preached to them.’ . . . The hearts of thousands seemed moved, as the trees of the forest, by that wind which bloweth as it listeth. . . . We rode four miles further to Sennen, and took up our lodging at an hospitable farmer’s. I walked out with Brother Shepherd to the Land’s End, and sang, on the extremest point of the rocks:

‘Come, divine Immanuel, come.’

The second verse reads:

‘Carry on Thy victory,  
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea.

to judgement! The sea between does indeed 'boil like a pot.' 'One would think the deep to be hoary.' But 'though they swell, yet can they not prevail. He hath set their bounds, which they cannot pass.'

Between eight and nine I preached at St. Just, on the green plain near the town, to the largest congregation (I was informed) that ever had been seen in these parts. I cried out, with all the authority of love, 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?' The people trembled, and were still. I had not known such an hour before in Cornwall.

Soon after one we had such another congregation, on the north side of Morvah church. The Spirit of the Great King was in the midst, and I was filled both with matter and words, even more abundantly than at St. Just. 'My strength will I ascribe unto Thee.'

At Zennor I preached about five, and then hastened to St. Ives, where we concluded the day in praising God with joyful lips.

*Mon. 12.*—I preached at one on Treswithen Downs, and in the evening at St. Ives. The dread of God fell upon us while I was speaking, so that I could hardly utter a word; but most of all in prayer, wherein I was so carried out as scarce ever before in my life.

I had had for some time a great desire to go and publish the love of God our Saviour, if it were but for one day, in the Isles of Scilly<sup>1</sup>; and I had occasionally mentioned it to several. This evening three of our brethren came and offered to carry me thither, if I could procure the mayor's boat, which, they said, was the best sailer of any in the town. I sent, and he lent it me immediately. So the next morning, *Tuesday* the 13th, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, and I, with three men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. It seemed strange to me to attempt going, in a fisher-boat, fifteen leagues upon the main ocean; especially when the waves began to swell, and hang over our heads. But I called to my companions, and we all joined together in singing lustily and with a good courage:

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<sup>1</sup> This was Wesley's only visit to Scilly. in 1788. See *Meth. Rec.* Aug. 23, Joseph Sutcliffe formed a society there 1900.



When passing through the wat'ry deep,  
 I ask in faith His promised aid;  
 The waves an awful distance keep,  
 And shrink from my devoted head;  
 Fearless their violence I dare:  
 They cannot harm—for God is here.

About half an hour after one we landed on St. Mary's, the chief of the inhabited islands.

We immediately waited upon the Governor<sup>1</sup> with the usual present, viz. a newspaper. I desired him likewise to accept of an *Earnest Appeal*. The minister not being willing I should preach in the church, I preached, at six, in the street to almost all the town, and many soldiers, sailors, and workmen, on 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?' It was a blessed time, so that I scarce knew how to conclude. After sermon I gave them some little books and hymns, which they were so eager to receive that they were ready to tear both them and me to pieces.

For what *political reason* such a number of workmen were gathered together, and employed at so large an expense, to fortify a few barren rocks,<sup>2</sup> which whosoever would take deserves to have them for his pains, I could not possibly devise; but a *providential reason* was easy to be discovered. God might call them together to hear the gospel, which perhaps otherwise they might never have thought of.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Godolphin, second Earl of Godolphin. Born Sept. 3, 1678; died Jan. 17, 1766. Lord Warden of the Stannaries and Governor of the Scilly Isles. Created Baron Godolphin of Helstone Jan. 23, 1735. Married Henrietta, eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. At this date the only local newspaper circulating in the West of England was the *Sherborne and Dorset Mercury*, established in 1736, and published at Sherborne. The minister at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, was the Rev. Ralph Hathaway, 1737-45.

<sup>2</sup> As if in reply to Wesley's doubts respecting the utility of the fortifications of the Scilly Isles, Borlase says:

In time of war or danger of invasion they want more soldiers than they have at present

to man so extensive a line as that of St. Mary's Fort (near two miles in circumference), to say nothing of the batteries of Old and New Gynsey, which doubtless on such occasion will require proportionable attention. 'Tis true, as long as our Royal Navy is superior in the Channel (which I hope will always be the case) Scilly is safe; but if our Channel Squadron was beat, and obliged to keep in harbour, Scilly taken, and the fortifications completed, it might do us a great deal of mischief before it would be retaken' (*Observations on the Ancient and Present State of the Islands of Scilly*. By William Borlase, M.A., F.R.S., 1756; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 186).

Had Wesley seen the flowers of St. Mary's and the grounds of Tresco, he would not have spoken of 'that barren rock.' Defoe is as severe as Wesley, but chiefly denounces 'the fierce and ravenous people.'

At five in the morning I preached again, on 'I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely.' And between nine and ten, having talked with many in private, and distributed both to them and others between two and three hundred hymns and little books, we left this barren, dreary place, and set sail for St. Ives, though the wind was strong and blew directly in our teeth. Our pilot said we should have good luck if we reached the land; but he knew not Him whom the winds and seas obey. Soon after three we were even with the Land's End, and about nine we reached St. Ives.

*Fri. 16.*—I preached to four or five hundred on St. Hilary Downs, and many seemed amazed; but I could find none as yet who had any deep or lasting conviction.

In the evening, as I was preaching at St. Ives, Satan began to fight for his kingdom. The mob of the town burst into the room and created much disturbance, roaring and striking those that stood in their way as though Legion himself possessed them. I would fain have persuaded our people to stand still; but the zeal of some, and the fear of others, had no ears: so that, finding the uproar increase, I went into the midst, and brought the head of the mob up with me to the desk. I received but one blow on the side of the head; after which we reasoned the case, till he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions.

*Sat. 17.*—I preached at St. Just, and at the Land's End, where, in the morning, *Sunday* the 18th, I largely declared (what many shall witness in due time), 'By grace are ye saved through faith.'

The congregation at St. Just was greatly increased while I proclaimed to every convicted sinner, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

About one I preached at Morvah, on Rom. viii. 15, to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall. The society afterwards met, consisting of above an hundred members. Which of these will endure to the end?

At Zennor I preached on Isaiah liii., feeling no weariness at all; and concluded the day with our brethren at St. Ives, rejoicing and praising God.

*Mon. 19.*—We were informed the rabble had designed to

make their general assault in the evening. But one of the aldermen came, at the request of the mayor,<sup>1</sup> and stayed with us the whole time of the service. So that no man opened his mouth while I explained, 'None is like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens unto thy help, and in His excellency upon the sky.'

*Tues. 20.*—I concluded my preaching here by exhorting all who had 'escaped the corruption that is in the world' to 'add to' their 'faith courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity.' At eleven I spent some time with our brethren in prayer, and commended them to the grace of God. At Treswithen Downs I preached to two or three thousand people on the 'highway' of the Lord, the way of holiness. We reached Gwennap a little before six, and found the plain<sup>2</sup> covered from end to end. It was supposed there were ten thousand people; to whom I preached Christ our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I could not conclude till it was so dark we could scarce see one another. And there was on all sides the deepest attention; none speaking, stirring, or scarce looking aside. Surely here, though in a temple not made with hands, was God worshipped in 'the beauty of holiness.'

One of those who were present was Mr. P——, once a violent adversary. Before sermon began, he whispered one of his acquaintance, 'Captain, stand by me; don't stir from me.' He soon burst into a flood of tears, and quickly after sunk down. His friend caught him, and prevented his falling to the ground. Oh may the Friend of sinners lift him up!

*Wed. 21.*—I was waked, between three and four, by a large company of tinnerns, who, fearing they should be too late, had gathered round the house, and were singing and praising God. At five I preached once more on 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' They all devoured the word. Oh may it be health to their soul, and marrow unto their bones!

We rode to Launceston that day. *Thursday* the 22nd, as we were riding through a village called Sticklepath, one stopped me in

<sup>1</sup> John Stephens, always friendly to the Wesleys, is described in Charles Wesley's Journal as 'an honest Presbyterian.'

<sup>2</sup> Probably the comparatively level ground in front of the chapel at Carharrack. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 186.)



the street<sup>1</sup> and asked abruptly, 'Is not thy name John Wesley?' Immediately two or three more came up, and told me I must stop there. I did so; and before we had spoke many words our souls took acquaintance with each other. I found they were called Quakers; but that hurt not me, seeing the love of God was in their hearts.

In the evening I came to Exeter and preached in the Castle; and again at five in the morning, to such a people as I have rarely seen: void both of anger, fear, and love.

We went by Axminster,<sup>2</sup> at the request of a few there that feared God, and had joined themselves together some years since. I exhorted them so to seek after the power as not to despise the form of godliness; and then rode on to Taunton, where we were gladly received by a little company of our brethren from Bristol.

I had designed to preach in the yard of our inn; but before I had named my text, having uttered only two words, 'Jesus Christ,' a tradesman of the town<sup>3</sup> (who, it seems, was mayor-elect) made so much noise and uproar that we thought it best to give him the ground. But many of the people followed me up into a large room, where I preached unto them Jesus. The next evening, *Saturday* the 24th, we arrived safe at Bristol.

*Sun.* 25.—I preached at Bristol in the morning, and at Kingswood in the afternoon, on 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' A vast congregation in the evening were quite serious and attentive.

*Mon.* 26.—I had a great desire to speak plain to a young man who went with us over the New Passage. To that end I rode with him three miles out of my way; but I could fix nothing upon him. Just as we parted, walking over Caerlleon Bridge, he stumbled, and was like to fall. I caught him, and

<sup>1</sup> A colony of Quakers had migrated hither from Exeter early in the eighteenth century. See Charles Wesley's Journal, July 13, 1744; Hayman's *Methodism in North Devon*, pp. 15-16; and *W.M. Mag.* 1908, p. 521.

<sup>2</sup> Where Methodism had been introduced by a soldier named Payne. (*W.M. Mag.* 1840, p. 891.)

<sup>3</sup> See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1744, p. 449, note:

From a letter dated Jan. 24, 1744, just received, we learn: Rev. Mr. Westley, the famous Methodist, came lately to Taunton, dressed in a Master's gown and cassock, and at the Three Cups Inn he began to preach to a very numerous auditory in the court, but had scarce named his text when the mayor of the town came in formality and ordered the proclamation to be read, which immediately silenced the preacher, and they have not been troubled with any of these impertinents since. (*Aris's Gazette* (Birmingham), Feb. 1744.)



began to speak of God's care over us. Immediately the tears stood in his eyes, and he appeared to feel every word which was said: so I spoke, and spared not. The same I did to a poor man who led my horse over the bridge, to our landlord and his wife, and to one who occasionally came in; and they all expressed a surprising thankfulness.

About seven in the evening we reached Crickhowell, four miles beyond Abergavenny.

*Tues. 27.*—We came to Mr Gwynne's, at Garth.<sup>1</sup> It brought fresh to my mind our first visit to Mr. Jones, at Fonmon. How soon may the master of this great house too be called away into an everlasting habitation!

Having so little time to stay, I had none to lose. So the same afternoon, about four o'clock, I read prayers, and preached to a small congregation on the 'faith' which is 'counted to us for righteousness.'

Very early in the morning I was obliged to set out in order to reach Cardiff before it was dark. I found a large congregation waiting there, to whom I explained Zech. ix. 11: 'By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.'

*Thur. 29.*—I preached at the Castle of Fonmon to a loving, simple people.

*Fri. 30.*—It being a fair, still evening, I preached in the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gwynne had nine sons and daughters and twenty servants, besides the chaplain, and had seldom less than ten or fifteen guests residing in the house. Charles Wesley's first introduction to Marmaduke Gwynne was on July 31, 1745, when he and his brother, accompanied by Mr. Gwynne, examined the Bristol society. He was a man of family and fortune, resident at Garth, about sixteen miles from Brecon. When Howell Harris began his itinerant ministry in South Wales, Mr. Gwynne determined, as a magistrate, to interfere. He left home intending to send Harris to prison; but first resolved to hear the man himself before he committed him. He had taken the Riot Act with him, but was so impressed by the apostolic zeal

and affection of the preacher, and by the purity of his doctrine, that he went up to him, shook him by the hand, told him how much he had been misled by slanderous reports; avowed his intention of committing him, had those reports been true; asked his pardon; and, to the amazement of the assembly, entreated him to accompany him to Garth to supper. Gwynne is described as a man of fine spirit, pious, kind to his tenantry, beneficent to the poor, and exemplary in all the relations of life. The authority of Mr. Gwynne and his great influence in the county, as a rule, protected the Methodists of Brecknock from persecution. It was by an irony of fate that in this county William Seward met a martyr's death. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1896, p. 83.

Castle Yard at Cardiff; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved as in the presence of God.

OCT. 1, *Sat.*—I preached at Caerphilly<sup>1</sup> in the morning, Llantrisant at noon, and Cardiff at night.

*Sun.* 2.—Fearing my strength would not suffice for preaching more than four times in the day, I only spent half an hour in prayer with the society in the morning. At seven, and in the evening, I preached in the Castle; at eleven, in Wenvoe church; and in the afternoon, in Porthkerry church, on ‘Repent ye, and believe the gospel.’

*Mon.* 3.—I returned to Bristol,<sup>2</sup> and employed several days in examining and purging the society, which still consisted (after many were put away) of more than seven hundred persons. The next week I examined the society in Kingswood, in which I found but a few things to reprove.

*Sat.* 15.—The leaders brought in what had been contributed in their several classes toward the public debt: and we found it was sufficient to discharge it, which was therefore done without delay.

*Mon.* 17.—I left Bristol, and preached in the evening to a very civil congregation at Painswick.

*Tues.* 18.—I preached to a little earnest company at Gotherington, near Tewkesbury; and, in the evening, at Evesham, on the happiness of him ‘whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.’

*Wed.* 19.—I called on Mr. Taylor at Quinton,<sup>3</sup> six or seven

<sup>1</sup> Probably in the little old church of St. Martin at Caerphilly, in which Whitefield was married.

<sup>2</sup> Where he received full information of the riots at Wednesbury. Mr. Egginton, assisted by two neighbouring justices—Mr. Lane, of Bentley Hall, and Mr. Persehouse, of Walsall—having stirred up the basest of the people, such outrages followed as were a scandal to the Christian name. This happened at Wednesbury, Darlaston, West Bromwich, &c. Wesley determined at once to visit this harassed people.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Taylor, vicar of Quinton, was a member of the first Conference

in 1744 and of the third in 1746. Thanks to the researches of the Rev. Richard Butterworth, we have information respecting Mr. Taylor and his family. He was the son of Abdias Taylor, incumbent of St. John's, Worcester, in which city he was born in 1711. He was a graduate at Oxford, having entered Merton College in 1728. His first preferment was the living of St. Clement's, Worcester, and his second, in 1738, the vicarage of Quinton, in Gloucestershire, where he died in 1772. (*W.M. Mag.* April 1902.) The association of Taylor with the Wesleys extended from May 1743 to May 1746. In March 1772, three

miles north of Evesham. About eleven I preached in his church to a thin, dull congregation, and then rode on to Birmingham.

*Thur. 20.*—After preaching to a small, attentive congregation, I rode to Wednesbury. At twelve I preached in a ground<sup>1</sup> near the middle of the town to a far larger congregation than was expected, on 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' I believe every one present felt the power of God; and no creature offered to molest us, either going or coming; but the Lord fought for us, and we held our peace.

I was writing at Francis Ward's in the afternoon when the cry arose that the mob had beset the house. We prayed that God would disperse them, and it was so. One went this way, and another that; so that, in half an hour, not a man was left. I told our brethren, 'Now is the time for us to go'; but they pressed me exceedingly to stay; so, that I might not offend them, I sat down, though I foresaw what would follow. Before five the mob surrounded the house again in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, 'Bring out the minister; we will have the minister.' I desired one to take their captain by the hand and bring him into the house. After a few sentences interchanged between us the lion was become a lamb. I desired him to go and bring one or two more of the most angry of his companions. He brought in two, who were ready to swallow the ground with rage; but in two minutes they were as calm as he. I then bade them make way, that I might go out among the people. As soon as I was in the midst of them I called for a chair, and, standing up, asked, 'What do any of you want with me?' Some said, 'We want you to go with us to the Justice.' I replied, 'That I will, with all my heart.' I then spoke a few words, which God applied; so that they cried out with might and main, 'The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence.' I asked

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months before the vicar died, Wesley preached in Quinton church. There is another Quinton near Birmingham.

<sup>1</sup> The High Bullen, where he stood on a horseblock belonging to a malthouse,

which has been preserved within a railed enclosure at the Spring Head Chapel. (*Meth. Rec.* April 25, 1901; and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 156, with illustration of the horseblock.)



'Shall we go to the Justice to-night, or in the morning?' Most of them cried, 'To-night, to-night'; on which I went before, and two or three hundred followed, the rest returning whence they came.

The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley Hall, two miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before to tell Mr. Lane they had brought Mr. Wesley before his Worship. Mr. Lane replied, 'What have I to do with Mr. Wesley? Go and carry him back again.' By this time the main body came up, and began knocking at the door. A servant told them Mr. Lane was in bed. His son followed, and asked what was the matter. One replied, 'Why, an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your Worship advise us to do?' 'To go home,' said Mr. Lane, 'and be quiet.'<sup>1</sup>

Here they were at a full stop, till one advised to go to Justice Persehouse at Walsall.<sup>2</sup> All agreed to this; so we hastened on, and about seven came to his house. But Mr. P[ersehouse] likewise sent word that he was in bed. Now they were at a stand again; but at last they all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home. About fifty of them undertook to convoy me. But we had not gone a hundred yards when the mob of Walsall came, pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary, as well as outnumbered: so that in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands.

To attempt speaking was vain, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town, where, seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man, catching me by

<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley, who heard the story from his brother a few days later when they met at Nottingham, adds that another said: 'To be plain, sir, if I must speak the truth, all the fault I find with him is, that he preaches better than our parsons' (Journal, Oct. 25, 1743).

<sup>2</sup> William Persehouse, of an old Staf-

fordshire family which had held the Reynolds Hall estates for two centuries. See above, vol. i. p. 77. The old mansion was taken down early in the nineteenth century for the excavation of limestone. The residence of the Walsall superintendent minister stands within the grounds—some say on the site.



the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. They made no more stop till they had carried me through the main street, from one end of the town to the other. I continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, and would have gone in, but a gentleman in the shop would not suffer me, saying they would pull the house down to the ground. However, I stood at the door and asked, 'Are you willing to hear me speak?' Many cried out, 'No, no! knock his brains out; down with him; kill him at once.' Others said, 'Nay, but we will hear him first.' I began asking, 'What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?' and continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed. Then the floods began to lift up their voice again, many crying out, 'Bring him away! Bring him away!'

In the meantime my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud into prayer. And now the man who just before headed the mob turned and said, 'Sir, I will spend my life for you: follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head.' Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words, and got close to me immediately. At the same time, the gentleman in the shop cried out, 'For shame, for shame! Let him go.' An honest butcher, who was a little farther off, said it was a shame they should do thus; and pulled back four or five, one after another, who were running on the most fiercely. The people then, as if it had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again: we therefore went on one side over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows, till, a little before ten, God brought me safe to Wednesbury, having lost only one flap of my waistcoat and a little skin from one of my hands.

I never saw such a chain of providences before; so many convincing proofs that the hand of God is on every person and thing, overruling all as it seemeth Him good.

The poor woman of Darlaston who had headed that mob, and sworn that none should touch me, when she saw her followers give way, ran into the thickest of the throng, and knocked down

three or four men, one after another. But many assaulting her at once, she was soon overpowered, and had probably been killed in a few minutes (three men keeping her down and beating her with all their might) had not a man called to one of them, 'Hold, Tom, hold!' 'Who is there?' said Tom. 'What, honest Munchin?'<sup>1</sup> Nay, then, let her go.' So they held their hand, and let her get up and crawl home as well as she could.

From the beginning to the end I found the same presence of mind as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another; only once it came into my mind that, if they should throw me into the river, it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt that I should swim across, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots.

The circumstances which follow, I thought, were particularly remarkable: (1) That many endeavoured to throw me down while we were going down-hill<sup>2</sup> on a slippery path to the town; as well judging, that if I was once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more. But I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip till I was entirely out of their hands. (2) That although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes, to pull me down, they could not fasten at all; only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand; the other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was torn but half off. (3) That a lusty man just behind struck at me several times with a large oaken stick; with which, if he had struck me once on the back part of my head, it would have saved him all farther trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how; for I could not move to the right hand or left. (4) That another came rushing through the press, and, raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked my head, saying, 'What soft hair he has!' (5) That I stopped exactly at the mayor's door,<sup>3</sup> as if I had known it (which the mob doubtless thought I did), and found him standing in the shop, which gave the first check to the madness

<sup>1</sup> His real name was George Clifton. He lived to the age of eighty-five, and was buried in 1789 in St. Paul's churchyard, Birmingham.

<sup>2</sup> The gradient being one in eleven.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. W. C. Sheldon says this was Martin Pashley, a grocer.

of the people. (6) That the very first men whose hearts were turned were the heroes of the town, the captains of the rabble on all occasions, one of them having been a prize-fighter at the bear-garden. (7) That, from first to last, I heard none give a reviling word, or call me by any opprobrious name whatever ; but the cry of one and all was, ' The preacher ! The preacher ! The parson ! The minister ! ' (8) That no creature, at least within my hearing, laid anything to my charge, either true or false ; having in the hurry quite forgot to provide themselves with an accusation of any kind. And lastly, that they were as utterly at a loss what they should do with me ; none proposing any determinate thing ; only, ' Away with him ! Kill him at once ! ' <sup>1</sup>

By how gentle degrees does God prepare us for His will ! Two years ago a piece of brick grazed my shoulders. It was a year after that the stone struck me between the eyes. Last month I received one blow, and this evening two ; one before we came into the town, and one after we were gone out ; but both were as nothing : for though one man struck me on the breast with all his might, and the other on the mouth with such a force that the blood gushed out immediately, I felt no more pain from either of the blows than if they had touched me with a straw.

It ought not to be forgotten that, when the rest of the society made all haste to escape for their lives, four only would not stir—William Sitch, Edward Slater, John Griffiths, and Joan Parks ; these kept with me, resolving to live or die together ; and none of them received one blow but William Sitch, who held me by the arm, from one end of the town to the other. He was then dragged away, and knocked down ; but he soon rose and got to me again. I afterwards asked him what he expected when the mob came upon us. He said, ' To die for Him who had died for us.' And he felt no hurry or fear : but calmly waited till God should require his soul of him.

<sup>1</sup> ' But none so much as mentioned how ; only one or two (I almost tremble to relate it) screamed out (with what meaning I cannot tell), "Crucify the Dog ; crucify him !" ' For this and other slight variations of the Journal story see *Modern Christianity Exemplified at*

*Wednesbury, 1744* (*Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 169-93). Tradition says one of those who befriended Wesley was an ancestor of the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman. At Sutton Coldfield there are descendants of Slater and of Griffiths, class-leaders and valued workers among us.

I asked J[ Joan] Parks if she was not afraid when they tore her from me. She said, 'No ; no more than I am now. I could trust God for you, as well as for myself. From the beginning I had a full persuasion that God would deliver you. I knew not how ; but I left that to Him, and was as sure as if it were already done.' I asked if the report was true that she had fought for me. She said, 'No ; I knew God would fight for His children.' And shall these souls perish at the last ?<sup>1</sup>

When I came back to Francis Ward's I found many of our brethren waiting upon God. Many also whom I never had seen before came to rejoice with us. And the next morning, as I rode through the town in my way to Nottingham, every one I met expressed such a cordial affection that I could scarce believe what I saw and heard.<sup>2</sup>

I cannot close this head without inserting as great a curiosity in its kind as, I believe, was ever yet seen in England ; which had its birth within a very few days of this remarkable occurrence at Walsall.

*Staffordshire.*

To all High Constables, Petty Constables, and other of His Majesty's Peace Officers, within the said County, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton (near Walsall) :

WHEREAS we, his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist Preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King :

These are, in his Majesty's name, to command you and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist Preachers, and to bring him or them before some

<sup>1</sup> The route taken by the mob on this memorable occasion would be up Lower and Upper Rushall Streets to the top of High Street, at that time the hub of the town ; thence at a right angle down High Street (where the gradient is one in eleven) and Digbeth, to the brook, which was then bridged only for pedestrians, and, being swollen at this date, would present a lake-like appearance ; thence to the left across the meadows, which in later times formed the race-

course, and are now covered by the Midland Railway Goods Station.

<sup>2</sup> On Friday, Oct. 21, he met his brother Charles in Nottingham. 'My brother came, delivered out of the mouth of the lion. He *looked* like a soldier of Christ ; his clothes were torn to tatters. . . . But his work is not finished.' On the 24th Charles went to Birmingham, where he met brethren from Wednesbury, who gave him many additional particulars (Tues. Oct. 25). He



of us his said Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

Given under our hands and seals, this [12th] day of October, 1743.

J. LANE.

W. PERSEHOUSE.

(N.B.—The very Justices to whose houses I was carried, and who severally refused to see me !)<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 22.*—I rode from Nottingham to Epworth, and on Monday set out for Grimsby; but at Ferry we were at a full stop, the boatmen telling us we could not pass the Trent: it was as much as our lives were worth to put from shore before the storm abated. We waited an hour; but, being afraid it would do much hurt if I should disappoint the congregation at Grimsby, I asked the men if they did not think it possible to get to the other shore. They said they could not tell; but if we would venture our lives they would venture theirs. So we put off, having six men, two women, and three horses in the boat. Many stood looking after us on the river-side, in the middle of which we were, when, in an instant, the side of the boat was under water, and the horses and men rolling one over another. We expected the boat to sink every moment; but I did not doubt of being able to swim ashore. The boatmen were amazed, as well as the rest; but they quickly recovered, and rowed for life. And soon after, our horses leaping overboard lightened the boat, and we all came unhurt to land.

They wondered what was the matter I did not rise (for I lay along in the bottom of the boat); and I wondered too, till, upon examination, I found that a large iron crow, which the boatmen sometimes used, was (none knew how) run through the string of my boot, which pinned me down that I could not stir; so that, if the boat had sunk, I should have been safe enough from swimming any farther.

returned with them, met the suffering society, slept a night at Francis Ward's, preached in the town on 'Fear none of these things' (Rev. ii 10), received the late captain of the mob (Munchin) and several others into society, and rode back unmolested to Birmingham. Three months later he returned to the battlefield. A collation of Charles Wesley's Journal

under this date with the hymn (unabridged) 'Worship, and thanks, and blessing,' has, by parallelism of language and thought in several passages, led to the opinion that the hymn was written at the same time. (See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 123-6, and 211-12.)

<sup>1</sup> See below, March 19, 1768; *E.M.P.* vol. ii. p. 181, vol. v. pp. 48, 49;

The same day,<sup>1</sup> and, as near as we could judge, the same hour, the boat in which my brother was crossing the Severn, at the New Passage, was carried away by the wind and in the utmost danger of splitting upon the rocks; but the same God, when all human hope was past, delivered them as well as us.

In the evening, the house at Grimsby not being able to contain one-fourth of the congregation, I stood in the street, and exhorted every prodigal to 'arise and go to' his 'Father.' One or two endeavoured to interrupt; but they were soon stilled by their own companions. The next day, *Tuesday* the 25th, one in the town promised us the use of a large room; but he was prevailed upon to retract his promise before the hour of preaching came. I then designed going to the Cross, but the rain prevented; so that we were a little at a loss, till we were offered a very convenient place by a 'woman which was a sinner.' I there declared 'Him' (about one o'clock) whom 'God hath exalted, to give repentance and remission of sins.' And God so confirmed the word of His grace that I marvelled any one could withstand Him.

However, the prodigal held out till the evening, when I enlarged upon *her* sins and faith who 'washed our Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.' She was then utterly broken in pieces (as, indeed, was wellnigh the whole congregation), and came after me to my lodging, crying out, 'Oh, sir! "What must I do to be saved?"' Being now informed of her case, I said, 'Escape for your life. Return instantly to your husband.' She said, 'But how can it be? Which way can I go? He is above an hundred miles off. I have just received a letter from him; and he is at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.' I told her, 'I am going for Newcastle in the morning: you may go with me. William Blow shall take you behind him.' And so he did. Glory be to the Friend of sinners! He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire.

*W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 61-4; and articles on Walsall, *Meth. Rec.* 1904 (Sept. 29 and Nov. 3).

<sup>1</sup> There is either an error in dates or a misapprehension. John Wesley crossed

the Trent on Monday, Oct. 24. Charles crossed the Severn on Monday, Oct. 31. Cf. Charles Wesley's *Journal* and Young's *Hist. of Methodism in Wales*, p. 58.

Thou poor sinner, thou hast 'received a prophet in the name of a prophet'; and thou art found of Him that sent him.

*Wed. 26.*—I enlarged upon those deep words, 'Repent, and believe the gospel.' When I had done a man stood forth in the midst, one who had exceedingly troubled his brethren, vehemently maintaining (for the plague had spread hither also) that they ought not to pray, to sing, to communicate, to search the Scriptures, or to trouble themselves about works, but only to believe and be still; and said, with a loud voice, 'Mr. Wesley, let me speak a few words. Is it not said, "A certain man had two sons: and he said unto the younger, Go work to-day in my vineyard: and he answered, I will not; but afterwards he repented and went"? I am he. I said yesterday, "I will not go to hear him; I will have nothing to do with him." But I repent. Here is my hand. By the grace of God, I will not leave you as long as I live.'

William Blow, Mrs. S., and I set out at six. During our whole journey to Newcastle I scarce observed her to laugh or even smile once. Nor did she ever complain of anything, or appear moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burden of sin and was groaning after salvation. In the same spirit, by all I could observe or learn, she continued during her stay at Newcastle. Not long after, her husband removed from thence, and wrote to her to follow him. She set out in a ship, bound for Hull. A storm met them by the way; the ship sprung a leak; but though it was near the shore, on which many people flocked together, yet the sea ran so exceeding high that it was impossible to make any help. Mrs. S. was seen standing on the deck, as the ship gradually sunk, and afterwards hanging by her hands on the ropes, till the masts likewise disappeared. Even then, for some moments, they could observe her floating upon the waves, till her clothes, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, she sunk—I trust, into the ocean of God's mercy.

PART THE SIXTH

THE JOURNAL

FROM OCTOBER 27, 1743, TO NOVEMBER 16, 1746



*The Parish has further enlarged its borders, and now includes Wales, Cornwall, Northumbria, and the whole of the Midlands. The beginnings of this wider Methodism, the romance of its perils and triumphs, are the epics and idylls of Methodism the world over. But there is also a broader outlook. The thrilling interest of romantic episodes must not obscure larger issues. In the Journal, as in the history of the times, Wesley, all unconsciously, is playing a leading part. It is a part in the making of Methodism and the remaking of England. It was not until a century had passed that historians recognized in Wesley a great ecclesiastic and a still greater political force. Unwittingly, and, indeed, in spite of himself, he founded a new religious organization which within less than two centuries was destined, as a fully equipped Church, to command by far the largest following of any purely Protestant and evangelical community in the world; and in so doing he saved the nation from popery, atheism, and revolution.*

*If in the brief annotations of this volume little account is taken of these larger issues, and, we may add, of questions relating to doctrinal development and ecclesiastical status, it is not because their importance is unperceived or underrated, but because in a work of this character the actual facts of Wesley's daily life have a first claim upon the limited space at disposal; and also because a slight and casual commentary on a subject of such transcendent importance could scarcely fail to be misleading. A not inconsiderable library would be necessary for the adequate illumination of all the history, biography, theology, philosophy, science, archaeology, and the endless allusions involved in a complete study of Wesley's Journal. And here we again acknowledge our very great obligations to the magazines and newspapers of Methodism; and most of all to the Proceedings of the Wesley Historical Society (W.H.S.). It is not too much to say that without the splendid work done by this Society this present edition of Wesley's Journal would not have been possible.*

## THE JOURNAL

*From October 27, 1743, to November 16, 1746*

1743. OCT. 27, *Fri.* — We rode with William Holme,<sup>1</sup> ‘an Israelite indeed,’ from Epworth to Sykehouse. Here I preached at ten, and hastened on to Leeds; from whence, setting out early in the morning, I had hopes of reaching Wensleydale before it was dark. But it could not be; so in the dusk of the evening, understanding we had five or six miles still to ride, I thought it best to procure a guide. In less than an hour, it being extremely dark, I perceived we were got out of all road. We were in a large meadow, near a river, and (it seemed to me) almost surrounded with water. I asked our guide, ‘Do you know where you are?’ and he honestly answered, ‘No.’ So we rode on as we could, till about eight we came to a little house, whence we were directed into a lane which led to Wensley.

*Sun.* 30.—Mr. Clayton<sup>2</sup> read prayers, and I preached, on ‘What must I do to be saved?’ I showed, in the plainest words I could devise, that mere outside religion would not bring us to heaven; that none could go thither without inward holi-

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<sup>1</sup> Properly ‘Holme,’ whose ancestors came from Normandy with William the Conqueror. The elder branch held estates near Paul, in Holderness. The story of the Holme family belongs to the ‘cottage era’ of Methodist history. See W. W. Stamp’s ‘Sykehouse,’ *W.M. Mag.* 1845, pp. 26–31; below, p. 164; also H. Speight’s *Romantic Richmond*, p. 252. The last-named says the guide’s name was John Willis. The owner of the property pulled down the house in 1844, but spared the room which Wesley usually occupied. ‘The

Pilgrim’s Inn,’ as the house, both old and new, was called, served for many years as hostel and chapel for the Methodist preachers. In 1845 the tenant of the house and farm was Paul Holme, grandson of Wesley’s friend.

<sup>2</sup> Rector of Wensley for forty-three years. He died in 1746 (see below, p. 249). The account there given of his last hours was reprinted in the *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 79. The rector of Wensley has been confounded with John Clayton, of the Holy Club. They were very different persons.

ness, which was only to be attained by faith. As I went back through the churchyard, many of the parish were in high debate what religion this preacher was of. Some said, 'He must be a Quaker'; others, 'an Anabaptist.' But, at length, one deeper learned than the rest brought them all clearly over to his opinion, that he was a *Presbyterian-Papist*.

*Mon.* 31.—We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to Newcastle.

*Nov.* 2, *Wed.*—The following advertisement was published :

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. ESTE,

By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, on *Friday, November 4*, will be acted a Comedy called

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS;

To which will be added a Farce, called,

TRICK UPON TRICK, OR METHODISM DISPLAYED.<sup>1</sup>

On *Friday* a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot Hall to see this. It was believed there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats built upon the stage. Soon after the comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five foot forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act all the shilling seats gave a crack and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed; and as many as could readily get to the door went out and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third act the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches. The players retired with great precipitation; yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act all the sixpenny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side, it being supposed that many were crushed in pieces; but, upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remaining

<sup>1</sup> The farce was published in 1743. stage scurrilously attacking Wesley and Whitefield.  
It was not the only instance of the

still in the hall, Mr. Este (who was to act the Methodist) came upon the stage and told them, for all this, he was resolved the farce should be acted. While he was speaking the stage sunk six inches more ; on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying to look behind him.

Which is most surprising—that those players acted this farce the next week, or that some hundreds of people came again to see it ?

*Sun. 6.*—We had an useful practical sermon at St. Nicholas's church in the morning, and another at St. Andrew's in the afternoon. At five I preached to a willing multitude, on the Prodigal Son. How many of these were lost, and now are found !

In the following week I endeavoured to speak severally to each member of the society. The numbers I found neither to rise nor fall ; but many had increased in the knowledge and love of God.

*Sunday* the 13th, and the following days, I preached and regulated the societies at Painshaw, Tanfield, Horsley, and Plessey.

*Thur. 17.*—I preached at the Spen, on Christ Jesus our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I have seldom seen an audience so greatly moved since the time of my first preaching at Bristol. Men, women, and children wept and groaned and trembled exceedingly ; many could not contain themselves in these bounds, but cried with a loud and bitter cry. It was the same at the meeting of the society, and likewise in the morning, while I was showing the happiness of those 'whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.' I afterwards spake with twelve or fourteen of them severally ; and found good ground to believe that God had given them to 'taste of the good word, and of the powers of the world to come.'

*Sun. 20.*—After preaching at Newcastle morning and evening, I earnestly exhorted the society to beware of speaking evil of each other, and of censuring those who followed not with us.

*Mon. 21.*—I besought them, in my farewell sermon, to 'forget the things which are behind, and press on to the prize of their high calling.'



*Tues. 22.*—I preached at Norton, five miles from Ferrybridge, and in the evening at Sykehouse. Here I received a full account of poor David Taylor,<sup>1</sup> once a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Three years since he knew all we preached to be true. Then Mr. I[ngham] brought him over to German *stillness*. When I talked with him at Sheffield he was thoroughly sensible of his mistake; but Mr. Simpson soon drew him into it again. A third time he was deeply convinced by my brother; and unconvinced shortly after. He was once more brought into the Scripture way by Mr. Graves, and seemed to be established therein; but in a few months he veered about to the old point, and has been 'a poor sinner' indeed ever since.

*Wed. 23.*—I rode to Leeds; preached in the evening, and morning, *Thursday* the 24th, and went on to Birstall, where I preached at one in the afternoon, and again about seven in the evening.

*Fri. 25.*—At the desire of Arthur Bate,<sup>2</sup> I rode to Wakefield, in order to talk with his wife; but I soon found I did not come to talk, but to hear. After an hour or two we rode on to Barley Hall, where I preached on 'God is a Spirit; and they that

<sup>1</sup> David Taylor is referred to as in the service of the Earl of Huntingdon. At one time he was footman to Lady Margaret (or Lady Betty) Hastings. After his conversion, probably under the ministry of Ingham, he began with great zeal and success to call sinners to repentance. From the beginning he seems to have acted under the direction, or at all events with the sanction, of Lady Huntingdon. Her wish was that the societies he formed should be placed under the pastoral care of the Wesleys. A letter in the Colman Collection shows that at an early date the Countess had her doubts as to the steadfastness of David Taylor's character.

Unhappily the good done by him was blighted by Moravian 'stillness,' which more or less infected all the Ingham and Taylor societies.

On March 25, 1742, the Countess, writing to Wesley, says of Taylor:

I find he is going to build himself a room, and to break (I doubt) with the ministers, and become lay teacher. He has more pride

than I ever saw in man. If he will commit his poor sheep into your hands, I will assist in the room, school, &c.; but else I will do nothing. . . . In your next let me know if you do not approve what I have done about David (*W.M. Mag.* 1845, p. 1073).

But on May 25, 1743, he was with Charles Wesley in the Sheffield and Thorpe riots, and, though wounded, guarded the sisters to Barley Hall. For his later history see Atmore's *Methodist Memorial*, p. 412.

<sup>2</sup> On Feb. 11, 1744, Charles Wesley writes:

Arthur Bate, of Wakefield, who showed me the way [from Adwalton to Armley], informed me that his minister, Mr. Arnett, repelled him from the sacrament, and said he had orders from the Archbishop so to treat all that are called Methodists. . . . I much suspect Mr. Arnett has slandered the good Archbishop.

Mrs. Bate must have been a woman of some force of character, for her vigorous letter Wesley inserts, with two others received at Newcastle, Nov. 3, 1745 (see below, p. 221).

worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' Thence we rode to Sheffield,<sup>1</sup> where I preached, in perfect peace, on 'We know that we are of God.'

*Sat. 26.*—I went on to Nottingham. In the morning, *Sunday* the 27th, I preached in the house<sup>2</sup> at five; and about eight, at the High Cross,<sup>3</sup> on 'Why will ye die, O house of Israel?' I went thither again from St. Mary's in the afternoon, and proclaimed to an immense multitude, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I saw not one scoffer or one trifler; but all, to a man, appeared serious and attentive.

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Breaston, and spent an hour or two in conversation with Mr. Simpson: the oddest, honestest enthusiast, surely, that ever was upon earth. Before we parted he told me, 'One thing I don't like: your taking away my flock at Nottingham. Just now that text is brought to my mind; it is the very case; pray read it out.' I did so as follows: 'And Abraham reproved Abimelech, because of the well which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away.' I desired him to read my answer in the next verse. 'And Abimelech said unto Abraham, I wot not who hath done this thing; neither heard I anything thereof from thee, save this day.'

In the afternoon I rode to Markfield. After preaching there twice on *Tuesday* the 29th, I went on to Hinckley, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. We rode to Market Harborough that day, the next to Hockliffe, and on *Thursday*, DECEMBER 1, to London.

I had full employment here, for some weeks following, in speaking severally to the members of the society. Many of these I was obliged to set aside: there remained about two and twenty hundred persons.

**1744. JAN. 1.**—I received a letter from a poor man, wrote in the fullness of his heart, as follows:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Edward Bennet was usually Wesley's host at this period. He afterwards joined the Calvinists. See Everett's *Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield*, pp. 43-5.

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Bagshawe's.

<sup>3</sup> The Malt-cross, which stood in the market-place, half-way between Sheep

Lane, now Market Street, on one side, and St. James Street on the other. (Harwood's *Methodism in Nottingham*, p. 13. See also *W.H.S.* vol. v. pp. 163-70, for much interesting information respecting Nottingham Methodism in early days.)

Herein is written lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

SIR,

I have had but very little rest since I left you, the cause of which was, my leaving God first. It is true I did in a very solemn manner, on my knees, break from you, as though I had done so merely to please God; but by what followed it appears otherwise, for I no sooner broke off from you than I began to think how I might make a worldly advantage by it. Oh, thought I, I shall not now be so scrupulous in many things, particularly in doing work on the Lord's day. Then I got me some rabbits and fowls, and I would be sure to feed and clean them well on that day, and to be out on the hunt for food for them. And I took care my poor family should be sharers with me in the drudgery; or else they must expect many a sour look and bitter word at least. I then grew worse and worse; insomuch that I have given such occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, such a wound to religion, as I could not heal were I to live ten thousand years. Oh what have I done! Oh what have I lost! Oh that I might be admitted into God's favour once more! Pray for me, I beseech you; and if you see any hope left, if you do not think that repentance will be denied me, though I seek it carefully with tears, then, if you can think of any shame that will be bad enough for me to undergo before I am admitted into that company I so willingly left, see whether I will not readily submit to it. Oh that God would be pleased to bring me into light and love again! How careful would I be of His grace! How would I deny myself, take up my cross, endure shame, suffer persecution of every kind, follow the dear Lord Jesus without the camp! But I have crucified Him afresh. Oh that I could give full scope to my mind! But I cannot. These lines are but a very imperfect description of the state, condition, and desire of that backslider, that apostate, that traitor,

JOHN EWER.

*Sun. 8.*—In the evening I rode to Brentford, on *Monday* to Marlborough, and the next day to Bristol.

*Wed. 11.*—I began examining the society; and not before it was wanted, for the plague was begun. I found many crying out, 'Faith, faith! believe, believe!' but making little account of the fruits of faith, either of holiness or good works. In a few days they came to themselves, and had a more thorough understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus.

*Wed. 25.*—I preached at Bath, on *Jas. ii. 14*: 'Can faith save him?' Many of the audience appeared to be deeply convinced; and one, though a gentlewoman, could not conceal the

emotion of her mind, but broke out into strong cries and tears. Perhaps even here the 'bread' we have 'cast upon the waters shall be found after many days.'

*Fri. 27.*—Having finished the work I proposed, I left Bristol, and *Saturday* the 28th reached London.<sup>1</sup>

*FEB. 1, Wed.*—Just before the time I had designed to begin preaching at the chapel, I was seized with such a pain as I do not remember ever to have felt before in my life. But I forgot it as soon as I had read my text, Ps. xviii. 1, &c., 'I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.' And from that time I felt it no more.

About this time the soldiers abroad began to meet together,<sup>2</sup> as we learned from the following letter :

SIR,

GHENT, *February 2, 1744.*

I make bold to send you these lines. Feb. 18, 1743, we began our march for Germany. I was then much cast down, and my heart was ready to break. But the day we marched to Maestricht, I found the love of God shed abroad in my heart, that I thought my very soul was dissolved into tears. But this lasted not above three weeks, and then I was in heaviness again ; till, on April 24, as I was walking in the fields, God broke my hard heart in pieces. And yet I was not delivered from the fear of death. I went to my quarters very sick and weak, in great pain of soul and body. By the morning I was so weak I could scarce go : but this proved a sweet night to my soul, for now I knew there was no condemnation for me, believing in Christ Jesus.

*June 16.*—The day we engaged the French at Dettingen.<sup>3</sup> As the battle began I said, 'Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded.' Joy overflowed my soul, and I told my comrades, 'If I

<sup>1</sup> The day following, Jan. 29, Charles Wesley says : 'I assisted my brother and Mr. Garden in administering the sacrament to almost our whole society, of above two thousand.' This would be at West Street.

<sup>2</sup> Almost from the beginning Methodism had its converts, and indeed its preachers and leaders, in the Army. The arrest of John Nelson and his enrolment as a soldier may be regarded as the beginning of the work in the Army at home. The conversion of John Haime, who had voluntarily enlisted, and after many strange experiences had been

ordered with his regiment to the seat of war in Flanders and Germany, marks the beginning of the work in the Army abroad.

<sup>3</sup> A village on the Maine, in Germany, made memorable by the battle fought there on June 27, 1743, between the French and the allied forces—British, Austrian, and Hanoverian. George II. commanded the British Army, and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, received a wound. The French were completely routed. See Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, bk. xiv. ch. 5.



fall this day, I shall rest in the everlasting arms of Christ.' Now I felt I could be content to be cast into the sea, for the sake of my dear brethren, so their eyes might be opened, and they might see, before it was too late, the things that belong unto their peace.

When we came to winter quarters, there were but three of us joined together. But now, by the blessing of God, we are increased to twelve : and we have reason to believe the hand of the Lord is with us. I desire, for the sake of Him whom we follow after, that you would send us some instructions how to proceed in our little society. God is become a mouth to me, and has blessed even my word to some of their souls. All praise, and glory, and honour be unto Him and to the Lamb for ever and ever. From

Your affectionate brother,

J[OHN] H[AIME].<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 15.*—We were informed of the invasion intended by the French,<sup>2</sup> who were expected to land every hour. I therefore exhorted the congregation, in the words of our Lord, Luke xxi. 36 : ' Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man.'

*Thur. 16.*—In the evening, after expounding the third chapter of Jonah, I besought every one to ' turn from his evil way,' and ' cry mightily unto God,' and enlarged on these words : ' Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not ?'

We observed *Friday* the 17th as a day of solemn fasting and prayer.<sup>3</sup> In the afternoon, many being met together, I exhorted

<sup>1</sup> For a letter from Wesley to John Haime about this time see *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 278. It is not possible here to give even in barest outline the earliest chapters in the story of John Haime. His autobiography, in thrilling interest, is second only to that of John Nelson. Both may be found in the first volume of *Early Methodist Preachers* ; for John Haime, like Nelson, eventually became one of Wesley's travelling preachers. Wesley corresponded with him for many years. See *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 161, 162.

<sup>2</sup> Fifteen thousand French troops were assembled at Dunkirk with Charles Ed-

ward, the young Pretender. A French fleet conveying the transports anchored off Dungeness Point. The British fleet appeared doubling the South Foreland, when a furious tempest arose. The French fleet fled before it ; but the alarm in England continued. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and the penal laws against Roman Catholics were put in force. See Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i. ; *Gent.'s Mag.* 1744, p. 269.

<sup>3</sup> This was held two days after the king had informed Parliament of the threatened invasion.

them now, while they had opportunity, to make to themselves 'friends of the mammon of unrighteousness'; to deal their bread to the hungry, to clothe the naked, and not to hide themselves from their own flesh. And God opened their hearts, so that they contributed near fifty pounds, which I began laying out the very next hour in linen, woollen, and shoes for them whom I knew to be diligent and yet in want. In the evening I expounded Daniel iii. ; and those words in particular : 'Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace. . . . But if not, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.'

*Sat.* 18.—I received an account, from James Jones,<sup>1</sup> of another kind of invasion in Staffordshire. The substance of it was as follows :

On Monday, *January* 23, a great mob gathered together at Darlaston, a mile from Wednesbury. They fell upon a few people who were going to Wednesbury, and, amongst the rest, on Joshua Constable's wife, of Darlaston. Some of them threw her down, and five or six held her down, that another might force her. But she continued to resist till they changed their purpose, beat her much, and went away.

*Mon.* 30.—The mob gathered again, broke into Joshua Constable's house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods in pieces, and carried the rest away : particularly all his shop-goods, to a considerable value. But not satisfied with this, they sought for him and his wife, swearing they would knock their brains out. Their little children, meantime, as well as themselves, wandered up and down, no one daring to relieve or take them in, lest they should hazard their own lives.

*Tues.* 31.—About a hundred of the mob met together on the Church Hill at Wednesbury. But hearing some of Wednesbury were resolved to defend themselves, they dispersed for that time.

*February*, *Wed.* 1.—Mr. Charles Wesley came to Birmingham, and the next day preached at Wednesbury.<sup>2</sup> The whole congregation was quiet and attentive, nor had we any noise or interruption.

<sup>1</sup> He was one of Wesley's lay assistants, employed in Staffordshire at the time of the riots, and it was his deposition (among others) on the riots of May and June 1743 which Wesley included in his pamphlet, *Modern Christianity Exemplified*. See *Meth.*

*Rec.* April 25, 1901 ; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 116 ; Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 225.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley, in his *Journal*, gives a graphic description of his visit to Wednesbury at this time. '*Feb.* 2.—I set out with Brother Webb for Wednesbury, the field of battle. . . . Several

Mon. 6.—I accompanied him part of his way, and in the afternoon came back to Wednesbury. I found the society met together, and commending themselves to God in prayer, having been informed that many, both at Darlaston and other places, had bound themselves by an oath, to come on Shrove Tuesday (the next day) and plunder all the Methodists in Wednesbury.

We continued in prayer till the evening. I desired as many as could to meet me again at eight in the morning. But I had scarce begun to speak when one came running with all speed and told us a large mob was coming into the town, and had broke into some houses already. I immediately retired to my father's house; but he did not dare to receive me. Nor did any one else, till at length Henry Parks<sup>1</sup> took me in; whence, early in the morning, I went to Birmingham.

The mob had been gathering all Monday night, and on Tuesday morning they began their work.<sup>2</sup> They assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames to remain therein. Then they made their way in; and all the tables, chairs, chests of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in pieces, particularly shop-goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well break, as feather-beds, they cut in pieces and strewed about the room. William Sitch's wife was lying in; but that was all one; they pulled away her bed too, and cut it in pieces. (Had the French come in that place, would they have done more?) All this time none offered to resist them. Indeed most part, both men and women, fled for their lives; only the children stayed, not knowing whither to go.

Wearing apparel, and things which were of value, or easily saleable, they carried away, every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best.

Some of the gentlemen who had set the mob to work, or threatened to turn away collier or miner out of their service that did not come and do his part, now drew up a paper for those of the society to sign, importing that they would never invite or receive any Methodist preacher more. On this condition, they told them

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of our persecutors stood at a distance; but none offered to make the least disturbance.' Charles Wesley visited the widow of Mr. Egginton, who had first incited the mob. The day following he 'preached and prayed with the society,' and 'beat down the fiery, self-avenging

spirit of resistance, which was rising in some to disgrace, if not destroy, the work of God.' He continued 'two days in the lion's den unhurt.'

<sup>1</sup> Son of the heroic Joan Parks. See above, p. 103.

<sup>2</sup> It was a general holiday.



they would stop the mob at once ; otherwise they must take what followed.

This they offered to several ; but they declared, one and all, 'We have already lost all our goods, and nothing more can follow but the loss of our lives, which we will lose too, rather than wrong our consciences.'

On Wednesday the mob divided into two or three companies, one of which went to Aldridge, [six] miles from Wednesbury, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. Here also they loaded themselves with clothes and goods of all sorts, as much as they could stand under. They came back through Walsall with their spoils ; but the gentlemen of Walsall, being apprised of their coming, raised a body of men, who met them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the Town Hall. Notice was then sent to Aldridge that every man who had been plundered might come and take his own goods.

Mr. Wood,<sup>1</sup> of Wednesbury, likewise told several they should have what could be found of their goods, on condition they would promise not to receive or hear those preachers any more.

On Friday, in the afternoon, I went to Birmingham, designing to go to Tipton Green ; but, finding the mob were still raging up and down, I returned to Birmingham, and soon after (having as yet no more place in these parts) set out for London.

Any who desires to see a fuller and more particular account of these surprising transactions may read a small tract entitled *Modern Christianity Exemplified at Wednesbury*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Wood, son of Mr. William Wood, of Wolverhampton—of 'Wood's half-pence' fame.

<sup>2</sup> This pamphlet was 'printed by John Gooding, on the Side, and sold by P. Akenhead, Tyne Bridge, Newcastle ; also in Holborn, at the Foundry, and in Bristol : price twopence.' A second edition was published by Strahan in 1745. In an advertisement prefixed to the latter, Wesley says : 'It was our desire and design that the following accounts, drawn up long since, should have slept for ever ; but the gross misrepresentations of these facts, which are still spread abroad from day to day, constrain us at length to speak the naked truth.' In the edition of his published *Works*, 1773, vol. viii. contains this pamphlet ; but Wesley

has here omitted the account of his own treatment at Wednesbury—no doubt on the ground that it was already contained in the *Journal* ; but, in truth, throughout the story of persecution, he does not obtrude his own personality. Mrs. Thomas Mortimer (*vide* Elizabeth Whitehead) was a daughter of sufferers in these riots (*Meth. Mag.* 1807, p. 283, and Stevenson's *Memorials of City Road Chapel*, p. 418). 'Sister Slater,' her husband, her father and mother, and five of her brothers and sisters were among the first members of society in Wednesbury. Mr. and Mrs. Slater had nearly the whole of their household goods destroyed by the mob (*Meth. Mag.* 1805, p. 80). William Wright was another of the Wednesbury confessors (*ibid.* p. 81).



Before I leave this subject it may be proper to insert an advertisement which was not long after inserted in the public papers.

In *The Whitehall and London Evening Post*, Saturday, February 18, was a paragraph with some mistakes, which it may not be amiss to rectify. 'By a private letter from Staffordshire we have advice of an insurrection of the people called Methodists'—the insurrection was not of the people called Methodists, but *against* them—'who upon some pretended insults from the Church party'—they pretended no insults from the Church party, being themselves no other than *true* members of the Church of England; but were *more* than insulted by a mixed multitude of Church-goers (who seldom, if ever, go near a church), Dissenters, and Papists—'have assembled themselves in a riotous manner.'—Here is another small *error personae*. Many hundreds of the mob did assemble themselves in a riotous manner, having given public notice several days before (particularly by a paper set up in Walsall market-place) that on Shrove Tuesday they intended to come and *destroy the Methodists*, and inviting all the country to come and join them.—'And having committed several outrages'—without ever committing any, they have suffered all manner of outrages for several months past—'they proceeded at last to burn the house of one of their adversaries.'—Without burning any house or making any resistance, some hundreds of them, on Shrove Tuesday last, had their own houses broken up, their windows, window-cases, beds, tools, goods of all sorts broke all to pieces, or taken away by open violence; their live goods driven off, themselves forced to fly for their lives, and most of them stripped of all they had in the world.

Ever since the 20th of last June the mob of Walsall, Darlaston, and Wednesbury, hired for that purpose by their betters, have broke open their poor neighbours' houses at their pleasure by night and by day; extorted money from the few that had it; took away or destroyed their victuals and goods; beat and wounded their bodies; threatened their lives; abused their women (some in a manner too horrible to name), and openly declared they would destroy every Methodist in the country: the Christian country, where his Majesty's innocent and loyal

subjects have been so treated for eight months, and are now, by their wanton persecutors, publicly branded for rioters and incendiaries!

*Sun.* 19.—Mr. Viney<sup>1</sup> came to me from Yorkshire, and told me :

About a year ago, being then Vor-steher (a kind of President) in the Church of *the Brethren*, I proposed some scruples I had concerning our discipline, with the reasons on which they were grounded, to Mr. Spangenberg, and begged that, till these were removed, I might have liberty to remain, not a governor, but a private member of the Church.

With this Mr. Spangenberg would not comply. So at his instance I continued in my office, and the thing slept till May 1743, when in a meeting of the labourers (so they term their church officers) I was ordered to withdraw, and the following questions were proposed : (1) whether Richard Viney were not of Satan, and an enemy to the Church ; and (2) whether his objections to the discipline of the Brethren did not spring from anger, and self, and pride. After a debate of four hours I was called in, and asked if I was convinced those objections were wrong. I said I was not, and desired they would cast lots, which, after a little debate, they did. The lot came, 'The objections are just.' So for a time the thing slept again.

But in November following they considered the point again ; the result was that they sent one to tell me I was of Satan ; had raised objections against the Brethren from anger, and self, and pride ; and therefore I was cut off from the Church, and delivered over to Satan. I was greatly surprised, but not disturbed : God gave me perfect peace. After much prayer I wrote to you, to know where I might meet you. I know it was the will of God I should come, and that I should give myself up to your direction ; and therefore I have spoke without any disguise or reserve.

I told him : ' If you go back, you are welcome to go ; if you stay with me, you are welcome to stay. Only, whatever you

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<sup>1</sup> When, in 1742, the pro-Moravian party was organized at Fetter Lane as a Church of the Moravian Brethren, Richard Viney and James Hutton were elected to the highest offices. The lot as used in Viney's case affords an illustration of the way in which moral and religious

questions were decided by sortilege. Viney, excluded, seems to have done all the harm he could both to the Moravians and the Methodists. See *Memoirs of Hutton*, p. 141 ; also above, vol. i. p. 460, and vol. ii. p. 3.

do, do it with a clear conscience; and I shall be satisfied either way.'

After a few days he went back to Yorkshire to talk with his wife. The Brethren saw him again, and I saw him no more.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 25.*—In returning at night from Snowsfields, at the corner of Joyner Street,<sup>2</sup> the coach, wherein five of us were, was overturned; but without any one's being hurt, although the shock was so great as not only to dash the fore-windows in pieces, but to break the axle-tree in two.

*Mon. 27.*—Was the day I had appointed to go out of town; but understanding a Proclamation was just published, requiring all Papists to go out of London<sup>3</sup> before the Friday following, I was determined to stay another week, that I might cut off all occasion of reproach. I was the more willing to stay, that I might procure more raiment for the poor before I left London.

For this purpose I made a second collection, which amounted to about thirty pounds; but, perceiving that the whole money received would not answer one-third of the expense, I determined to go round the classes, and beg for the rest, till I had gone through the whole society.

MARCH 2, *Fri.*—I began to put this in execution. While I was at a house in Spitalfields a Justice of Peace came with the parish officers, being on their search for Papists. I was glad of the opportunity to talk with them at large, both of our principles and practice. When I went out, a pretty large mob attended me to the door of the house to which I was going; but they did us no hurt, only gaped, and stared, and hallooed as loud as they could.

<sup>1</sup> Until May 16; see below.

<sup>2</sup> Joyner Street runs at right angles out of Tooley Street southwards. London Bridge Station and sidings have partly obliterated it; but it is still shown on the map, and consists principally of ware-houses and archways.

<sup>3</sup> On Feb. 25 the Government, as a precautionary measure, issued an Order 'commanding all Papists and reputed Papists to depart from the cities of

London and Westminster, and from within ten miles of the same by March 2; and for confining Papists and reputed Papists to their habitations, and for seizing the arms and horses of such as refuse to take the oaths, &c.' Wesley, against the most obvious facts, was popularly reported, in some quarters, to be a Papist, and, indeed, a secret agent of the Pretender.

*Mon. 5.*—I was much pressed to write an Address to the King, which I did in the following terms<sup>1</sup>:

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

*The humble Address of the Societies in England and Wales, in derision called Methodists*

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

So inconsiderable as we are, 'a people scattered and peeled, and trodden under-foot, from the beginning hitherto,'<sup>2</sup> we should in no wise have presumed, even on this great occasion, to open our lips to your Majesty, had we not been induced, indeed constrained, so to do, by two considerations: the one, that in spite of all our remonstrances on that head, we are continually represented as a peculiar sect of men, separating ourselves from the Established Church; the other, that we are still traduced as inclined to Popery, and consequently disaffected to your Majesty.

Upon these considerations we think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty; and to declare, in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, that we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church established in these kingdoms: that we unite together for this, and no other end—to promote, so far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth, the glory of God, and peace and good-will among men: that we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are steadily attached to your Majesty's royal person and illustrious house.

We cannot, indeed, say or do either more or less than we apprehend consistent with the written Word of God; but we are ready to obey your Majesty to the uttermost, in all things which we conceive to be agreeable thereto. And we earnestly exhort all with whom we converse, as they fear God, to honour the King. We of the clergy in particular put all men in mind to revere the higher powers as of God; and continually declare, 'Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake.'

<sup>1</sup> John Wesley, urgently pressed to prepare a dutiful Address to the King, consulted Charles, who wrote: 'My objection to your Address, in the name of the Methodists is, that it would constitute us a sect. At least it would seem to allow that we were a body distinct from the National Church, whereas we are

only a sound *part* of it.' But the Moravians, who also refused to be regarded as Dissenters, presented their address. (*Memoirs of Hutton*, pp. 150 *sqq.*) War with France was impending, and was declared a month later. See Benson's *Apology*, p. 162.

<sup>2</sup> Isa. xviii. 7.



Silver and gold (most of us must own). we have none ; but such as we have we humbly beg your Majesty to accept, together with our hearts and prayers. May He who hath bought us with His blood, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, fight against all the enemies of your Majesty with the two-edged sword that cometh out of His mouth ! And when He calleth your Majesty from this throne, full of years and victories, may it be with that voice, 'Come, receive the kingdom prepared for thee, from the beginning of the world !'

These are the continual prayers of your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects,

JOHN WESLEY, &c.

But, upon farther consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 11.*—I found it was absolutely necessary for me to spend a few days at Bristol. In the evening I set out. As I rode through Newbury the next day my horse fell, and threw me into a deep mire. I was not hurt ; but, after cleaning myself a little, went on, and came to Kingswood between one and two on Tuesday. I preached here with great enlargement of heart, as I did at Bristol in the evening.

*Wed. 14.*—I endeavoured to clear up the misunderstandings which had arisen by hearing the contending parties face to face. It was, as I suspected, a mere strife of words ; of which they were all so fully sensible that I believe they will not so easily again fall into this snare of the devil.

<sup>1</sup> If John saved the situation in London by an opportune postponement of his journey, by boldly facing the Justice in Spitalfields—presumably the most dangerous quarter in London, because of its colony of French weavers—and by busying himself at the critical moment with work for the destitute poor, Charles, by fearless loyalty to his people and common sense, proved himself a tower of strength in the North. In Newcastle, where the people 'were in an uproar, through their expectation of a victory,' he strengthened the brethren and emphasized the Protestantism of the Methodists. He was there when his brother's letter, containing (apparently) a draft of the proposed Address to the King, reached him : in reply he wrote

the letter quoted above. From thence he rode to Darlington, and thence with John Downes to Epworth. There he met Thomas Westell, who entered the ranks of Methodist preachers in 1740, outliving the Wesleys and dying in the ranks in 1794. His monumental record is crumbling to dust on the outside wall of Portland Chapel, Bristol. With Westell was John Healy, whose story of the Nottingham riots, from which they had both escaped, Charles Wesley inserted in his Journal—a most instructive narrative, showing how the Methodist laymen, taught by the Wesleys, faced a perilous political situation, and by their courage and wisdom arrested the flood-tide of persecution.

*Thur.* 15.—I talked largely with the Kingswood stewards concerning the state of their schools and society; and then with the master, mistress, and children; and found great cause to bless God on their behalf. In the evening I preached at Bristol, on 'I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength'; and, after commending myself to their prayers, I rode to Marshfield.

*Sat.* 17.—We reached London. *Sunday* the 18th was a day of rest.

*Tues.* 20.—Having received a summons from the Justices of Surrey to appear at their court, at St. Margaret's Hill, I did so; and asked, 'Has any one anything to lay to my charge?'<sup>1</sup> None made any reply. At length, one of the Justices said, 'Sir, are you willing to take the oaths to his Majesty, and to sign the declaration against Popery?' I said, 'I am'; which I accordingly did, and returned home.

*Thur.* 22.—I gave the society an account of what had been done with regard to the poor. By the contributions and collections I had received about one hundred and seventy pounds; with which above three hundred and thirty poor had been provided with needful clothing. Thirty or forty remaining still in want, and there being some debts for the clothes already distributed, the next day, being *Good Friday*, I made one collection more, of about six-and-twenty pounds. This treasure, at least, 'neither rust nor moth' shall 'corrupt,' 'nor thieves break through and steal.'

*Sat.* 24.—My brother and I agreed it was enough for one of us to stay in town, while the other endeavoured to strengthen our brethren in other parts.<sup>2</sup> So, on *Monday* the 26th, I set out [with James Wheatley]<sup>3</sup> and came in the evening to Newbury. While we were at breakfast the next day, two or three poor men were, with many oaths, relating their exploits the day before. I turned, and appealed to their own hearts whether they were

<sup>1</sup> It was reported that Wesley had recently been seen with the Pretender in France. This, Tyerman suggests, may have been the reason for this summons.

<sup>2</sup> 'All this year alarms were interrupted, from the French on the one hand, and the rebels on the other.

Panic ran through the nation. Wesley, therefore, judged it needful to visit as many places as possible. His brother and the other preachers were of the same mind: *they spake, and spared not*' (Benson's *Apology*, p. 165).

<sup>3</sup> 1st ed.

doing well. They owned their fault, and were so loving we could scarce get away.

We called at an house in the afternoon, wherein the first person we met was so drunk that she could not speak plain, and could but just make shift to curse and swear. In the next room we found three or four more merry people, keeping Easter in much the same manner; but their mirth was soon spoiled. They gave earnest heed to the things they little regarded before, and knew not how to express their thankfulness for our advice, and for a few little books which we left with them.

In the evening I preached at Bristol. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday* I settled all things there; and on *Friday* the 30th rode to Middlezoy, where I preached to a small, serious congregation.

*Sat. 31.*—Calling at Chard, I light upon a poor woman unawares, who was earnestly groaning for redemption. At noon we spent an hour with a little company in Axminster, and hastened on for Crockernwell<sup>1</sup>; but the hail and snow falling fast, we could not reach it till past nine o'clock.

*APRIL 1, Sun.*—I rode to Sticklepath. At one I preached in an open place, on 'This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.' A storm of rain and hail began while I was preaching; but the congregation did not move. At five I preached again. Many of the poor people followed me to the house at which I lodged; and we could not consent to part till I had spent another hour in exhortation, and prayer, and thanksgiving.

I read to-day the strange account of that John Endicott,<sup>2</sup> Governor of New England, and his associates there, who beat and imprisoned so many of the poor Quakers, and murdered William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and others. Oh, who would have looked for Father Inquisitors at Boston! Surely these men did not cry out against Popish cruelty!

*Mon. 2.*—I preached at five, and rode on towards Launceston. The hills were covered with snow, as in the depth of winter. About two we came to Trewint, wet and weary enough,

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<sup>1</sup> On the road from Exeter to Okehampton.

<sup>2</sup> Born at Dorchester, he was a rigid

Puritan, and a persecutor not only of Quakers but also of the Indians. He died in 1665.

having been battered by the rain and hail for some hours. I preached in the evening, to many more than the house would contain, on the happiness of him whose sins are forgiven. In the morning Digory Isbel<sup>1</sup> undertook to pilot us over the great moor, all the paths being covered with snow; which, in many places, was driven together too deep for horse or man to pass. The hail followed us for the first seven miles; we had then a fair though exceeding sharp day. I preached at Gwennap in the evening to a plain, simple-hearted people; and God comforted us by each other.

*Wed. 4.*—About eleven we reached St. Ives. I was a little surprised at entering John Nance's house,<sup>2</sup> being received by many, who were waiting for me there, with a loud (though not bitter) cry. But they soon recovered; and we poured out our souls together in praises and thanksgiving.

As soon as we went out we were saluted, as usual, with a huzza and a few stones or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth while I proclaimed, 'I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength . . . I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised; so shall I be saved from my enemies.'

*Thur. 5.*—I took a view of the ruins of the house which the mob<sup>3</sup> had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral

<sup>1</sup> 'Digory Isbel': of Trewint, in the parish of Altarnun. Isbel was a granite mason. He and his wife were buried in Altarnun graveyard. Over their remains is a massive altar-tomb, which bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of  
Diggory Isbel, who died in the Lord,  
23 June 1795, in the 77 year of his age.

And of Elizabeth his wife,  
Who exchanged earth for Heaven,  
8 Oct. 1804

In the 87 year of her age.  
They were the first who entertained the  
Methodist Preachers in this County, and  
Lived and died in that connection, but  
Strictly adhered to the duties of the  
Established Church.  
Reader, may thy end be like theirs.

Here follows an obituary notice in verse. (*Western Antiquary*, June 1882; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 187.) In the *Meth.*

*Mag.* for 1809, p. 165, is a charming account of these saintly Cornish Methodists, written partly by one of their daughters and partly by the Rev. Francis Truscott, who knew them. They are identified as Nelson's first hosts and converts. (*E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 73.)

<sup>2</sup> John Nance was churchwarden in 1758 and 1769. In the Borough Accounts of St. Ives is the following entry: 'Paid John Nance's bill for painting 46 Constable's poles additional for election-day.' It is believed that this is the John Nance who appears in the Journal, and whose end is described below, Aug. 26, 1785. His house stood at the top of the Street-an-Garrow (the rough street). It was demolished some years ago.

<sup>3</sup> Headed by James Roberts, the tinner. See below, Sept. 21, 1760.



Matthews had beat the Spaniards.<sup>1</sup> Such is the Cornish method of thanksgiving. I suppose, if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head.

Both this morning and evening the congregation was as large as the house could well contain. In the society God did indeed sit upon His people as a refiner's fire. He darted into all (I believe hardly one excepted) the melting flame of love; so that their heads were as water, and their eyes as fountains of tears.

*Fri. 6.*—I spoke with the members of the society severally, and observed, with great satisfaction, that persecution had driven only three or four away, and exceedingly strengthened the rest. The persecution here was owing, in great measure, to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Hoblyn and Mr. Symonds<sup>2</sup>: gentlemen worthy to be 'had in everlasting remembrance' for their unwearied endeavours to destroy heresy.

*Fortunati ambo! Si quid mea pagina possit,  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.*<sup>3</sup>

*Sat. 7.*—I took down part of the account of the late riot; which (to show the deep regard of the actors therein for his Majesty) was on the self-same day on which his Majesty's Proclamation against rioters was read. Yet I see much good

<sup>1</sup> This inglorious action off Toulon gave little cause for joy. Admiral Lestock kept his ships out of action, he and Matthews being old enemies. Lestock was ordered to strike his flag and return to England; but he had his revenge when Matthews was brought before a court-martial and dismissed the service. War had not yet been declared between the two countries. Admiral Matthews built Llandaff Court, in which Wesley preached on several occasions. (*Genl's Mag.* 1744, pp. 106, 107, 170-2, and *W.M. Mag.* 1906, p. 469.)

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. William Hoblyn, 1723-59, Rector of Lydford, and Lecturer of St. Ives. The Rev. William Symonds, curate of St. Ives 1735-68. In the latter year he became vicar of the neighbouring

parish of St. Erth. He was Mayor of St. Ives in 1745 and in 1756. 'To the "George and Dragon" did Parson Symonds invariably repair, on a Sunday afternoon, to smoke his yard of clay, and discuss with his other churchwardens the contents of the latest *Exeter Flying Post* (or more correctly the *Sherborne Mercury*).' (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 187.)

<sup>3</sup> Altered from Virgil, *Aen.* ix. 446-7. The original refers to Nisus and Euryalus, two friends perishing together in battle: 'Fortunate both! if aught my verses can avail, no length of time shall ever wrap you in oblivion.' For Virgil's *carmina* Wesley, writing ironically, substituted *pagina—mea pagina*, 'this page of my Journal.' (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 28.)

has been brought out of it already ; particularly the great peace we now enjoy.

About eleven John Nance and I set out for Morvah. Having both the wind and rain full in our faces, we were thoroughly wet before we came to Rosemergy,<sup>1</sup> where some of our brethren met us. I found there had been a shaking among them, occasioned by the confident assertions of some that they had seen Mr. Wesley a week or two ago with the Pretender in France ; and others, that he was in prison at London. Yet the main body still stood firm together, and were not removed from the hope of the gospel.

The wind and rain beat hard upon us again as we walked from Morvah to St. Just, which also frightened many from coming. However, some hundreds were there, to whom I declared, If ye have nothing to pay, God will frankly forgive you all. It is remarkable that those of St. Just were the chief of the whole country for hurling, fighting, drinking, and all manner of wickedness ; but many of the lions are become lambs, are continually praising God, and calling their old companions in sin to come and magnify the Lord together.

*Sun. 8.*—I preached here at five and at twelve, and in the evening at Morvah.

*Mon. 9.*—I preached at noon on Tregavera Downs,<sup>2</sup> about two miles from Penzance. A great congregation was deeply attentive while I described the ‘sect’ which ‘is everywhere spoken against.’ At four I preached near Gulval,<sup>3</sup> regulated the society, and returned to St. Ives.

*Tues. 10.*—I was inquiring how Dr. B[orlase],<sup>4</sup> a person of unquestioned sense and learning, could speak evil of this way

<sup>1</sup> In the parish of Zennor. See below, Sept. 6, 1766.

<sup>2</sup> In the parish of Madron. The ground is now enclosed.

<sup>3</sup> Gulval was Dr. Etheridge’s favourite village. In the churchyard he buried his daughter. It is near Penzance, and has always had a Methodist society.

<sup>4</sup> William Borlase, LL.D., rector of Ludgvan and vicar of St. Just, in which parish he was born. He graduated M.A. at Oxford, and was ordained in 1719.

He published *Antiquities of Cornwall, Observations on the Islands of Scilly, Natural History of Cornwall*, and papers in *Philosophical Transactions*. For an essay on Cornish Crystals the Royal Society elected him a Fellow. His University conferred the degree of LL.D. (See *Biog. Brit.*) Dr. Borlase, as a magistrate, persecuted the Methodist preachers and scoffed at their appeals for protection. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv p. 187.)

after he had seen such a change in the most abandoned of his parishioners; but I was satisfied when Jonathan Reeves informed me that, on the doctor's asking him who had been the better for this preaching, and his replying, 'The man before you (John Daniel) for one, who never before knew any work of God upon his soul,' the doctor answered, 'Get along: you are a parcel of mad, crazy-headed fellows'; and, taking him by the shoulder, fairly thrust him to the door. See here what it is which the world accounts madness: the knowing a work of God upon our soul!

In the afternoon I walked over to Zennor, and, after preaching, settled the infant society.

*Wed. 11.*—Being the Public Fast,<sup>1</sup> the church at St. Ives was well filled. After reading those strong words, 'If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household?' Mr. H[oblyn] fulfilled them by vehemently declaiming against *the new sect*, as enemies of the Church, Jacobites, Papists, and what not! After church we met, and spent an hour in prayer, not forgetting the poor sinner against his own soul.

In the evening I preached at Gwennap. I stood on the wall, in the calm, still evening, with the setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all hear distinctly while I read, 'The disciple is not above his Master,' and the rest of those comfortable words, which are day by day fulfilled in our ears.

*Thur. 12.*—About eleven I preached at Crowan. In the afternoon we heard of the success of Mr. H[oblyn]'s sermon. James Wheatley was walking through the town in the evening, when the mob gathered, and began to throw stones from all quarters. He stepped into an house; but the master of it followed him, like a lion, to drag him out. Yet, after a few words, his mind was changed, and he swore nobody should hurt him. Meantime one went for a Justice of Peace, who came, and promised to see him safe home. The mob followed, hallooing

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<sup>1</sup> On the occasion of the threatened invasion by the young Pretender.

and shouting amain. Near John Paynter's<sup>1</sup> house the Justice left him: they quickly beset the house. But a messenger came from the mayor,<sup>2</sup> forbidding any to touch Mr. Wheatley, at his peril. He then went home. But between seven and eight the mob came and beset John Nance's house. John Nance and John Paynter went out, and stood before the door; though they were quickly covered with dirt. The cry was, 'Bring out the preacher! Pull down the house!' And they began to pull down the boards which were nailed against the windows. But the mayor, hearing it, came without delay and read the proclamation against riots: upon which, after many oaths and imprecations, they thought proper to disperse.

About six I reached Morvah, wet through and through, the rain having continued with scarce any intermission. However, a little company were gathered together, to whom I preached on 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' The next day I had time to dry my clothes at Mr. John's,<sup>3</sup> near Penzance. At noon I preached on the Downs,<sup>4</sup> not far from his house; about three at Gulval, and at St. Ives in the evening.

*Sat.* 14.—I took my leave of St. Ives, preached at two in Camborne, and at Gwennap in the evening.

*Sun.* 15.—I preached here again at five, and at eight in Stithians parish. The place was a green triangular plat, capable of holding eight or ten thousand men. I stood on one of the walls that enclosed it. Many sat on the other two. Some thousands stood between, and received the word with all readiness of mind.<sup>5</sup>

At five I preached at Gwennap, on a little hill, near the usual place. It rained from the time I began till I concluded. I felt no pain while I spoke, but the instant I had done, and all the time I was with the society, my teeth and head ached so violently

<sup>1</sup> A tailor. Matthews gives the following from the Borough Accounts: '1767. Paid John Paynter for making the sergeants' cloaks and lacing their hats, 6s. 0d.'

<sup>2</sup> John Stevens was mayor from November 1743.

<sup>3</sup> Probably the grandfather of the late Messrs. Samuel John and George Denis

John, solicitors, Penzance. (Symons, *Wesley's Itineraries in Cornwall*.)

<sup>4</sup> Tregavera Downs.

<sup>5</sup> Tradition points to a rock in a field at the back of the present chapel, in Penmennor Farm, as Wesley's pulpit when preaching at Stithians. But on this occasion, Wesley says, he preached from a wall.



that I had hardly any senses. I lay down as soon as I could, and fell asleep. In the morning (blessed be God) I ailed nothing.

*Mon. 16.*—In the afternoon we came again to Trewint. I learned that notice had been given of my preaching that evening in Laneast church, which was crowded exceedingly. Mr. Bennet,<sup>1</sup> the minister of Laneast, carried me afterwards to his house; and (though above seventy years old) came with me in the morning to Trewint, where I had promised to preach at five.

Before we parted Digory Isbel informed me of an accusation against me current in those parts. It was really one which I did not expect; no more than that other, vehemently asserted at St. Ives, of my bringing the Pretender with me thither last autumn, under the name of John Downes. It was that I called myself John Wesley; whereas everybody knew Mr. Wesley was dead.

In the afternoon we came to Sticklepath. I preached at five in the evening: the house was crowded as before. After a short exhortation, and an hour spent in prayer, I commended them to the grace of God.

*Wed. 18.*—Before eight we reached Crediton (or Kirton), or rather the ruins of it; for the houses on both sides were all in ashes for several hundred yards. Lighting on a serious woman, I asked, 'Are the people of this place now warned to seek

<sup>1</sup> Whitefield, travelling from Bristol to Land's End in 1750, wrote to Lady Huntingdon from St. Gennys:

I preached at Tavistock on my way hither, and yesterday was a glorious day of the Son of Man. Our Lord gave us to see His stately steps and out-goings in the sanctuary. Four of Mr. Wesley's preachers were present, and also four clergymen in their gowns and cassocks: Mr. Bennet (aged four-score) Mr. Thompson, Mr. Grigg, and myself (*Life of Lady Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 125).

Charles Wesley, July 13, 1744, on his way from Sticklepath to St. Gennys, says:

I met an aged clergyman whom Mr. Thompson had sent to meet us, and found, in conversing, that he had been an acquaintance and contemporary with my father. Upon Mr. Thompson preaching salvation by faith, he had received the kingdom as a little

child, and has ever since owned the truth and its followers. He conducted us to his house near Trewint.

This, it is believed, is the Mr. Bennet referred to in Whitefield's letter above, and described in this Journal as 'minister of Laneast.' See also Whitefield's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 339. For a picturesque reference to Mr. Bennet, 'over seventy years of age, and curate of no less than four parishes, of which two were twelve miles apart,' see an article on Thompson by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No. 1894, p. 24). On July 18, 1749, Bennet was admonished by Bishop Lavington (of Exeter) to confine his preaching to his own parish churches, under pain of ecclesiastical censure.

God?' She answered, 'Although some of them perished in the flames, the rest are just as they were before, cursing, swearing, drinking, playing, and making merry, without God in all their thoughts.' She added, 'No longer ago than Thursday last the men who were rebuilding one of the houses were bitterly cursing and swearing one at another, and two of them above the rest, when an arch they were under fell, and crushed those two, with all their bones, in pieces.' Will ye not at length hear the rod, and Him that hath appointed it?

Between five and six in the evening we reached Minehead. Finding a general expectation of it among the people, about seven I preached near the seashore to almost all the inhabitants of the place. Most of the gentlemen of the town were there, and behaved with seriousness and decency.

*Thur.* 19.—Having a sloop<sup>1</sup> ready, which came on purpose, we ran over the Channel in about four hours. Some of our friends were waiting for us on the shore. About one we came to Fonmon Castle. I found a natural wish, 'Oh for ease and a resting-place!' Not yet. But eternity is at hand!

I preached at six, and at five in the morning.

*Fri.* 20.—About ten we set out for Cardiff; where, in the evening, I preached in the Castle-yard. All were serious and attentive.

*Sat.* 21.—I rode to Garth,<sup>2</sup> in Brecknockshire, and on *Sunday* the 22nd preached in the church there, both morning and afternoon. On *Monday* the 23rd I preached in Maesmynys church, and afterwards in the churchyard at Builth. I observed only one man with his hat on; probably through inattention; for he likewise kneeled down on the grass with the rest as soon as I began to pray.

*Tues.* 24.—I preached at Maesmynys again, and about five

<sup>1</sup> He had not hitherto reached Fonmon Castle by this route. The sloop was owned by Mrs. Jones's brother, Mr. Forrest of Minehead. From Minehead to the little creek at Aberthaw was a voyage of about four hours. The landing-place is one and a quarter miles from the Castle. For Fonmon, the Jones family,

&c., see *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 83, and above, vol. ii. pp. 270, 504; also Charles Wesley's Journal, Aug. 11, 1744, and *W.M. Mag.* 1900, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> The home of the Gwynne family. The church of that time, like Marmaduke Gwynne's house, has been replaced by a modern structure.

in Llanddwy church, near Brecknock.<sup>1</sup> Such a church I never saw before. There was not a glass window belonging to it ; but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which a dim light glimmered in. Yet even here may the light of God's countenance shine. And it has shone on many hearts.

*Wed. 25.*—We rode over the still snowy mountains. At twelve I preached at Gelligaer ; in the evening at Cardiff, and the next evening at Fonmon. On *Saturday* the 28th I returned to Bristol.

After resting here for eight days (though not unemployed), on *Monday*, MAY 7, I set out for the north. I preached about eight at [Iron] Acton<sup>2</sup> ; in the afternoon at Stroud ; in the evening at Painswick, and at five the next morning.

About eight, *Tuesday* the 8th, I called at Gloucester, designing only to speak with a friend ; but finding an house full of people I would not disappoint their expectation, but stayed and preached on the form and the power of godliness. This made me somewhat later than I intended at Cheltenham, where I preached on 'By grace are ye saved through faith,' to a company who seemed to understand just as much of the matter as if I had been talking Greek. I found a people of quite another kind at Gotherington, to whom I preached on 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' And many called upon God for grace so to do, even with strong cries and tears.

We had a remarkable blessing again at five in the morning, *Wednesday* the 9th. About noon I preached at Stanley (a mile from Gotherington) ; at three in Tewkesbury ; and in the evening at the Abbey in Evesham.

*Thur. 10.*—Riding by Birmingham, I called at a village<sup>3</sup> three miles beyond it. Here a poor man was cursing and swearing at so uncommon a rate that I was constrained to speak to him very plainly. He received it, drunk as he was, in great love ; and so did all his companions.

<sup>1</sup> This neglected church of Llanddwy had a history reaching back to the earliest times of Christianity in Britain. At Llanddwy was one of the palaces of the bishops of St. David's. The church, which has been restored, is a fine example of the cruciform style, with

massive tower rising over the cross transepts. Wesley revisited Llanddwy in 1745.

<sup>2</sup> Where the Rev. Joseph Jane laboured, one of the Evangelical clergymen named by Wesley in his circular letter dated April 19, 1764.

<sup>3</sup> Erdington.



*Fri. 11.*—I preached at Sheffield: on *Saturday* the 12th, about ten, at Barley Hall. In the afternoon I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's,<sup>1</sup> to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes, and his honest and open testimony for the truth before the worshipful Bench at Kirton. It was not his fault that those 'honourable men'<sup>2</sup> regarded not the laws either of God or the king. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong—*because* he was a preacher. So, to make all sure, they sent him away—a prisoner to Lincoln jail!<sup>3</sup>

My first design was to have gone the shortest way from Sheffield to Newcastle. But it was well I did not, considering the inexpressible panic which had spread itself in all places. So that I came just in time to remind all the poor frightened sheep that 'even the hairs of' our 'head are all numbered.'

I preached thrice at Epworth on *Sunday*, and on *Monday* the 14th at Ferry. The constable who took Mr. Downes for a soldier, with one of the churchwardens, were of my audience. I was

<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley 'dined at Mr. Maw's [Feb. 14, 1744], whose disputing is quite over; and he is waiting to receive the kingdom as a little child.' The principal family of this name lived at the Ellers, a mile and a half from the rectory. But Stonehouse says the family 'have resided in all the principal places of the Isle of Axholme for the last three centuries as substantial freeholders.' Samuel Wesley counted Mr. John Maw and Mr. Barnard among his 'best parishioners' (letter, May 14, 1734). In 1744, when John Downes had been pressed for a soldier and sent for safe keeping to Lincoln Castle, a Mr. Maw, from his place on the bench, protested against the action of his fellow Justices in their sessions at Kirton. It is surmised that this Mr. Maw may be identified as the gentleman who came in his carriage to Epworth when Wesley preached from his father's tomb, June 12, 1742; also referred to April 17, 1752. Whether Samuel Wesley's 'best parishioner,' Charles Wesley's host, John Downes's friendly magistrate, 'Mr. Maw, the chief gentleman of the town'

(Feb. 22, 1747), 'Mr. Maw and his wife, a venerable pair, calmly hastening into eternity,' over whom the old rector in Paradise would rejoice, and 'the gentleman in a carriage' at the tombstone sermon, were one and the same person, is open to conjecture. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 200-2.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps a reminiscence of Antony's ironical use of the phrase in reference to the assassins of Caesar (*Jul. Cass.* III. ii. 88). (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 112.)

<sup>3</sup> John Downes, of Horsley, was in Cornwall with Wesley in September 1743 as one of his assistants, but, lying ill with a fever at St. Ives, he was unable to preach. When Wesley returned to Cornwall the following April he found that one of the accusations against him was that John Downes, whom he had brought, was the Pretender! He was taken into custody by a constable at Ferry, near Epworth, and sent by the Justices to prison, preparatory to compulsory service as a soldier. On June 6 Charles Wesley rejoiced that Brother Downes was 'received out of the mouth of the lion.'



informed they had threatened great things before I came ; but their threatenings vanished into air.

At two many of our brethren at Epworth met, whom I cheerfully commended to the grace of God. We were riding gently toward Fishlake when two or three persons met us and begged we would not go that way, for the town, they said, was all up in arms, and abundance were waiting for us in the way, many of whom had made themselves very drunk, and so were ripe for any manner of mischief. We accordingly rode to Sykehouse another way. Some came in all haste hither also, to tell us all the men in the congregation would be pressed. Others affirmed that the mob was just a-coming, and that they would certainly fire the house or pull it down to the ground.<sup>1</sup> I told them, then our only way was to make the best use of it while it was standing ; so I began expounding the tenth chapter of St. Matthew. But no man opened his lips against us.

*Tues. 15.*—After comforting the little flock at Norton, I rode the shortest way to Birstall. Here I found our brethren partly mourning, and partly rejoicing, on account of John Nelson.<sup>2</sup> On Friday, the 4th instant (they informed me), the constables took him just as he had ended his sermon at Adwalton<sup>3</sup> ; and the

<sup>1</sup> The house was neither fired nor pulled down ; it is still pointed out as the place in which Wesley preached.

<sup>2</sup> After his release, John Nelson published at Newcastle-on-Tyne a detailed account of his impressment, with the title, *The Case of John Nelson, written by Himself*. The object of his persecutors was to get rid of the Methodist preacher. The chief conspirators were the vicar and the ale-house keepers of Birstall. He was taken before the commissioners at Halifax. Amongst them was Coleby, the vicar, who took care that the respectable witnesses, who came to testify to Nelson's excellent character, were excluded from the court. The commissioners laughed and swore and drank on the bench, and when Nelson asked that his witnesses should be admitted to prove that he was not a vagrant or bad character such as were referred to in the warrant, they aid his own minister, who was one

of them, condemned him. No one has written of Nelson with more respect than Southey. His summary of the 'Case' was evidently drawn up, not only with extreme care, but with sympathetic interest. 'John Nelson,' he says, 'had as high a spirit and as brave a heart as ever Englishman was blessed with.' (*Life of Wesley*, 1st ed. vol. ii. p. 38.) On July 16, 1910, the vicar of Birstall, with an Ex-President of the Conference, a Cabinet Minister (Mr. Walter Runciman), and a great company of Yorkshire neighbours and Conference delegates, united to honour the name of John Nelson by unveiling a memorial in the parish church.

<sup>3</sup> The house at Adwalton in which the arrest of Nelson took place has been destroyed, but on the site a building, called in commemoration of that event Nelson's House, was erected in 1877. In the old



1. JOHN NELSON'S HOME IN BIRSTALL.
2. JOHN NELSON'S SUN-DIAL IN THE GRAVEYARD OF BIRSTALL CHAPEL.
3. 'NELSON HOUSE': ON THE SITE OF THE COTTAGE IN ADWALTON IN WHICH NELSON WAS ARRESTED WHILST PREACHING. IN THE ADJOINING OLD COTTAGE HE ALSO USED TO PREACH.



next day carried him before the commissioners at Halifax ; the most active of whom was Mr. Coleby, vicar of Birstall.<sup>1</sup> Many were ready to testify that he was in no respect such a person as the Act of Parliament specified. But they were not heard. He was a preacher ! that was enough. So he was sent for a soldier at once.<sup>2</sup>

At seven I preached on the Hill, no man interrupting me. Afterwards I inquired into the state of the society, and found great cause to bless God, whose grace, even in these trying times, was sufficient for them.

*Wed. 16.*—I talked at large with Mr. Viney. He said his first perplexity arose from reading and reflecting upon some writings, which the Count published in Pennsylvania, and that the more deeply he considered the whole affair the more thoroughly he was convinced : (1) That the Count was at least as much the head of theirs as the Pope of the Roman church. (2) That he had cruelly and unjustly broke up the congregation at Pilger-ruh, in Holstein, because (in obedience to the King of Denmark, their lawful prince) they had disclaimed his superiority over them.<sup>3</sup> (3) That the labourers among the Brethren were absolutely arbitrary in their government of the people ; and, lastly, that they grossly abused the 'lot' in support of their arbitrary power.

cottage adjoining, Nelson frequently preached. The chair from which he preached is still shown. The buildings are the property of a descendant of John Booth, who was Nelson's host at the time of his arrest. A son of this Mr. Booth, also called 'John Booth,' entered the ministry in 1779, and died at Otley in 1820. The grandfather of Mr. Green, who in 1898 was superintendent of the Sunday school at Adwalton, was this minister's cousin, and owner of Nelson's house. (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1898, p. 77.)

<sup>1</sup> See *Byrom and the Wesleys*, p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Stair, at Lady Huntingdon's request, released Nelson Oct. 7, 1744. There is no evidence to show that John Wesley, by letter, word, or deed, took any part in securing Nelson's release. Charles Wesley and Lady Huntingdon

alone bestirred themselves. The letter he wrote to Nelson is a letter of encouragement rather than sympathy. Did he think that, like Paul's imprisonment at Rome, the device of the enemy would be for 'the furtherance of the gospel' ?

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Viney was not well informed. They began this settlement near Olde-slohe (seventeen miles west of Lubeck) against the opinion of the Count ; but when the Danish Government required them to renounce all connexion with him he at once relinquished his episcopal authority in favour of P. Müller, in the hope of saving the settlement ; but, finding themselves cut off from their brethren in great measure, they asked permission of the government to evacuate the place. At Birstall Viney had quite perverted the Society. (*Charles Wesley's Journal*, Oct. 25, 1744.)



*Thur.* 17.—I preached at five on Matt. x.; about noon, at Little Horton,<sup>1</sup> near Bradford; about three in the afternoon at Stickerlane; and at Birstall in the evening.

*Fri.* 18.—I rode to Leeds, and preached in great peace.

*Sat.* 19.—I went on to Mr. Clayton's at Wensley; and on *Sunday* the 20th preached in Redmire church<sup>2</sup> on part of John iii., the Gospel for the day. In the afternoon I preached at Bolton<sup>3</sup> chapel, on 'We know that we are of God.' I was much pleased at the serious behaviour of the congregation, both in the morning and afternoon, especially at Redmire, where, from a village of about thirty houses, we had more than fifty communicants.

*Mon.* 21.—I rode to Newcastle, and passed a quiet week.<sup>4</sup>

*Mon.* 28.—I began visiting the classes in the town; and on *Sunday*, JUNE 3, those in the country, which I had never found so much in earnest before. I trust there is not only not a disorderly walker, but hardly a trifle left among them.<sup>5</sup>

*Fri.* 8.—I preached at night on John xvii. 3. The house

<sup>1</sup> Tradition says at Little Horton Hall, the residence of the Sharps, one of whom is stated to have been a fellow-collegian of Wesley in Oxford. (*Methodism in Bradford*, p. 16.) John Murgatroyd settled at Little Horton. He was present when Nelson was arrested, and was one of the company outside the prison at Bradford. See *Meth. Mag.* 1808, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> Wensleydale takes its name from the little village of which Mr. Clayton was rector. Wesley preached there more than once. The rector was buried in the churchyard, but forbade the erection of a tombstone. See below, p. 249, also *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 79. Redmire was formerly the town of the dale. A stone marks the spot on which Wesley preached. Wesley was pelted by the roughs, until a stalwart fellow, seeing how meekly it was borne, stepped forward and defied any one to touch a hair of Wesley's head. The man was afterwards converted under Wesley. He was the great-grandfather of Mr. William Horne, of Leyburn, whose house for many years was a

Methodist home, and whose reputation as an antiquarian and Fellow of the Geographical Society was spread abroad. (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1900, p. 53, where, however, the rector of Wensley is confused with John Clayton of the Holy Club.)

<sup>3</sup> Castle Bolton, where Mary Queen of Scots was interred. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1900, pp. 54, 55.

<sup>4</sup> On May 23 Charles Wesley writes:

I took up my cross to oblige my brother, and began examining the classes, after earnest prayer for meekness and discernment. This day I only left out one, an incorrigible, unconvinced, bitter scold.

<sup>5</sup> It was a time of national panic, and also of great spiritual revival in all the provincial societies visited by Wesley.

Newcastle-on-Tyne in particular was a place of almost continual alarm during the troubles in Scotland. Here, therefore, Mr. Wesley remained a considerable time; and his labour was not in vain. Many now learned truly to honour the king, from the right principle, the fear of God, who were before as reeds shaken with the wind. (*Benson's Apology*, p. 165.)

could not contain the congregation, and most of them stayed either within or without, till the end of the midnight hymn.

*Sun. 10.*—I preached at Biddick about eight; at Tanfield as soon as morning prayer was over; at Spen about three, and in Newcastle at six. I concluded the day in praising God with the society.

*Mon. 11.*—I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon met John Nelson, at Durham, with Thomas Beard<sup>1</sup>; another quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier; that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sank under its burden. He was then lodged in the hospital at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off: two or three days after which God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought  
The better fight; who single hast maintained,  
Against revolted multitudes, the cause  
Of God; in word, mightier than they in arms.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He was among the first of Wesley's lay preachers, and no account of him has been preserved other than that which appears in this Journal. The following letter from him to the Rev. George Whitefield, dated 'Berwick-upon-Tweed, Sept. 17, 1744,' is the only document extant from his pen. It appeared in the *Weekly History*, vol. vi. No. 2, p. 39, from whence it was transferred by Thomas Jackson to his *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. i. p. 386:

SIR,

It has often been upon my mind to write to you, since I have been in this state of life, which is not at all agreeable to my inclinations. I have but little acquaintance with you, yet I hope you will not be offended at my writing. The children of God, while on this side of the grave, always stand in need of one another's prayers, especially such of them as are under persecution or temptation for the truth's sake.

I find I stand in need of the prayers of all the children of God. I was pressed in Yorkshire for preaching, and so sent for a soldier. I earnestly pray for them that were the occasion of it. All my trust and confidence is reposed in Jesus, my Saviour. I know He will not leave nor forsake me. His blood has atoned for my sin, and appeased His Father's wrath, and procured His favour for such a sinful worm as I; and herein is my comfort, though men rage at me, that my Saviour did not leave nor forsake me. I have lately been on a command in Scotland, and met with many that inquired concerning you. I preached at Cowdingham. Some of your friends came to see me from Coppersmith. Many thought it strange to see a man in a red coat preach. I beg you would write to me in General Blakey's regiment of foot, in Captain Dunlop's Company. I am,

Your unworthy Brother,  
THOMAS BEARD.

<sup>2</sup> John Wesley honoured his soldier-preacher with a fine quotation from

*Tues. 12.*—In the evening I came to Knaresborough. About nine o'clock I was informed that the house in which we were was beset on every side with men, women, and children. I desired those within to set open the doors and let all come in that would. When the house was full I came down. The noise presently ceased, and I proclaimed Christ our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' Only one drunken man gave a little interruption; but his companions soon thrust him out of doors. So let all Satan's devices fall on his own head! I trust this mob did not come together in vain.

*Wed. 13.*—I rode to Leeds, and thence to Birstall.

*Thur. 14.*—I accompanied John Bennet<sup>1</sup> into Lancashire. I preached to a small congregation at eleven<sup>2</sup>; in the afternoon at Woodley in Cheshire; and in the evening at Chinley End, in Derbyshire, on, 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

*Fri. 15.*—I preached at Chinley<sup>3</sup> at five, about noon in the Peak,<sup>4</sup> and in the evening at Barley Hall.

*Sat. 16.*—In the evening I preached at Sykehouse, and, by setting out early in the morning, *Sunday* the 17th, at eight, preached in Epworth. I came thither in season, for two such

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, bk. vi. line 30; where the last line reads:

Of truth; in word, mightier than they in arms.

(*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 112.) His brother Charles wrote two hymns of triumphant joy, which no doubt were sung by the Newcastle society. See Osborn's *Wesley Poetry*, vol. v. pp. 219 and 221.

<sup>1</sup> John Bennet was born at Chinley, in Derbyshire—a man of good family, educated, an earnest evangelist. The societies he founded formed a wide 'round' in his own county and in Lancashire and Yorkshire. See further references below, p. 375, and pp. 417–40, where the Grace Murray episode is treated of.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the congregation to which Nelson used to preach at Hopkin Pit. (Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, p. 40.)

<sup>3</sup> At Chinley lived a poor widow of the name of Goddard, with a family of

four small children. At her request, Wesley made Chinley a resting-place, and preached. Finding the widow's house too small, he stood upon a chair near to a miller's dam. The miller let off the water to drown Wesley's voice, but failed. Chinley became a Methodist preaching-place. To provide the preachers, when they called, with a cup of tea, the widow and her children set apart every Friday night for winding bobbins, depositing the earnings, as a sacred treasure, in an old pint mug for Wesley's itinerants. (Tyerman, MSS., *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 459.)

<sup>4</sup> At Chelmsorton or Bangs. For later history of Methodism in the Peak see *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 471; for Bennet's conversion, *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. pp. 44, 45, also below, p. 375; for Joseph Hadfield, *Meth. Mag.* 1817 p. 366.



sermons as Mr. Romley preached on this day, so exquisitely bitter and totally false, I cannot say I ever heard before.<sup>1</sup>

After evening service I preached on Rom. iii. 22, to a much larger congregation than in the morning ; and I believe all that were sincere of heart were exceedingly comforted.

*Mon.* 18.—I left Epworth, and, on *Wednesday* the 20th, in the afternoon, met my brother in London.

*Monday* the 25th and the five following days we spent in conference with many of our brethren (come from several parts)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He preached, probably, at the Cross in Epworth town, out of church hours, and, Romley's insults and bitter intolerance notwithstanding, attended the services of the parish church twice.

<sup>2</sup> The first Conference met at the Foundery. It was preceded by a searching examination into the spiritual condition of the London societies. Lady Huntingdon entertained the Conference at her London house, John Wesley preaching there from 'What hath God wrought'—the text from which long afterwards he preached at the opening of City Road Chapel and of New King Street, Bath. This was the first public service held in the London house during Lord Huntingdon's lifetime. Mr. Piers and Mr. Hodges assisted. The four lay members of the Conference were also present. There is no reason to believe that Lady Huntingdon was herself present at any of the sessions of the Conference, but her influence was felt throughout, and that her voice was heard in consultation in the house there can be no doubt. Six clergymen of the Church of England attended, viz. John Wesley, Charles Wesley, John Hodges (rector of Wenvoe, in Wales), Henry Piers (vicar of Bexley, in Kent), John Meriton, from the Isle of Man, and Samuel Taylor (vicar of Quinton, near Evesham, in Gloucestershire). Of the last-named, Charles Atmore, in his *Methodist Memorial*, writes :

The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this short Memoir was once present, near fifty years ago, when Mr. Taylor was preaching ; when, in the zeal and fervour of his spirit in

the midst of his discourse he exclaimed aloud, 'Were I but called to the honour of martyrdom, as my great-great-grandfather was, I trust that I should be able to stand in the day of trial, and, like him, go through the flames to glory.' Samuel Taylor's ancestor was Dr. Rowland Taylor, of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, who sealed the truth with his blood in the reign of the Scarlet Queen in the year 1555, and who at the stake said, 'Thanks be to God, I am even at home.'

His great-great-grandson shared the martyr's zealous and heroic spirit. Richard Whatcoat, one of the first Methodist bishops in America, when a child, sat under his ministry and received impressions which he never lost.

On Tuesday the doctrine of Sanctification was considered ; on Wednesday points of discipline ; on Thursday other points of discipline, relating chiefly to organization, ministers, assistants, stewards, leaders, &c. ; on Friday special attention was given to the office of Assistants (and here it is that the Twelve Rules of a Helper make their first appearance) ; on Saturday the question of union with the Moravians and Mr. Whitefield was considered, and it was arranged that meetings should be held 'if God permits,' on Nov. 1 at Newcastle, Feb. 1 at Bristol, May 1 at London. As a matter of fact, the second Conference did not meet until August 1, 1745.

For Charles it had been a month of sore trial : T.W. (Thomas Williams) in 'the snare of the devil' and conspiring to divide the Foundery society ; another old friend unnamed, but probably his brother-in-law, Westley Hall, fallen 'from one wickedness



who desire nothing but to save their own souls, and those that hear them. And surely, as long as they continue thus minded, their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The next week we endeavoured to purge the society of all that did not walk according to the gospel. By this means we reduced the number of members to less than nineteen hundred. But number is an inconsiderable circumstance. May God increase them in faith and love!

JULY 9, *Mon.*—My brother set out for Cornwall.<sup>1</sup> I had much trouble for the fortnight following in endeavouring to prevent an unwary man from destroying his own and many other souls.

On *Monday* the 23rd, when I set out for Bristol, I flattered myself that the work was done; but, upon my return, I found I had done just nothing; so that on *Thursday*, AUGUST 2, I was constrained to declare in the society that Thomas Williams<sup>2</sup> was no longer in connexion with us.

to another'; poor Appee 'in the Tower, ready for transportation.' For many others also it was a time of distress. Persecution harassed the Methodists everywhere. To be a Methodist preacher, or even to stand by one, meant risk of life or liberty. Nelson, Downes, Beard, and others had just been illegally impressed. The reply of the leaders was the First Conference.

Jackson, in the *Life of Charles Wesley*, says that 'No layman was present in this assembly; all its members were episcopally ordained.' In this Jackson was mistaken. The six clergymen met in the early morning alone. They prayed together and considered the design of their meeting: (1) What to teach? (2) How to teach, &c? (3) What to do—that is, how to regulate our doctrine, discipline, and practice. 'But first it was inquired whether any of our Lay Brethren should be present at this Conference, and it was agreed to invite from time to time "such of them as we should think proper." It was then asked, "Which of them shall we invite to-day?" The answer was, "Thomas Richards, Thomas Maxfield,

John Bennet, and John Downes," who were accordingly brought in. Then was read as follows:

'It is desired that all things may be considered as in the immediate presence of God; that we may meet with a single eye, and as little children who have everything to learn; that every point may be examined from the foundation; that every person may speak freely everything that is in his heart, and that every question proposed may be fully debated and "bolted to the bran." Other preliminary questions were also discussed. About seven o'clock the main business of the Conference began: "To consider the doctrine of justification."'

<sup>1</sup> Charles writes: 'I took horse at two, with my friend and companion, Meriton.'

<sup>2</sup> This, no doubt, is the T. W. of whom Charles Wesley writes so fully in his *Journal*. A manuscript note in Atmore's *Memorial* says that for some years he was curate of Bengeworth, Worcestershire; that for many years he preached at New Land, at the Baptist meeting; that he often preached in Wooburn Church; and that he died in May 1787, and was buried at High Wycombe. His case is of interest as

*Fri. 10.*—I preached to the debtors in Newgate, and desired two or three of my friends to attend them weekly. I had a serious, well-behaved congregation. Perhaps God may give us some fruit here also.

*Tues. 14.*—Mr. Piers rode over with me to Shoreham, and introduced me to Mr. Perronet.<sup>1</sup> I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever for the acquaintance begun this day.

*Wed. 15.*—I went to Bedlam, at the repeated request of Mr. S——, who had been confined there above two years. This was the person who, while he was speaking against my brother and me to the society at Kingswood, was in a moment struck raving mad. But it seems God is at length entreated for him, and has restored him to a sound mind.

*Thur. 16.*—I received a remarkable letter, part of which is here subjoined :

*Aug. 14, 1744.*

REV. SIR,

I was surprised on Sunday, when you was pleased to tell me I carried things to extremes, in denying the lawful pleasures in eating. I denied only self-indulgence in eating : all which I advance is, that he who will be Christ's disciple, must absolutely deny himself. It was once a great self-denial to me not to go to a play, or to other diversions ;

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illustrating the way in which disputes and divisions arose. See Charles Wesley's *Journal*, 1744, May 2, 3, 12, 13, 14, 15, 19, June, 2, 15, July 2, and especially Aug. 17 ; also below, p. 154. See also *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 533 ; *C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 149.

<sup>1</sup> This is the earliest reference to Vincent Perronet, Wesley's 'faithful friend.' Though not an itinerant preacher, he was in the closest connexion with the Methodists, defending their doctrines and discipline, both from the pulpit and the press. He entertained the preachers in his vicarage at Shoreham, and a room was set apart, where they expounded the Scriptures. The union between him and the Wesleys remained inviolate to the end of their lives. Mr. Perronet was born in London, Dec. 11, 1693, was educated in the North of England and at Oxford. He entered Holy Orders at twenty-four

years of age and became curate of Sundridge in Kent. After about nine years there he was presented with the vicarage of Shoreham in the same county, where he continued, faithful and laborious, upwards of fifty years. In the year 1746 he became acquainted with the Methodists, against whom he had hitherto been to some extent prejudiced. His prejudices were removed in part by conversing with Mr. Watkins, through whom he sent a friendly invitation to Wesley and his brother to visit him. In the year 1763 a society was formed at Shoreham on the Methodist plan, which Perronet steadfastly encouraged. At a later period no less than three classes met at the same hour in his house. (*Atmore's Memorial*, pp. 317-26.) See J. R. Gregory's articles in *W.M. Mag.* 1902.

but this is now no self-denial to me at all ; so that if I was now called to deny myself in these things only, I might take up with what is past, and now live an agreeable, self-indulgent life. But God forbid ! I plainly see every hour produces occasions of self-pleasing : and this I apprehend is a sufficient call for, and rule of, self-denial. For instance : in the morning it is a great self-denial to rise out of a warm bed ; but if I do not, I am immediately condemned as a slothful servant : if I do, I find a great inward blessing. Under the preaching, it is self-pleasing to see who is here, who there ; but if I do let my eye wander, I become cold and lifeless : if I deny myself, I often find even a present reward. In walking the streets, I can please myself by looking this way and that ; on this chariot, that house and picture ; but if I deny myself for Christ's sake, His consolations abound with me.

But I may deny myself outwardly, and yet be self-indulgent ; namely, by allowing myself in vain and trifling thoughts. Here is a continual fight, and a hard struggle I must have before I conquer. But when I do overcome, I lose nothing by it ; for my soul is delighted with secret refreshments.

At noon, I may find many pleasant things ; and of this it was that I said to Mr. Richards, ' If there are two dishes set before you, by the rule of self-denial, you ought to eat of that which you like the least.' And this rule I desire to observe myself : always to choose what is least pleasing and cheapest ; therefore, I feed much upon milk : it is pleasant enough, and nothing I can find is so cheap. Whereas if one sort of food be dearer than another, and yet I use it, because more agreeable to my appetite, this I apprehend is directly contrary to the discipleship of a self-denying Master : and this kind of self-indulgence (not in food only) is practised by too many that know the truth.

I suppose, sir, you now perceive I do not condemn all pleasure in eating ; but I condemn all self-indulgence, both in that and other things, particularly in talking. Many who think themselves believers please themselves with talking more than is profitable. They talk even of the things of God till they bring a deadness, nay, an unaccountable carelessness over their spirits. I don't say they laugh or talk idly ; but still they are not deeply serious, nor is their conversation truly solid ; whereas I should think the conscience of a true believer is tender as the apple of an eye ; and that to such a one it would be less pain to suffer the rack, than to trifle, either in word or deed.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> If, as is not improbable, he rode over to Bexley on Saturday, Aug. 11, and spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. Piers, riding with him on Tuesday to Shoreham, it would follow that Mr.

Piers was his correspondent. The distance between Bexley and Shoreham would allow ample time for Mr. Piers to return home and begin his long letter to Wesley.



Tues. 21.<sup>1</sup>—I set out with a few friends<sup>2</sup> for Oxford. On Wednesday my brother met us from Bristol.<sup>3</sup>

Fri. 24 (St. Bartholomew's Day).—I preached, I suppose the last time, at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.<sup>4</sup>

The Beadle came to me afterwards and told me the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes. I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading if I had put it into their hands; but by this

<sup>1</sup> He this day dedicated three volumes of Poems to Lady Huntingdon: *A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, printed by Felix Farley, in Bristol. In vol. iii. poems 'by the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley' are included. In the Dedication Wesley says he had long had the design of attempting something of this kind, and that he revised all the English poems that he knew, and selected what appeared most valuable in them, omitting only Spenser's works, because scarce intelligible to the generality of readers. In the Colman Collection the first of the twenty-one volumes of MS. notebooks is filled with a carefully transcribed selection of poems entitled, 'Miscellany and Verse, with Index of Subjects and List of Abbreviations.' The date is Feb. 6, 1729-30. There is some reason to believe that this collection of verse was made originally not for publication, but for the instruction and pleasure of John Wesley's lady friends, Mrs. Pendarves, her sister Anne Granville, and Varanese (Miss Betty Kirkham). It is of interest as being one of the earliest examples of Wesley's plan of selecting from standard English authors, a plan which ultimately produced the *Christian Library* and the earliest Methodist literature. It is a little remarkable that eventually this collection, greatly enlarged, was dedicated to the Countess of Huntingdon. It was never republished; not merely, we may assume, because there was no call for it, but because of

the action for piracy brought against Wesley by Dodsley the publisher. See *W.M. Mag.* 1848, p. 976; and note on p. 162.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley says a 'large company,' and that the brethren who accompanied him to Christ Church prayers were shocked at the sight, then common, of men in surplices talking, laughing, and pointing, as in a play-house, the whole time of the service.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Wesley (Journal, Thursday, Aug. 23) gives a much fuller account. He had two or three hours' conference with his brother. In the inn-yard he preached to a multitude of brethren (from the London Society), gownsmen, and gentry from the races. The day following, before going to St. Mary's the two brothers stirred up the Oxford Society spoiled by the Moravians. 'At ten I walked with my brother and Mr. Piers and Meriton to St. Mary's, where my brother bore his testimony before a crowded audience, much increased by the racers. . . . Some of the Heads stood up the whole time, and fixed their eyes on him.' See also Dr. Kennicott's account of this service, Tyerman, vol. i. p. 449. Blackstone also commented on it: see Hurst's *History of Methodism*, vol. ii. p. 601. On Aug. 22 Wesley wrote to James Hutton's mother. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 1.)

<sup>4</sup> Sermon No. IV. in the 'Fifty-three.' (*Works*, vol. v. p. 37.)



means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.<sup>1</sup>

I left Oxford about noon, preached at Wycombe in the evening ; and, on *Saturday* the 25th, returned to London.

SEPT. 1, *Sat.*—I talked pretty largely with George Newans,<sup>2</sup> the supposed Shropshire prophet. I am inclined to think he believes himself, but I cannot believe God has sent him.

*Wed.* 5.—One sent me word he had now found the right way of worshipping God ; and therefore he must leave off prayer and the rest of our will-worship, and join himself with the Quakers.<sup>3</sup> However, in the evening, he ventured among us once more ; and God smote him to the heart ; so that he knew, and felt, and declared aloud, that he had no need of going elsewhere to find the power of God unto salvation.

*Thur.* 6.—I committed to the dust the remains of Elizabeth Marsh,<sup>4</sup> a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour ; but she never murmured or repined at anything. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed, and found her always quiet and calm, always cheerful, praising God in the fires, though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, no, not a moment, from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, 'I am concerned, I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, "You shall recover within ten days" ; and I said, "I don't want to recover."' A little before her speech failed she beckoned one to her, and said, 'Go and tell Molly Brown, from me, she must come back to Mr. Wesley. I have not breath to speak to her myself, but do you tell her she *must* come back.' She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But—

Her eye dropped sense, distinct and clear  
As any Muse's tongue could speak.<sup>5</sup>

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Charles Wesley notes the fact that he sealed up' the notes. The little band of four walked back in form, 'for of the rest durst none join himself to us.'

See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 137.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Richard Jeffs ; see p. 152.

<sup>4</sup> The two following accounts were inserted by Wesley in *Arm. Mag.* 1781, p. 644.

<sup>5</sup> Prior, *The Garland*, vol. v. p. 5, where the reading is 'That eye.' (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 112.)

It said, . . . 'To me to die is gain.' 'I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' and 'fear no evil.'

I could only speak a few words at her grave; but when I returned to the Foundery, God made His word as a flame of fire. I spoke from that passage in the Revelation, 'And one of the elders said unto me, What are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

A young man, servant to Mrs. Clark,<sup>1</sup> of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house on *Monday* the 10th (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before), he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight: both his words and his eyes 'witnessed huge affliction and dismay.' Death stared him in the face, and he knew not God. He could but just say, 'For God's sake, pray for me!'

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All this day, as his illness, so his terrors increased; but the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, 'Now I am not afraid to die; for I know God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people; but now I love you as my soul. I love you all: I know you are the people of God; and I am just going to Him.' He continued praising God as long as he could speak; and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on *Wednesday* morning he cried out, 'I have lost my God! Where is He? I cannot see Him.' But he soon recovered himself and said, 'Now I have found Him; and I shall lose Him no more.' About seven I prayed with him,

<sup>1</sup> Probably the wife of Mr. George Clark, a notable London Methodist, who built and himself lived in the house on the north side of City Road Yard, which afterwards became the second minister's house. The Rev. Peard Dickenson, one of Wesley's assistant clergy at City Road,

lived with him. His wife, Adylene Clark, was remarkable for holiness. She survived her husband ten years. One of their daughters married into the Urling family. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 406; Stevenson's *History of City Road Chapel*, p. 506.)

and praised God on his behalf; and not long after he fell asleep.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri.* 14.—I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people, at a small distance from that of Elizabeth Marsh.

*Sun.* 16.—I buried, near the same place, one who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance of faith when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions in speaking of, or to, God. And when she perceived her strength to be near exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her ministers, for the Church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes, said, 'Thy kingdom come,' and died.

All this summer our brethren in the west had as hot service as those in the north of England: the war against the Methodists, so called, being everywhere carried on with far more vigour than that against the Spaniards. I had accounts of this from all parts; one of which was as follows<sup>2</sup>:

REV. SIR,

The word of God has free course here: it runs and is glorified; but the devil rages horribly. Even at St. Ives we cannot shut the doors of John Nance's house to meet the society, but the mob immediately threaten to break them open. They now triumph over us more and more, saying it is plain nothing can be done against them. And in other places it is worse. I was going to Crowan on Tuesday was se'nnight. On the road two of our brothers met me. When we came within a mile of the house we saw a great mob at some distance, but they were going another way. We then left our horses at the house of a friend and went forward on foot. Within a quarter of a mile of the place where I was to preach two persons met us who used to be persecutors; but they now desired me, for God's sake, not to go up;

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 7, 1744, a Proclamation was issued calling a general fast for the 11th. This was in connexion with the anticipated invasion by the Young Pretender. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188.)

<sup>2</sup> See also another letter from Millard, a saintly young man of St. Ives, one of the first Methodist preachers, in the *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 230.

for if I did, they said, there would surely be murder, if there was not already; for many were knocked down before they came away.

By their advice, and the entreaties of those that were with me, I turned back to the house where we left our horses. We had been there but a short time when many of the people came, being very bloody, and having been beaten very bad. But the main cry of the mob was after the preacher, whom they sought for in every corner of the house; swearing bitterly, they only wanted to knock him on the head, and then they should be satisfied.

Not finding me there, they said, however, they should catch him on Sunday at Camborne. But it was Mr. Westell's<sup>1</sup> turn to go thither on Sunday. While he was preaching there, at Mr. Harris's house,<sup>2</sup> a tall man came in and pulled him down. Mr. Harris demanded his warrant; but he swore, warrant or no warrant, he should go with them. So he carried him out to the mob, who took him away to the church town. They kept him there till Tuesday morning, and then carried him to Penzance; where, in the afternoon, he was brought before three Justices, and asked abundance of questions, to which they required him to answer upon oath. Then Dr. Borlase wrote his Mittimus, by virtue of which he was committed to the House of Correction at Bodmin as a vagrant. So they took him as far as Camborne that night, and the next day on to Bodmin.

I desire your continual prayers for me.

Your weak servant in Christ,

HENRY MILLARD.

I pray, for what pay could we procure men to do this service?—to be always ready to go to prison or to death?

Henry Millard did not long continue therein. After he had for some time fought a good fight, he took the small-pox, and in a few days joyfully resigned his spirit to God.

<sup>1</sup> Wesley writes: 'A young man named Thomas Maxfield came and desired to help me as a son in the gospel; soon after came a second, Thomas Richards, and then a third, Thomas Westell.' (*Works*, vol. viii.; *Minutes of Several Conversations*.) In the *Minutes* of 1794 we read: 'Who has died this year? One, Thomas Westell, one of the first Methodist preachers. He preached faithfully for about forty years. He was a pattern of Christian simplicity and humble love. After suffering much, his triumphant spirit returned to God in the

75th year of his age.' Mr. Foster in the *W.H.S.* discovered a family of this name in the Bristol eighteenth-century *Pol Books* which seems to have risen from comparatively humble circumstances into prosperity. He suggests that probably 'Thomas Westell' belonged to the same family, and that this accounts for his retirement to Bristol in his old age. His name is preserved on a memorial stone attached to the wall of Portland Street Chapel, Bristol. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 97.)

<sup>2</sup> Rosewarne. See *W.M. Mag.* 1903, p. 504.



The Justices who met at the next quarter sessions at Bodmin, knowing a little more of the laws of God and man, declared Mr. Westell's commitment to be contrary to all law, and set him at liberty without delay.

OCT. 30, *Tues.*—I was desired to call on a young gentlewoman dangerously ill; but I soon found she needed no physician for her soul, being full of righteousness and good works. However, I spoke to her with all plainness; and she awoke as one out of sleep. She drank in every word, and soon perceived the want of a better righteousness than her own. But her companion sent her father word, and she was immediately removed, so that I saw her no more.

NOV. 4, *Sun.*—Poor Richard Jeffs,<sup>1</sup> who, in spite of his former conviction, was now determined to renounce us, and join the Quakers, ventured, however, once more to the Lord's Table. He had no sooner received than he dropped down, and cried with a loud voice, 'I have sinned; I have sinned against God.' At that instant many were pierced to the heart. I could hardly speak for some time. Several mourners were filled with strong consolation; and all said, 'Surely God is in this place!'

About this time I received a letter, dated from the camp at Lisle. Part of it ran as follows:

*May 1.*—We marched to the camp, near Brussels. There a few of us joined into a society, being sensible, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there is our Lord in the midst of them. Our place of meeting was a small wood near the camp. We remained in this camp eight days, and then removed to a place called Assche. Here I began to speak openly, at a small distance from the camp, just in the middle of the English army; and here it pleased God to give me some evidences that my labour was not in vain. We sung an hymn, which drew about two hundred soldiers together, and they all behaved decently. After I had prayed I began to exhort them; and though it rained very hard, yet very few went away. Many acknowledged the truth, in particular a young man, John Greenwood by name, who has kept with me ever since, and whom God has lately been pleased to give me for a fellow labourer. Our society is now increased to upwards of two hundred;

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 148. In June 1745 he was a member of John Peters's Band, on trial. He was the ancestor of

Dr. Jeffs of Finsbury Place. (Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, pp. 34 and 38 note.)

and the hearers are frequently more than a thousand, although many say I am mad; and others have endeavoured to incense the Field-Marshal<sup>1</sup> against us. I have been sent for, and examined several times; but, blessed be God, He has always delivered me.

Many of the officers have come to hear for themselves, often nine or ten at a time. I endeavoured to lose no opportunity. During our abode in the camp at Assche I have preached thirty-five times in seven days. One of these times a soldier, who was present, called aloud to his comrades to come away, and not hear that fool any longer. But it pleased God to send the word spoken to his heart; so that he roared out, in the bitterness of his soul, for a considerable time, and then He who never fails those that seek Him turned his heaviness into joy. He is now never so happy as when he is proclaiming the lovingkindness of God his Saviour.

I was a little shocked at my first entrance on this great work, because I was alone, having no one to help me; but the Lord helped me, and soon raised up William Clements, and, in June, John Evans, belonging to the Train, to my assistance. Since we have been in this camp we have built two small tabernacles, in which we meet at eight in the morning, at three in the afternoon, and seven at night; and commonly two whole nights in each week.

Since I began to write this we are come to our winter quarters, so that our society is now parted. We are some in Bruges, some in Ghent; but it has pleased the Lord to leave neither without a teacher; for John Greenwood and I are in this city; and B[rother] Clements and Evans are in Ghent; so that we trust our Lord will carry on His work in both places.

We that are in Bruges have hired a small place, in which we meet, and our dear Lord is in the midst of us. Many times the tears run down every face, and joy reigns in every heart.

I shall conclude with a full assurance of your prayers, with a longing desire to see you. Oh when will the joyful meeting be? Perhaps not on this side death; if not, my Master's will be done.

Your unworthy brother in the Lord,

J[OHN] H[AIME].

*Sun. 11.*—In the evening I rode to Brentford. In the inn where I lodged the next night was a company of men exceeding drunk. Nature suggested, 'Why should you speak to them? It will be, at best, labour lost; for you may be well assured none of them will mind one word you say.'

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Cumberland. See Atmore's notice of Joseph Guilford (*Memorial*, p. 169).

However, we spoke a few words to them: one of them immediately rose up and said it was all true, followed us as well as he could into our room, and appeared deeply convinced and strongly desirous to serve a better Master.

*Tues. 13.*—In the evening we reached Bath, and the next morning rode to Bristol. After spending a few days there and at Kingswood, on *Saturday* the 24th I came again to London.

*Sun. 25.*—I conversed with one who was greatly extolling the comfortable way wherein the Brethren preach. I understood him well. One who was a believer falls into carelessness or wilful sin. If he comes to hear our preaching, then we shake all his bones in pieces. If he comes to them, they stroke him and lull him asleep. Oh how does any backslider escape this comfortable preaching?

DEC. 2, *Sun.*—I was with two persons who believe they are saved from all sin. Be it so, or not, why should we not rejoice in the work of God, so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance, I ask John C., ‘Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in everything give thanks? In loss? In pain? In sickness, weariness, disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness, in whatever you speak or do, that it is pleasing to God?’ If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps because I have an exceeding complex idea of sanctification or a sanctified man. And so, for fear he should not have attained all I include in that idea, I cannot rejoice in what he has attained.

After having often declared the same thing before many witnesses, this day Mr. Williams wrote a solemn retraction of the gross slanders he had been propagating for several months concerning my brother and me. This he concluded in these words:

THOUGH I doubt not but you can forgive me, yet I can hardly forgive myself; I have been so ungrateful and disobedient to the tenderest of friends, who, through the power of God, were my succour in all my temptations.

I entreat your prayers on my behalf that God may restore, strengthen,

stablish, and settle me in the grace to which I have been called ; that God may bless you and your dear brother, and that we may be all united again in one fellowship, is the prayer of him who, for the future, hopes to be,

Your obedient son and servant, for Christ's sake,

THOMAS WILLIAMS.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 3.*—I answered another letter I had received from Flanders, an extract from which is here subjoined :

GHENT, *Nov. 12 (O.S.), 1744.*

REV. SIR,<sup>2</sup>

We made bold to trouble you with this, to acquaint you with some of the Lord's dealings with us here. We have hired two rooms : one small one, wherein a few of us meet every day at one o'clock ; and another large one, for public service, where we meet twice a day, at nine in the morning, and four in the afternoon ; and the hand of the Omnipotent God is with us, to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan. . . .

The seventh instant, when we were met together in the evening, as I was at prayer, one that was kneeling by me cried out (like a woman in travail), 'My Redeemer ! My Redeemer !' which continued about ten minutes. When he was asked what was the matter, he said he had found that which he had often heard of ; that is, an heaven upon earth : and some others had much ado to forbear crying out in the same manner.

Dear sir, I am a stranger to you in the flesh. I know not if I have seen you above once ; when I saw you preaching on Kennington Common : and then I hated you as much as now (by the grace of God) I love you. The Lord pursued me with convictions from my infancy ; and I often made abundance of good resolutions ; but finding, as often, that I could not keep them (as being made wholly in my own strength), I at length left off all striving, and gave myself over to all manner of lewdness and profaneness. So I continued for some years, till the battle of Dettingen. The balls came then very thick about me, and my comrades fell on every side. Yet I was preserved unhurt. A few days after

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Williams was a convert of Charles Wesley, who styles him more than once 'My son Absalom.' Charles allowed him to conduct services at Bristol, where he so won upon the members that after John Wesley had excluded him from the society in London, Aug. 2, some of the sisters in Bristol reproached Charles

with 'the cruelty to dear Mr. Williams.' The rage of Williams against the Wesleys was occasioned by the refusal of Charles to further his efforts to obtain holy orders. See above, p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is an abbreviated and somewhat altered copy of the one given in the first volume of the *Arm. Mag.*



this the Lord was pleased to visit me again. 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me, the snares of death encompassed me.' I durst no longer commit any outward sin; and I prayed God to be merciful to my soul. Now I was at a loss for books: but God took care for this also. One day, as I was at work, I found an old Bible in one of the train-wagons. To read this I soon forsook my old companions—all but one, who was still a thorn in my flesh; but, not long after, he sickened and died.

My Bible was now my only companion, and I believed myself a very good Christian, till we came to winter quarters, where I met with John Haime; but I was soon sick of his company; for he robbed me of my treasure. He stole away my gods, telling me I and my works were going to hell together. This was strange doctrine to me, who, being wholly ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, sought only to establish my own righteousness: and being naturally of a stubborn temper, my poor brother was so perplexed with me that sometimes he was resolved (as he afterwards told me) to forbid my coming to him any more.

When the Lord had at length opened my eyes, and shown me that by grace we are saved through faith, I began immediately to declare it to others, though I had not as yet experienced it myself. But, October 23, as William Clements was at prayer, I felt on a sudden a great alteration in my soul. My eyes overflowed with tears of love. I knew I was, through Christ, reconciled to God, which inflamed my soul with fervent love to Him, whom I now saw to be my complete Redeemer.

Oh the tender care of Almighty God in bringing up His children! How are we bound to love so indulgent a Father, and to fall down in wonder and adoration of His great and glorious name, for His tender mercies! . . . Dear sir, I beg you will pray for him who is not worthy to be a door-keeper to the least of my Master's servants,

JOHN EVANS.

He continued both to preach and to live the gospel till the battle of Fontenoy. One of his companions saw him there, laid across a cannon, both his legs having been taken off by a chain-shot, praising God and exhorting all that were round about him; which he did till his spirit returned to God.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 17.*—In the evening I rode to Brentford. Many poor wretches endeavoured to make a disturbance just as I began to preach, and employed one of their number, one utterly

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley made use of the bravery of in his letter to Alderman Ridley, the soldiers in the battle of Fontenoy October 26, 1745. See p. 217.

void of shame, to lead the way ; but he acted his part with so uncommon a degree both of impudence and dullness that, when I turned about and asked to whom he belonged, his companions were ashamed to own him ; so some went away, and the rest stood still, and we had a quiet and comfortable hour.

*Sun. 23.*—I was unusually lifeless and heavy, till the love-feast in the evening ; when, just as I was constraining myself to speak, I was stopped, whether I would or no, for the blood gushed out of both my nostrils, so that I could not add another word : but in a few minutes it stayed, and all our hearts and mouths were opened to praise God.

Yet the next day I was again as a dead man ; but in the evening, while I was reading prayers at Snowsfields, I found such light and strength as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought, as well as action or word, just as it was rising in my heart ; and whether it was right before God, or tainted with pride or selfishness. I never knew before (I mean not as at this time) what it was ‘to be still before God.’

*Tues. 25.*—I waked, by the grace of God, in the same spirit ; and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe and tender sense of the presence of God as greatly confirmed me therein : so that God was before me all the day long. I sought and found Him in every place ; and could truly say, when I lay down at night, ‘Now I have *lived* a day.’

*Thur. 27.*—I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery ; and here I first saw that foul monster, *a Chancery Bill* !<sup>1</sup> A scroll it was of forty-two pages, in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines ! And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them, too, quite foreign to the question) as, I believe, would have cost the compiler his life in any heathen court either of Greece or Rome. And this is *equity* in a Christian country ! This is the English method of redressing other grievances !

I conclude this year with the extract of a letter which I received some weeks before :

<sup>1</sup> What was the Chancery Bill ? Was it Mr. Robert Dodsley’s action against him ? See p. 162.

HONOURED SIR,

I beg leave to give you a short account of my experience, from the time I can remember.

In my childhood, confused convictions often passed through my mind, so that I almost always had the fear of God before my eyes, and a sense of His seeing me ; and I frequently used to abstain from sin upon that account. When I did sin I was immediately checked and grieved ; so that I generally was serious, nothing like any of my other brothers, and was, on that account, esteemed a good child, and greatly caressed. I constantly said my prayers, and was much given to reading ; but it was chiefly plays and romances, of which I was as fond as I was of cards, shows, races, feasts, and whatever are called innocent diversions. Yet even these were always a burden to me when over ; so that I was forced to own, All these are vanity.

At about sixteen I was sent to Yarmouth, where I fell twice or thrice into intemperance, for which I was severely reprov'd in my conscience ; but I used to make up matters by going oftener to church. And having good health, and no care, I was generally easy in my mind, and gay and jocose in my conversation.

In this temper, after about six months, I returned home. But a severe temptation soon following, and a severe illness in my head, made me think more and more of what is beyond the grave ; this also made me exceeding diligent in prayer, till God not only restored my bodily health, but also gave me power against my inward enemy, and peace to my troubled soul.

In half a year after I was called to London, where, for the first year, I had little religion left, only that I never missed church. But after I was settled conviction began to revive, particularly for sins of omission. I prayed three times in a day, and I was uneasy if I missed once. I read all books of religion that came in my way. And now, because I prayed and read so much, and went constantly to church, and sometimes to the sacrament, I thought myself in a right good way. And yet I was continually uneasy, though I knew not why ; till one day I light on Thomas à Kempis. The more I read, the more I liked it. I bought one of the books, and read it over and over. I was more convinced of sin than ever, and had more power against it. I forsook many things which I allowed myself in before, though I still allowed myself to see a play once a month. But the last I saw I felt hell in my conscience for a week after ; so that I determin'd, even for ease, never to go again.

I was now well settled in the form of godliness, and I knew a little of the power of it, when I was press'd by a relation to pay him a visit at Oxford, which I did at Whitsuntide 1742. But here I soon lost both power and form. I saw many places, was much in company, and grew more dead to the things of God every day than other. I was truly glad



to see London again ; and the very first night began to consider how I might recover my peace. But before I had executed anything I was seized with a fever. I looked up to God ; but all was dark. With the trouble both of my body and mind I really thought I should have gone distracted. Yet I was too self-righteous to beg for mere mercy. All my cry was, ' Lord, give me health, and I will obey Thee.'

God did give me health, and I was more diligent than ever in going to church and sacrament ; insomuch that on a week-day I have gone four or five times to church in a day. Yet sin was my master, although every time I fell into it I was condemned exceedingly. I began now to see that my laughter and jesting were wrong. But I thought, if I left them, my friends would cast me off. So I went on, sinning against light, and never finding peace for one whole day together.

One day, being in great trouble of mind, and thinking, Where shall I find a man who lives up to the rules given by Kempis ? it came strongly into my mind, ' Go to the Foundry.' Immediately I went, but with fear and trembling. Here I continued a constant hearer for above two months before I spoke to one person belonging to it, which I purposely abstained from, that I might the more exactly observe the whole behaviour both of yourself and those that heard you. And the more closely I examined, the more clearly I was convinced, These are the men I have been seeking so long.

At last I was admitted into the society, and, after the usual trial, into the bands. I was now continually walking upon the wings of love. The life and power of religion was all my talk. I was not ashamed to declare it before all men ; for the candle of the Lord constantly shone upon my head.

At present I find my soul continually hungering and thirsting after the Spirit's indwelling in me. I often find a solid peace, a serious watchfulness, a presence of mind, never confused or hurried ; a sweet communion with God, good-will toward all men, with much grief at their misery, but no fear. I can, with unaccountable boldness, yet with meekness and love, reprove the most daring sinner. And the more I obey this Spirit, the more of it I feel ; the more sensible I am of my own weakness, and at the same time filled with praise and amazement to feel my strength in the Lord.

W. B.<sup>1</sup>

1745. JAN. 5, *Sat.*—Desiring to see once more our old acquaintance, Mr. Gambold, my brother and I called at James

<sup>1</sup> Was this William Briggs, who was afterwards appointed, together with T. Butts, by Wesley as the first Book

Steward ? He was a leader at the Foundry in 1745. The initials are omitted in one edition.



Hutton's. We found there not him, but Mr. S.<sup>1</sup> A new creature indeed! (though not in the gospel sense!) so extremely gay, easy, unconcerned, that one of the primitive Christians, instead of supposing him to be 'at rest,' as he termed it, 'in the wounds of Jesus,' would have judged he had never heard of His name, much less of taking up his cross daily.

I had often wondered at myself (and sometimes mentioned it to others) that ten thousand cares, of various kinds, were no more weight or burden to my mind than ten thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be that on *Sunday* the 13th that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One, and another, and another, hurrying me continually, it seized upon my spirit more and more, till I found it absolutely necessary to fly for my life, and that without delay; so the next day, *Monday* the 14th, I took horse and rode away for Bristol.

Between Bath and Bristol I was earnestly desired to turn aside and call at the house of a poor man, William Shalwood. I found him and his wife sick in one bed, and with small hopes of the recovery of either. Yet (after prayer) I believed they would 'not die, but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord.' The next time I called he was sitting below stairs, and his wife able to go abroad.

As soon as we came into the house<sup>2</sup> at Bristol my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had lain upon my mind, more or less, for several days.

On *Sunday* several of our friends from Wales, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And every day we found more and more cause to praise God, and to give Him thanks for His still increasing benefits.

I found peculiar reason to praise God for the state of the society, both in Bristol and Kingswood. They seemed at last clearly delivered from all vain jangling, from idle controversies

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<sup>1</sup> 'Mr. S.' has been identified as the Rev. George Stonehouse, who sold his living of Islington, of which he had been vicar, and of which he held the advowson, and with his wife, formerly Miss Cripse (or Crispe) and afterwards

Count Zinzendorf's adopted daughter 'Maria Theresa,' joined the Moravians. John Gambold also was now in fellowship with the Moravians.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the Room in the Horsefair.

and strife of words, and 'determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

*Wed. 30.*—All our family were at St. James's, our parish church. At twelve we met together to pour out our souls before God, and to provoke each other to love and to good works. The afternoon I set apart for visiting the sick. Blessed be God, this was a comfortable day.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 31.*—I rode to Coleford,<sup>2</sup> about twenty (real, twelve computed) miles south-east from Bristol. The colliers here were only not as famous as those at Kingswood were formerly. I preached near the road-side; for the house could not contain a tenth part of the congregation. None opposed, or mocked, or smiled. Surely some of the seed is fallen upon good ground.

*FEB. 4, Mon.*—I had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. Hartley a particular account of Dr. Cheyne's last hours.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The New Room in the Horsefair, on a small scale, reproduced the community life which Wesley had seen in Germany. At present the building was much smaller than it afterwards became; but from the beginning it included a meeting-house for the society in which early morning and other out-of-church-hours services were held; rooms for the Wesleys and such of their 'helpers' as might require a temporary lodging; and accommodation for housekeeper and school-teacher. At times the house family was considerable. On the ground floor was the Room, with a small dark class-room in one corner. Mr. R. Green surmised that in this small vestry the second Conference was held: if so the gloom must have been relieved by artificial light. The Room was lighted in part by an octagon lantern in the ceiling. On the first floor, above the Society-room, was the dwelling-house, consisting of sets of small apartments with a comparatively large common-room into which broke the lantern lighting the Society-room below. This may have served as dining-hall, school-room, and class-room. The above, it is true, describes the building as it was after the enlargement, and may therefore

only imperfectly represent the structure in its original form. But, more or less, all these features were present in the first building. It was a preaching and society-room, a school-house, a dwelling-house. On Sunday the family, we may be sure, always attended the parish church of St. James's for morning and evening service; also the Methodist services in the early morning and late evening, under their own roof. The intervals of the day and week-evenings were fully occupied by society, class, band, select society, and penitent-meetings. For description of the New Room, and account of its rebuilding, see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1901, pp. 55-57. For views and plans, see above, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> This is Coleford (or Coalford) in Somerset, where one of the earliest chapels was built, Lady Huntington giving the first donation. Wesley preached from the foundation-stone (Feb. 3, 1746). 'The colliers fell down' under the preaching 'amid unhewn stones and mortar.'

<sup>3</sup> David Hartley was born at Illingworth, where his father was curate. He was a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and practised medicine at

During his last illness he felt a gentle and gradual decay, so that he appreciated what the event would be. But it did not appear to give him any concern. He seemed quite loose from all below, till, without any struggle, either of body or mind, he calmly gave up his soul to God.

*Tues. 5.*—We set out early, and the next day, at noon, met the little society at Windsor. We called at Brentford likewise; and, after a short stop, rode on, and reached London in the evening.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 17.*—I laboured much with one of our brethren, whose eyes the Antinomians had just opened, and for the present he seemed to be convinced. But I doubt that conviction will not continue; it being not so easy to remove any one from that gospel which flesh and blood hath revealed unto them.

My exhorting the congregation here not to consult with flesh and blood, but to attend the morning preaching, occasioned my receiving the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

For some time past I have been very negligent of coming in a morning, though I have been often severely reproved in my own mind for omitting that which I knew was my duty both to God and my brethren. And from time to time, when you have

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Newark, Bury St. Edmunds, London, and Bath, where he died in 1757. He was also a philosophical writer. His *Observations on Man* Wesley criticized. (*Works*, vol. x. pp. 458-73.) See *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 450. Hartley Coleridge was named after him. For Dr. George Cheyne see notes above, vol. ii. pp. 517, 534, and *Works*, vol. xiv. p. 312. Dr. Cheyne was the great specialist in Bath on gout. (Tyerman, vol. i. p. 28, and Boswell's *Johnson*.)

<sup>1</sup> Wesley had fallen into some uneasiness on account of the proceedings of Mr. Robert Dodsley against him for pirating a considerable portion of the *Night Thoughts* of Dr. Young, in *Moral and Sacred Poems*, which he dedicated to Lady Huntingdon. Wes-

ley's acknowledgement of the piracy in a letter to Dodsley was sold to Mr. John Wilks for £2 8s. at a sale (Lot 1131), as noticed in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 21, 1835. The lot is designated in the Catalogue, 'J. Wesley acknowledging to have pirated the copyright of Young's *Night Thoughts*, and agreeing to pay £50.' The following is a copy:

LONDON, 8th Feb. 1744-1745.

Having inadvertently printed in a collection of poems, 3 vols. 12mo, the *Night Thoughts* of Dr. Young, together with some pieces of Mrs. Rowe's, the property of Mr. Robert Dodsley, and having made satisfaction for the same by payment of a £20 Bank Note, and a cheque for £30, payable in three months, I hereby promise not to print the same again in any form whatever.

JOHN WESLEY.



exhorted us to partake of so useful a privilege, I have always been condemned.

A few days ago I set myself to consider whence this slackness must proceed. And I soon saw the root of it was an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, and, therefore, from His service. The pernicious branches of this I found to be ignorance and sloth. It was ignorance of myself that caused me to cry, 'Peace, peace'; and to say within myself, 'I know enough, and am satisfied.' And while I was in this state pride, anger, lust, worldly-mindedness, levity, and carelessness toward God and man successively got the dominion over me, so that I was no more like a Christian than like an angel. Yet I felt but little trouble for it (save at times), and thereby I sunk into a gulf of sloth, which got the dominion over me in such a manner that I not only was content frequently to lie in bed till eight, but in the day-time did not care to stir one step forward, especially if it was to visit the sick or distressed. I was forced to drag myself to and fro, and a heavy load I was to myself. And yet my eyes were so blinded that I was scarce sensible of my sin. The cross I could hardly bear naming; for being so used to shun it at all times, it became a very harsh word to me, and I did not love to hear of it. But, glory be to God, ever since this examination I have been a little stirred up; though still I am in danger of this evil or any other. Lord, leave me not; for without Thee I can do nothing!

I find whenever I know myself poor, and miserable, and blind, and foolish, and while I have a deep sense of my want of love, humility, meekness, seriousness, and wisdom, I then am in earnest in every duty, particularly rising in the morning. But when I am inwardly careless and proud, full and wise enough, then I can very quietly neglect not only this but every help which God has given me.

And yet (to speak the whole truth) I am apt to attribute some part of my late sloth and slackness to too smooth a doctrine, which, it seems to me, has been lately preached among us. I thought the doctrine of Perfection, in all its parts (perfect love, meekness, humility, resignation), has not been so strenuously insisted on as in times past, but only now and then mentioned in general terms: and hereby I was encouraged to be content in this grovelling state, hanging between nature and grace, flesh and spirit. Then it was suggested, 'Lying in bed is not expressly forbidden in Scripture, nor is rising early expressly commanded.' Yet, glory be to God, I had power from Him to resist and overcome this thought: and, being earnest with the Lord last night, this morning He did give me both a will and a power to break through, which I thankfully used, and came to meet my brethren at five with primitive joy and satisfaction.

W. B.



*Mon.* 18.—I set out with Richard Moss<sup>1</sup> for Newcastle.

*Wed.* 20.—Soon after we passed through Leicester a gentleman of Leicester<sup>2</sup> overtook us, and kept us company to Loughborough, dined with us there, and then rode back to Leicester. His main business, I found, was to talk with me. He said he had long been very low-spirited, had had the very best advice, and taken abundance of physic, and yet was as bad, or worse, than ever. I explained his case to him at large, and advised him to apply to that Physician who alone heals the broken in heart.

In the evening I preached to the little flock<sup>3</sup> at Nottingham. Next day William Holme<sup>4</sup> met us at Doncaster, and piloted us through the mire and water and snow (lately fallen) to Sykehouse. Finding the congregation ready, I began preaching as soon as I came in, and exhorted them to follow after the great gift of God. Several from Epworth met us here, and we rejoiced unto God with reverence.

<sup>1</sup> He was born at Hurlstone, Cheshire, 1718, and heard Whitefield preach in London, on Kennington Common, 1737. A man fell dead by his side; this alarmed him, and for a while he became serious, but fell away. In 1739 he heard Wesley at the Foundry, and was converted. In 1744 he went to live at the Foundry as a servant. It was on this journey to Newcastle with Wesley that he first preached to a few people in a small house near the Keelmen's Hospital. He travelled widely, enduring much persecution, and was afterwards ordained by the Bishop of London as a missionary to the Bahamas.

In Dr. Stamp's sketch of William Holme reference is made to Richard Moss's first visit to Sykehouse, and in connexion with it a letter is published dated 'Bristol, June 28, 1745,' signed 'Richard Moss.' See below, p. 199. The letter contains a circumstantial account of the peril through which at this time the Methodist preachers passed as they travelled to and fro. See 'The Experience of Mr. Richard Moss,' *Arm. Mag.* 1798, pp. 3, 53.

<sup>2</sup> It is surmised that this may have been John Coltman. See above, vol. ii. p. 463.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. above, p. 113.

<sup>4</sup> Methodism in Sykehouse began shortly after the rise of the United society in London. Its leader, William Holme, was a farmer in the village (see p. 109). Holme's house in Sykehouse was one of the earliest domestic sanctuaries in Methodism. To the church in his house, or to the multitudes who came from far and near for worship in the farmyard, the Wesleys and the earliest preachers often ministered. Holme was one of the first local preachers employed by Wesley—'an eminently holy and devoted man, valiant for the truth.' He was confined in the stocks, sent on board a tender at Grimsby, and, as his biographer truly says, was one of those who in few years lived long. For an account of his death see *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 531. His widow and his son Robert for many years in the old house maintained the Methodist tradition. (*Meth. Mag.* 1828, p. 739, and 1845, pp. 26-31.)

*Fri. 22.*—There was so much snow about Boroughbridge that we could go on but very slowly; insomuch that the night overtook us when we wanted six or seven miles to the place where we designed to lodge. But we pushed on at a venture across the moor, and, about eight, came safe to Sandhutton.

*Sat. 23.*—We found the roads abundantly worse than they had been the day before, not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeways in many places unpassable (and turnpike roads were not known in these parts of England till some years after), but likewise because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them, during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to Gateshead Fell, which appeared a great pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed, when an honest man of Newcastle overtook and guided us safe into the town.

Many a rough journey have I had before, but one like this I never had; between wind, and hail, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past: those days will return no more, and are, therefore, as though they had never been.

Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,  
Whate'er molests or troubles life,  
However grievous in its stay  
It shakes the tenement of clay,  
When past, as nothing we esteem;  
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.<sup>1</sup>

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I diligently inquired who were offended at each other, this being the sin which, of all others, most easily besets the people of Newcastle. And as many of them as had leisure to meet, I heard face to face. It was now an easy thing to remove their offences, for God was in the work;

<sup>1</sup> Inexactly quoted from the *Moral of a Poem*, by Samuel Wesley, jun.; *The Cobbler: a Tale*. Final couplet quoted

by Kezia Wesley. See Clarke's *Wesley Family*, vol. ii. p. 382; *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 113.

so that they were, one and all, as willing to be reconciled to each other as I was to have them.

*Wed. 27 (being Ash Wednesday).*—After the public prayers the little church in our house <sup>1</sup> met together. Misunderstandings were cleared up, and we all agreed to set out anew, hand in hand, and, by the grace of God, to forward one another in running the race which is set before us.

MARCH 3, *Sun.*—As I was walking up Pilgrim Street, hearing a man call after me, I stood still. He came up, and used much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths and curses. Several people came out to see what was the matter; on which he pushed me twice or thrice, and went away.

Upon inquiry, I found this man had signalized himself, of a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at any of our family who went that way. Therefore I would not lose the opportunity, but on *Monday* the 4th sent him the following note:

ROBERT YOUNG,

I expect to see you, between this and Friday, and to hear from you that you are sensible of your fault; otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the magistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street. I am,

Your real Friend,

JOHN WESLEY.

Within two or three hours Robert Young came, and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a multitude of sins.

*Sun. 10.*—We had a useful sermon at All Saints in the morning, and another at our own church in the afternoon. I was much refreshed by both, and united in love both to the two preachers and to the clergy in general.

The next day I wrote to a friend as follows:

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, *March 11, 1745.*

I HAVE been drawing up this morning a short state of the case between the clergy and us; I leave you to make any such use of it as you believe will be to the glory of God.

1. About seven years since we began preaching inward, present salvation, as attainable by faith alone.

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<sup>1</sup> The Orphan House.

2. For preaching this doctrine we were forbidden to preach in the churches.

3. We then preached in private houses, as occasion offered ; and when the houses could not contain the people, in the open air.

4. For this, many of the clergy preached or printed against us, as both heretics and schismatics.

5. Persons who were convinced of sin begged us to advise them more particularly how to flee from the wrath to come. We replied, if they would all come at one time (for they were numerous) we would endeavour it.

6. For this we were represented, both from the pulpit and the press (we have heard it with our ears, and seen it with our eyes), as introducing Popery, raising sedition, practising both against Church and State ; and all manner of evil was publicly said both of us and those who were accustomed to meet with us.

7. Finding some truth herein, viz. that some of those who so met together walked disorderly, we immediately desired them not to come to us any more.

8. And the more steady were desired to overlook the rest, that we might know if they walked according to the gospel.

9. But now several of the bishops began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public.

10. On this encouragement, several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as outlaws or mad dogs.

11. The people did so, both in Staffordshire, Cornwall, and many other places.

12. And they do so still, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular magistrate.

Thus the case stands at present. Now, what can we do, or what can you our brethren do, towards healing this breach ? which is highly desirable, that we may withstand, with joint force, the still increasing flood of Popery, Deism, and immorality.

Desire of us anything we can do with a safe conscience, and we will do it immediately. Will you meet us here ? Will you do what we desire of you, so far as you can with safe conscience ?

Let us come to particulars. Do you desire us (1) To preach another, or to desist from preaching this, doctrine ?

We think you do not desire it, as knowing we cannot do this with a safe conscience. Do you desire us (2) To desist from preaching in private houses, or in the open air ? As things are now circumstanced, this would be the same as desiring us not to preach at all.

Do you desire us (3) To desist from advising those who now meet together for that purpose ? Or, in other words, to dissolve our societies ?



We cannot do this with a safe conscience ; for we apprehend many souls would be lost thereby, and that God would require their blood at our hands.

Do you desire us (4) To advise them only one by one ?

This is impossible because of their number.

Do you desire us (5) To suffer those who walk disorderly still to mix with the rest ?

Neither can we do this with a safe conscience ; because 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'

Do you desire us (6) To discharge those leaders of bands or classes (as we term them) who overlook the rest ?

This is, in effect, to suffer the disorderly walkers still to mix with the rest, which we dare not do.

Do you desire us, lastly, to behave with reverence toward those who are overseers of the Church of God ? And with tenderness both to the character and persons of our brethren, the inferior clergy ?

By the grace of God, we can and will do this. Yea, our conscience beareth us witness that we have already laboured so to do, and that at all times and in all places.

If you ask what we desire of you to do, we answer : 1. We do not desire any one of you to let us preach in your church, either if you believe us to preach false doctrine, or if you have, upon any other ground, the least scruple of conscience concerning it. But we desire any who believes us to preach true doctrine, and has no scruple at all in this matter, may not be either publicly or privately discouraged from inviting us to preach in his church.

2. We do not desire that any one who thinks that we are heretics or schismatics, and that it is his duty to preach or print against us, as such, should refrain therefrom, so long as he thinks it is his duty. (Although in this case, the breach can never be healed.)

But we desire that none will pass such a sentence till he has calmly considered both sides of the question ; that he would not condemn us unheard ; but first read what we have written, and pray earnestly that God may direct him in the right way.

3. We do not desire any favour if either Popery, sedition, or immorality be proved against us.

But we desire you will not credit, without proof, any of those senseless tales that pass current with the vulgar : that if you do not credit them yourselves, you will not relate them to others (which we have known done) ; yea, that you will confute them, so far as ye have opportunity, and discountenance those who still retail them abroad.

4. We do not desire any preferment, favour, or recommendation, from those that are in authority, either in Church or State ; but we desire :

(1) That if anything material be laid to our charge, we may be permitted to answer for ourselves. (2) That you would hinder your dependents from stirring up the rabble against us; who are certainly not the proper judges of these matters. And (3) That you would effectually suppress, and thoroughly discountenance, all riots and popular insurrections, which evidently strike at the foundation of all government, whether of Church or State.

Now these things you certainly can do, and that with a safe conscience. Therefore, till these things are done, the continuance of the breach is chargeable on you, and you only.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 16.*—I visited part of the sick (for I could not see them all in one day): I found many in heaviness, through various temptations, added to that of bodily pain; but none sorrowing 'as men without hope,' though some deeply mourning after God.

The following week I visited the societies in the country. On *Thursday* the 28th a gentleman called at our house, who informed me his name was Adams<sup>2</sup>; that he lived about forty miles from Newcastle, at Osmotherley, in Yorkshire, and had heard so many strange accounts of the Methodists that he could not rest

<sup>1</sup> Little benefit, if any, resulted from Wesley's overture. (Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 66.)

<sup>2</sup> Indirectly we are indebted to Watson Adams, the popish or ex-popish priest who called on Wesley at the Orphan House, for Tyerman's Wesley enthusiasm. Among his ancestral kinsfolk were a grandmother who, for a long series of years, walked every Sunday morning over a bleak, roadless moor, full of bogs and pitfalls, a distance of at least twelve miles there and back, for the purpose of attending, in Osmotherley chapel, the reading of a few Latin prayers; and a Quakeress (Elizabeth Tyerman) whom Wesley baptized on the occasion of his first visit to Osmotherley. It was in the chapel once owned by the Franciscan friars that Wesley preached; but Jenny Meek, an old Methodist who knew him well, told Tyerman that the Quakeress was baptized 'in an adjoining house.' He adds, 'Many an hour, when a child, did I sit listening with rapt

attention to old Jenny's Methodist traditions, and to this I trace, in a great degree, my passion for old Methodist matters.' Wesley visited Osmotherley sixteen times, often staying with Adams. In *The Franciscans in England* Father Thaddeus gives some details of Adams, who was a Franciscan, called in religion Father Peter of Alcantara. He married, lived at the Hall, had property at Osmotherley, and died there. In a letter to his brother Charles (see *Works*, vol. xii. p. 111), dated 'Leeds, April 23, 1745,' John Wesley gives an account of the Osmotherley incident. For detailed information concerning Adams and the beginnings of Methodism in Osmotherley, see *W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 139; Rev. J. Ward's *History of Methodism in the Thirsk Circuit*; Stamp's *Orphan House*; Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 486-8; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 28; and especially T. McCullagh's article in *W.M. Mag.* Jan. 1903.

till he came to inquire for himself. I told him he was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, if he could live on our Lenten fare. He made no difficulty of this, and willingly stayed till the Monday se'nnight following, when he returned home fully satisfied with his journey.

APRIL 6, *Sat.*—Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought the ground on which our House is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writings. So I am freed from one more care. May I in everything make known my request to God<sup>1</sup>!

We met at four in the morning, on Easter Day, and great was our joy in the Lord. I preached on 'The Lord is risen indeed,' and at South Biddick, at seven o'clock. In the evening many of our brethren from all parts were present, and we again praised God with joyful lips.

*Mon.* 15.—We met at half-hour past four, and the Room was filled from end to end. Many of the rich and honourable were there; so that I found it was time for me to fly away. At eight I preached in the street, at Chester-[le-Street], to a large

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<sup>1</sup> The following characteristic letter, though without date, was evidently written about this period:

SIR,

I am surprised. You give it under your hand that you will put me in possession of a piece of ground, specified in an article between us, in fifteen days' time. Three months are passed, and that article is not fulfilled. And now you say you can't conceive what I mean by troubling you. I mean to have that article fulfilled. I think my meaning is very plain.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

(Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 23.)

In 1863 Dr. Stamp wrote:

Some of the descendants of this gentleman are now highly respected and influential members of society in the Newcastle circuit. Miss Nixon, of Barlow, whose father frequently entertained Mr. Wesley, and opened his house for some of the religious purposes, married a grandson of the above. Their eldest son, William Stephenson, was a leader of the Throckley society and circuit steward. He built the chapel at Throckley,

and contributed liberally to the Orphan House School. His second son, William Haswell, is a highly acceptable and useful local preacher.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we here insert a note contributed by this second son, now Sir William H. Stephenson, who at the time of writing was for the third time and is now for the seventh time chief magistrate of Newcastle:

When the workmen were digging the foundations of the old Orphan House in Northumberland Street, the vicar of Newcastle for the time being one morning rode past on horseback in his cap and gown. When he got near the place where the men were busy he pulled up his horse, and, calling one of them to him, asked what they were doing. The man replied: 'We are digging the foundations of Mr. Wesley's new Orphan House.' The vicar thereupon made this observation: 'Thank God, my dream has come true. For three consecutive nights I have dreamt that on this spot a ladder was placed reaching from earth to heaven, and that by that ladder men and women were stepping up to glory and to God. I am now extremely pleased that my dream has been fulfilled.'



and quiet congregation. At Darlington (it being the fair-day) we could scarce find a place to hide our head. At length we got into a little inn, but were obliged to be in a room where there was another set of company, some of whom were cursing and swearing much. Before we went away I stepped to them, and asked, 'Do you think, yourselves, that this kind of talking is right?' One of them warmly replied, 'Sir, we have said nothing which we have need to be ashamed of.' I said, 'Have you not need to be ashamed of disobliging your best friend? And is not God the best friend you have?' They stared first at me, and then at one another; but no man answered a word.

In the evening I preached at the inn in Northallerton, where Mr. Adams and some of his neighbours met me. On his saying he wished I could have time to preach in his house at Osmotherley, I told him I *would* have time if he desired it; and ordered our horses to be brought out immediately. We came thither between nine and ten. It was about an hour before the people were gathered together. It was after twelve before I lay down; yet (through the blessing of God) I felt no weariness at all.

*Tues. 16.*—I preached at five, on Rom. iii. 22, to a large congregation, part of whom had sat up all night, for fear they should not wake in the morning. Many of them, I found, either were or had been Papists. Oh how wise are the ways of God! How am I brought, without any care or thought of mine, into the centre of the Papists in Yorkshire! Oh that God would arise and maintain His own cause; and all the idols let Him utterly abolish!

After sermon an elderly woman [Elizabeth Tyerman] asked me abruptly, 'Dost thou think water baptism an ordinance of Christ?' I said, 'What saith Peter? "Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost even as we?"' I spoke but little more, before she cried out, 'Tis right! 'Tis right! I will be baptized.' And so she was, the same hour.

About eight in the evening I reached Sykehouse, and preached to a little company there.

*Wed. 17.*—I rode by Epworth to Grimsby. The north-east



wind was full in our face, and exceeding sharp. I began preaching before eight; but to such a congregation as I had not lately seen; so stupidly rude and noisy, encouraged thereto by their fore-speaker, a drunken alehouse-keeper. I singled him out, and fastened upon him, till he chose to withdraw. The rest were soon calmed, and behaved very quietly till the service was ended.

*Thur.* 18.—In the afternoon I rode to Hainton. Mr. Clark,<sup>1</sup> the minister of Barkwith, a mile from thence, having several times sent word he should be glad to see me, I went to his house, and spent an agreeable hour with an open-hearted, friendly man, not strongly prepossessed, and I believe, truly desirous to know the whole will of God.

*Fri.* 19.—William Fenwick<sup>2</sup> rode with me to L[inwoo]d, the minister of which had told him again and again, 'Be sure to bring Mr. Wesley with you, when he comes. It is for my soul; for the good of my poor soul.' When we were alone he told me, 'Sir, I have read your writings; but I could not believe them till very lately. Now I know your doctrine is true. God Himself has shown it to me. A few days since I was in a great agony of soul, praying to God to forgive my sins; and there was such a light about me as I cannot express; and I knew God had heard my prayer; and my heart was filled with the love of God, and ever since I pray and praise Him all day long.'

I asked if he had told this to any one else. He said, 'I began to tell it one I thought a very good Christian; but he seemed to think I was distracted: so I spoke no more. And indeed I don't know any that would hear me.'

I told him, 'You will meet with many such trials as this, and with many others which you are not yet aware of.' He answered, 'I know that I cannot bear them of myself. I have no strength, unless I watch and pray always. But I *do* pray always: and what are trials to *me*? I am not in the world. I live in eternity. I cannot turn any way, but I see God. He is with me continually, and on every side.'

I found much comfort from this strong instance of the mercy

<sup>1</sup> It is suggested that this is the 'Rev. Mr. Clark' to whom Wesley wrote letters. (*Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 210-16.)

<sup>2</sup> Of Hainton, near Epworth. (*Early Methodist Preachers*, vol. i. p. 71; and below, p. 282.)

of God. And so I did also from a letter wrote by one of our preachers, concerning whom I often feared I had laboured in vain. It ran in these words<sup>1</sup>:

DEAR SIR,

I AM fully convinced your fear concerning me proceeds entirely from your love to my soul ; therefore I should think myself guilty of the greatest ingratitude if I did not endeavour to make a proper use of your kind reproof.

I know my soul has not prospered. I know my conversation has not always been as in the presence of God. I know I have not been, nor yet am, as I desire to be, a serious, lowly follower of Jesus Christ. I have not been so exemplary in my behaviour as was consistent with the important work wherein I was employed. But, dear sir, let me beseech you, in God's name, tell me, do you really think that, instead of profiting, I destroy others ? That so by desisting to preach, I may perish alone, and not the people perish with me ? O sir, shall I be an instrument in the devil's hand to destroy the souls for which Christ died ? Oh that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth rather than I should continue to do this great evil ! O Lord, be merciful unto me, and forgive my sin ; for it is great !

I am not guiltless, but, blessed be God, I have lately discovered, or rather felt, many things which were hindrances of the work of God in my soul. I saw them before ; but I saw in vain. I was not restless to be delivered from them ; and therefore they still continued as so many insurmountable barriers in my way. I have lately been in great trouble of mind ; the reproofs I received putting me upon a narrow self-examination, I soon found many things wrong, and they lay so heavy upon me that I went mourning all the day long. God only knows the uneasiness I felt ; but, blessed be God, He did not leave me in distress ; but in the midst of trouble sent me comfort. Oh may my soul for ever praise Him !

I have long been in a kind of dead and lifeless state, having lost those pleasing tastes of God's love I once enjoyed. I have not been able to find any delight in prayer ; nor could I pray from my heart. If I forced myself to pray (for it was a grievous cross), shame covered my face, and I durst scarce lift up my eyes, conscious of my own unfaithfulness to God and my negligence in watching. All intercourse was stopped between God and my soul. Indeed, when I have been praying with or speaking to others, I have often found the Spirit of God enlivening my own soul ; but when I came before God in secret,

<sup>1</sup> The letter was dated 'St. Ives, March 16, 1745,' and inserted in full in vol. i. of the *Arm. Mag.* p. 328.

intending to pour out my complaint before Him, my mouth hath been stopped, and the devil presently whispered, 'What profit is it that you pray?' If I persevered notwithstanding, my mind has been filled with a thousand impertinent thoughts, so that I was either forced from my knees, or could only sigh or groan underneath my misery; my heart seemed harder and harder, so that I verily thought I should at length become a castaway.

But, blessed be God, I have for some time found a revival of love, and have had more communion with God than for a long season. Oh may it be my constant care to watch and pray! the neglect of which was the chief cause of my former deadness. The levity and inconstancy of mind which used to oppress me I find greatly taken away, and, at present (God grant it may always continue!) the remembrance of them is grievous to me. I often find great sweetness in my soul, and can weep for my past ingratitude to God. Oh pray for me, dear sir, if you love me, that I may never more resist His grace!

I cannot tell you how much I think myself obliged to you, under God, for all your care, reproofs, and kindnesses. May God reward you! and may I never, never make an ill use of them; but love and reverence you, and praise God for His love, in making you a happy instrument of good to my soul.

THO. MEYRICK.<sup>1</sup>

I rode to Epworth in the afternoon.

*Sun. 21.*—I preached in the house at five, on 'Quench not the Spirit'; about eight, at the Cross; and again in the evening to most of the adults in the town. Poor Mr. R[omley]'s sermon, from beginning to end, was another 'railing accusation.' Father, forgive him; for he knoweth not what he doeth!

*Mon. 22.*—I rode with William Holme to Norton, and, after preaching there to a small company, went on to Oulton, three miles from Leeds, where a numerous congregation was waiting. On *Tuesday*<sup>2</sup> I preached at Leeds, Armley, and Birstall. The next evening I was constrained to continue my discourse there near an hour longer than usual, God pouring out such a blessing that I knew not how to leave off.

*Thur. 25.*—I preached at [Little] Horton and Bradford. Here I could not but observe how God has made void all their labour

<sup>1</sup> Wesley, in the *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 328, writes: 'He died some years ago in Yorkshire; but, I am afraid, not in peace.' See Atmore's, *Memorial*, p.

270; also above, p. 56. He attended the Second Conference (see below, p. 196).

<sup>2</sup> Wesley wrote a letter to Charles on this day (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 111).

who 'make void the law through faith.' Out of their large societies in these towns, how small a remnant is left!<sup>1</sup> In Horton, scarce ten persons out of four-score; in Bradford, not one soul.

*Friday* and *Saturday*, at John Bennet's request, I preached at several places in Lancashire and Cheshire.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 28.—I preached at five (as I had done over-night), about a mile from Altrincham,<sup>3</sup> on 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' A plain man came to me afterward and said, 'Sir, I find Mr. Hutchings<sup>4</sup> and you do not preach the same way. You bid us read the Bible, and pray, and go to church; but he bids us let all this alone, and says if we go to church and sacrament we shall never come to Christ.'

At nine I preached near Stockport,<sup>5</sup> to a large congregation: thence we rode to Bangs,<sup>6</sup> in Derbyshire, a lone house, on the side of a high, steep mountain, whither abundance of people were got before us. I preached on God's justifying the ungodly;

<sup>1</sup> Out of eighty once flourishing churches under the care of Ingham, only thirteen remained in 1759.

<sup>2</sup> On one of these occasions old Mary Aldersley, of Shrigley Fold, near Macclesfield, brought information, from another preaching at which she had been, that Mr. Wesley would preach at Roger Moss's, near Rode Hall. 'When night came,' says Thomas Buckley, of Astbury, 'six or seven of us went. My wife carried a child which was eight months old in her apron. When we arrived, there was Mr. Wesley and three more preachers. Mr. Wesley preached from Rom. iii. 23: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." He gave notice for preaching at five o'clock on the following morning. We got leave of Roger Moss to sit by the fire all night. We brought some little books to read. When preaching was over, we returned, well pleased with our journey. Mr. Wesley gave notice for preaching at the end of the month. We all resolved to go, which we did.' (Dyson's *Hist. of Methodism in the Congleton Circuit*.)

<sup>3</sup> Probably at Oldfield Brow; see below, p. 296.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Hutchings (John Hutchings, of Pembroke) appears to have fallen under the spell of Moravian quietism. In Hutton's *Memoirs*, p. 231, he appears as a 'married brother' in the newly formed congregation at Fulneck.

<sup>5</sup> Probably at Woodley. (Rev. John Rigg in *Meth. Mag.* 1827, p. 20.) See also John Oliver, *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 417.

<sup>6</sup> At Bangs Wesley and the preachers were entertained by a Mr. Turner, who, together with two of his daughters, had been brought to God under the ministry of David Taylor when he was in the height of his zeal. This Mr. Turner, on hearing of the impressment of John Nelson, under whose preaching he had sat, rode from Bangs, near Stockport, to York to encourage him. (*Methodism in Manchester*, p. 41; *Meth. Mag.* 1817, p. 683.) See also an article on 'Methodism in the Peak District,' by Rev. R. W. G. Hunter, in *Meth. Rec.* Nov. 7, 1901.



and His word was as dew upon the tender herb. At five I preached at Mill Town, near Chapel-en-le-Frith. The poor miller near whose pond we stood endeavoured to drown my voice by letting out the water, which fell with a great noise. But it was labour lost; for my strength was so increased that I was heard to the very skirts of the congregation.

*Mon. 29.*—I preached at Taddington in the Peak, and rode from thence to Sheffield, where I preached on the floor of the late house<sup>1</sup> (which the good Protestant mob had just pulled down), to the largest and one of the quietest congregations I ever remember to have seen there.

*Tues. 30.*—I preached at Barley Hall; and *Wednesday, MAY 1,* at Nottingham.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur. 2.*—I rode to Markfield. The church [Mr. Ellis's]<sup>3</sup> was full, though the notice was so short. But I was sorry to hear some of the neighbouring churches are likely to be empty enough: for the *still Brethren*, I found, had spread themselves into several of the adjacent parishes. And the very first *sins* their hearers leave off are reading the Bible and running to the church and sacrament.

*Fri. 3.*—In the evening we came to Wednesbury. A while ago 'the waves' here were 'mighty, and raged horribly.' But the Lord that dwelleth on high is mightier, and has stilled the madness of the people. I preached at seven without any noise or hindrance at all. All was equally quiet on *Saturday*.

*Sun. 5.*—The number of people even at five obliged me to preach abroad. About one I preached at Tipton Green, and about four at Wednesbury. A few persons at first threw some clods: but they were quickly glad to retreat; so that there was no interruption at all while I applied those gracious words of our Lord, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

I made haste from hence to Gosta Green,<sup>4</sup> near Birmingham, where I had appointed to preach at six. But it was dangerous

<sup>1</sup> In Cheney Street, which was replaced almost at once by one in Pinstone Street near by. (*Meth. Mag.* 1835, p. 606.)

<sup>2</sup> The correspondence with 'John Smith' began in this month. See below, Sept. 28, 1745.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 462, also Charles Wesley's Journal, for this friendly clergyman.

<sup>4</sup> Then out of the town. (Sheldon, *Early Meth. in Birmingham*, pp. 11, 12.)

for any who stood to hear ; for the stones and dirt were flying from every side, almost without intermission, for near an hour. However, very few persons went away. I afterwards met the society, and exhorted them, in spite of men and devils, to continue in the grace of God.

*Mon. 6.*—I dined at Studley,<sup>1</sup> where a poor man was swearing almost at every sentence. I asked him if he thought that was well done ; and began to tell him how God loved him. He got up as in amaze, made many bows, said, ‘I ask pardon, sir, of God and you, and hope it will be a warning to me all the days of my life.’

In the evening I preached at Evesham. The next day Mr. Taylor, of Quinton,<sup>2</sup> came, who on *Wednesday* the 8th rode with us to Oxford. I cannot spend one day here without heaviness in my heart for my brethren’s sake. O God, when wilt Thou show these, who say they are rich, that they are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked ?

*Fri. 10.*—I preached at High Wycombe, in an open place, to a mixed multitude ; some of whom were as rude as they dared to be, having none of the great vulgar to set them on.

*Sat. 11.*—I came to London. The sower of tares, I found, had not been idle, but shaken many, and moved some from their steadfastness, who once seemed to be pillars.<sup>3</sup> The next week, finding no other way to convince some who were hugely in love with that solemn trifle, my brother and I were at the pains of reading over Robert Barclay’s *Apology*<sup>4</sup> with them. Being

<sup>1</sup> Probably at the Barley Mow.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Samuel Taylor, vicar of Quinton, and a member of the first and third Conferences. See notes, pp. 97, 143. For a letter of his see *Meth. Mag.* 1850, p. 386. Others are in the Drew Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, U.S.A.

<sup>3</sup> The numbering showed more than two thousand members in the society, above two-thirds of whom were women.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Barclay, born at Gordons-town, Scotland, in 1648, was sent by his father, Colonel David Barclay, to Paris to the boy’s uncle, who brought Robert up as a Roman Catholic, in con-

sequence of which his father brought him home at the age of sixteen. The father became a Quaker, and the son followed his example. Robert commenced authorship in 1670. In 1676 he published at Amsterdam, in Latin, his *Apology* for the Quakers, of which an English translation appeared in 1678. He travelled through a good part of England, Holland, and Germany with William Penn, propagating their opinions. He died in 1690. (See *Biog. Brit.*) For further references to the *Apology*, see below, p. 232 ; *Works*, x. 177–80.

willing to receive the light, their eyes were opened. They saw his nakedness, and were ashamed.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 23.*<sup>2</sup>—We had one more conversation with one that had often strengthened our hands, but now earnestly exhorted us (what is man!) to return to the Church, to renounce all our lay assistants, to dissolve our societies, to leave off field-preaching, and to accept of honourable preferment.

*Wed. 29.*—I talked at large with Howell Harris,<sup>3</sup> not yet carried away by the torrent of Antinomianism. But how long will he be able to stand? Only till he consents to stand neuter. When he is brought not to oppose, he will quickly yield.

I would wish all to observe that the points in question between us and either the German or English Antinomians are not points of opinion, but of practice. We break with no man for his opinion. We think, and let think. I cannot better express my sense of this than it is done by a serious man in the following letter :

DEAR SIR,

I ought to have mentioned sooner my receiving yours concerning Mr. Edwards, of New England. Mr. Robe<sup>4</sup> is of his opinion as to the thing (the doctrine of Particular Redemption), but not as to the absolute necessity of believing either the one or the other side of the question. And it is the maintaining the necessity of his side of

<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley writes :

1745. MAY 21, *Tues.*—I began examining the classes with my brother, and rejoiced in the success of our past labours. Amidst all the rage and havoc of Satan at the tabernacle, the plague has not come nigh our dwelling.

<sup>2</sup> May 20 is the date at the end of the pamphlet, *A Short View of the Difference between the Moravians and J. and C. Wesley.*

<sup>3</sup> On Friday, May 31, Charles writes :

We kept a watch-night. Dear Howell Harris I carried into the desk ; and we sang together and shouted for joy till morning.

<sup>4</sup> James Robe, minister of Kilsyth, well known in Scotland for his zeal in the cause of truth ; and by the publication of his 'Narrative' of the revival of Religion—a pious and liberal man.

See, for Wesley's visit to Robe, April 23, 1753. He wrote to a friend :

I was much pleased with what you wrote to me of the Messrs. Wesley. . . . I embrace fellowship with them, and pray that the Lord of the Vineyard will give them success. I have learned something new as to the exhorters (lay preachers). From what you mention of them, I look upon them as so many licensed probationers, or useful public teachers ; which is the case of our probationers. This provides us with an answer to objections, besides that of the extraordinary circumstances of the Established Church.

An opinion like this, reinforced by the opinion of men like James Erskine, must have been of great practical value to the Wesleys at this time. Mr. Robe adds : 'I beg you to salute the two brothers for me much in the Lord.' See Benson's *Apology*, pp. 168, 169.



the question which you justly blame. For the same reason, I suppose you would blame the maintaining the necessity of your side of the question. On whatsoever side of the question one be, I apprehend, this mistake of the necessity of it proceeds from what Mr. Locke calls 'the association of ideas.' People long accustomed to explain the essential things of Christianity in such a particular way, and never having observed how they can be explained in any other, transfer their zeal for these essential things to their own way of explication, and believe there is a necessary connexion between them, when in fact there is not. This has produced many mischiefs and animosities among all sorts of people. I would take my ground to stand on for clearing this on what you say in the same letter to me: 'Whosoever agrees with us in that account of practical religion given in *The Character of a Methodist*, I regard not what his other opinions are; the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. I am more assured that love is of God than that any opinion whatsoever is so. Herein may we increase more and more.'

I have often thought, since I was favoured with that letter, how far it natively and clearly went, as to many things that occasion contentions and schisms, even among real Christians: and what, as it natively and clearly follows from this principle, our practice ought to be.

One effect of this has been to make me think I have not yet met with any set of people whose practice is not, in several remarkable particulars, inconsistent with this good principle. But I will not suffer myself to be fully persuaded of this, as to one set of men, till I have the happiness to meet with your brother and you, and talk over some particulars, which you will allow me calmly and impartially to lay before you. May the Holy Ghost lead you into all truth, and into every right way.

As to outward communion with those in whom your characteristic is found:

1. Is it not our duty and theirs to keep that communion together, as far as we can, without sin? And, except in that case, is not separating from each other, even in outward communion, a sin? Consequently is it not a sin in any of us to set out outward communion on such a foot that others who have this characteristic cannot join that communion without sin in them? Is it not also our duty not to stumble them by our way of insisting on our particular opinions? And is it not a sin in them to be easily stumbled at us on that account?

2. Is it not far wrong in any of us to teach our particular opinions (especially to those whom we are to instruct in the essentials of religion), so as to lead them into such an association of ideas between these essentials and those opinions which want of judgement, narrowness of



thought, and impatience of spirit are so apt to lead even the strong into? Do we not often see how almost incurably this prejudices the weak against their brethren in Christ, and perplexes their minds about those opinions, and takes them off from the serious consideration of the essentials? Nay, have we not seen even the strong in grace, as well as learning, mistake the Lord's shining on their souls, on account of their receiving and applying the essentials, for an approbation of their particular opinions? And have we not seen such hereby led to bear persecution from, and in their turn to inflict it on, their brethren? Almost every one cries out against this spirit of persecution. But few seem to dive into the causes of it: and fewer still heartily seek after and follow the effectual cure. And, therefore,

3. Is it not the duty of both ministers and of private Christians, in their several stations, to show that our particular opinions are not so important but that one in whom the grand characteristic is found may hold different, nay, contrary opinions? Is it not the duty of all, in their respective stations, to prevent or dissolve that groundless association of ideas? And is not the quite contrary done by almost all? Do they not proceed as if they were rather desirous to establish (not dissolve) that association of ideas, in favour of their own particular opinions? And thereby (though perhaps their own hearts hide it from them) to establish their party, and fix their adherents unto them?

4. Since, as you justly say, 'We are more sure that love is of God, than that any opinion whatsoever is so,' is it not our duty to follow that love with all our brethren in Christ, and the native consequence of it, outward communion? So far, I mean, as that communion does not imply our owning as true an opinion which we do not believe to be so. And yet,

5. When one is a member of a community where many are extremely bigoted to their own opinions: in such a case, may not outward communion with our other brethren in Christ be kept in some instances, and not in others? But still, is it not our duty to use all our prudence and diligence to bring all the Lord's people from this bigotry into that dear, mutual, universal love, and that actual communion, which is the native consequence of it?

JAMES ERSKINE.<sup>1</sup>

JUNE 9, *Sun.*—In the evening I rode to Colebrook, on *Monday* to Marlborough, and on *Tuesday* to Bristol. The

<sup>1</sup> The above letter was abridged by Wesley for the Journal. In its full form it is given in *Meth. Mag.* 1797 (Supplement), p. 37. It is a fine example of

Wesley's editing. James Erskine wrote to Wesley several times in the years 1744 and 1745. For Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, see above, vol. ii. p. 231.

Antinomians had taken true pains here also to seduce those who were showing their faith by their works. But they had reaped little fruit of their bad labour; for, upon the most diligent inquiry, I could not find that seven persons out of seven hundred had been turned out of the old Bible-way.

We left Bristol early on *Friday* the 14th, and on *Sunday* morning reached St. Gennys.<sup>1</sup> The church was moderately filled with serious hearers, but few of them appeared to feel what they heard. I preached both morning and afternoon, and on *Monday* evening; and many assented to and approved of the truth.

*Tues. 18.*—Being invited by the rector of Week St. Mary<sup>2</sup> (about seven miles from St. Gennys) to preach in his church, we went thither in the afternoon. I had not seen in these parts of Cornwall either so large a church or so large a congregation. Thence we rode to Laneast, where Mr. Bennet read prayers and I preached on ‘the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.’

*Wed. 19.*—Tresmeer church was filled within and without, while I preached on Rom. iv. 7. Here I took leave of a poor, mad, original enthusiast, who had been scattering abroad lies in

<sup>1</sup> Of which the Rev. George Thompson was vicar (see above, p. 132). Mr. Thompson accompanied Wesley on his journey into the west of Cornwall.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. John Turner (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188). Under this date Wesley wrote from St. Gennys ‘to Mrs. Jones at Fonmon Castle, near Cardiff, South Wales (franked by James Erskine).’

On Thursday, July 18 (if God permit) Mr. Thompson will come with me to Minehead, from whence, if your brother’s sloop was ready, we could cross over to Fonmon. I send word before both that you may have time to let me know if the sloop cannot come, and that Mr. Hodges [of Wenvove] (with whom I hope to spend Sunday, July 21) may order his affairs so as to be able to go with me to Garth on Monday, and from thence to our yearly Conference at Bristol.

I have been much disappointed since I left London last, expecting to meet with nothing but difficulties, and finding none at all, or such as did but just appear and then vanish into nothing. So it shall always be, if our whole care be cast on Him who careth for us. The rough places shall in due time be all made smooth, and the mountain become a plain. What have we, then, to do but to

stand still and see the salvation of God? I commend you and yours to His ever-waking love, and am

Your affectionate friend and brother,  
JOHN WESLEY.

ST. GENNYS, *June 18, 1745.*

We are to set out towards St. Ives to-morrow.

The ‘frank’ on this letter raises a curious point. Was James Erskine with him, at all events in the earlier part of this Cornish journey? Cf. above: ‘I rode to Colebrook,’ ‘we left Bristol.’ Evidently he had a companion as far as St. Gennys; afterwards we know that his companion was Mr. Thompson. The letter throws light on another small point: the sloop which conveyed passengers from Minehead to Aberthaw near Fonmon Castle belonged to Mrs. Jones’s brother, who lived at Minehead. Richard Green, in a footnote to the above letter, adds: ‘Mrs. Jones was the fifth daughter of Richard Forrest, of Minehead, Somersetshire, and widow of Robert Jones, of Fonmon Castle.’

every quarter. In the evening Mr. Thompson and Shepherd rode with me to St. Teath, and the next day to Redruth.<sup>1</sup>

Being informed here of what had befallen Mr. Maxfield,<sup>2</sup> we turned aside toward Crowan church-town; but in the way we received information that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems the valiant constables who guarded him, having received timely notice that a body of five hundred Methodists were coming to take him away by force, with great precipitation carried him two miles further, to the house of one Henry Tomkins.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired Henry Tomkins to show me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. Borlase, and his father, and Mr. Eustick,<sup>3</sup> to the

<sup>1</sup> In the *Methodist Magazine* for 1820, p. 541, will be found an account of the persecutions that befell the Methodists here:

Soon after the Methodist society was formed in Redruth the minister of the parish, who was also a magistrate, desired to root out the sect. He sent his agents to their meetings to take down names. He then appointed a day on which the offenders were to appear before him, that he might make out a Mittimus and send them all to jail. His court was a club-room over the public-house kitchen at the church-town. The Methodists, on appearing, were accompanied by a mixed multitude—some sympathizers, and others rejoicing that now the 'Canorums,' as they called them, would be put down. The reverend magistrate took the chair, with pen and ink before him. The room was filled, and all things ready for entering on business, when the floor suddenly gave way and sunk down into the kitchen beneath them. No lives were lost, no bones broken, but much noise and dust ensued. As the gentleman was descending he cried out to one of his friends, 'Joe, where are we going?' 'I don't know,' says Joe. 'Nor I neither,' says his Worship. But though his journey was short, it proved a little disastrous, for he lost his hat and wig by the way, and the contents of the ink-bottle, happening to fall on his head, ran down over his face. After a while he got up, and, having recovered his hat and wig, and cleaned his face as well as he could, the Methodists collected around him to know his further pleasure, when he prudently replied, 'Go home, go home; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

<sup>2</sup> See below, p. 184.

<sup>3</sup> William Usticke, J.P., of Leah, or Leigha, St. Buryan. At Trevallard, July 25, 1746, Charles Wesley writes:

I was led undesignedly to pray for our drunken persecutor. . . . I had left my hymn-book in my chamber, and stepped up for it. One came after me with news that Mr. Eustick [Usticke] was just coming to take me up. I went down to the congregation, but my friend Eustick was gone, without beating man, woman, or child. He only asked if Mr. Wesley was there, for he had a warrant to apprehend him; went out at the other door, and told those he met he had been searching all the house for Wesley, but could not find him. We supposed he had not got sufficient courage, i.e. drink, for his purpose, and expected his return. To make the devil a liar, I began preaching an hour before the appointed time. . . .

In the courtyard Charles preached again on 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' which he calls a two-edged sword. He concluded with the hymn, the first verse of which he gives in the Journal,

Glory and thanks and praise  
To Him that hath the key!  
Jesus, Thy sovereign grace  
Gives us the victory;  
Baffles the world and Satan's power,  
And open throws the gospel door.

One almost wonders whether Charles did not compose this specially for the occasion, as he certainly did other hymns during his Cornish tours.



constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to 'apprehend all such able-bodied men as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance,' and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at Marazion<sup>1</sup> on Friday the 21st, to be examined whether they were proper persons to serve his Majesty in the land-service.

It was endorsed (by the steward of Sir John St. Aubyn) with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known to have lawful callings and a sufficient maintenance thereby. But that was all one: they were called Methodists; therefore soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, 'A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish.'

A word to the wise. The good men easily understood this could be none but the Methodist preacher; for who 'disturbs the peace of the parish' like one who tells all drunkards, whoremongers, and common swearers, 'You are in the high-road to hell'?

When we came out of the house forty or fifty myrmidons stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed; nor did they recover till we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones, one of which struck Mr. Thompson's servant.

*Fri. 21.*—We rode to Marazion (vulgarly called Market-Jew). Finding the Justices were not met, we walked up St. Michael's Mount. The house at the top is surprisingly large and pleasant. Sir John St. Aubyn had taken much pains, and been at a considerable expense, in repairing and beautifying the apartments; and when the seat was finished the owner died!

About two Mr. Thompson and I went into the room where the Justices and commissioners were. After a few minutes Dr. Borlase stood up and asked whether we had any business. I told him, 'We have.' We desired to be heard concerning one who was lately apprehended at Crowan. He said, 'Gentlemen, the business of Crowan does not come on yet. You shall be sent for when it does.' So we retired, and waited in another room till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Maradzhawan, or Maraz-Jowan, i.e. (exactly) Market-Jew. (*Hist. of Parishes of St. Ives, Lelant, Towednack, and*

*Zennor*, by J. Hobson Matthews. Elliot Stock, 1892.)



Maxfield (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine he was called. I would have gone in then; but Mr. Thompson advised me to wait a little longer. The next information we received was that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went straight to the commission-chamber; but the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. Maxfield to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for Penzance.<sup>1</sup> We were informed they had first offered him to a captain of a man-of-war that was just come into the harbour; but he answered, 'I have no authority to take such men as these, unless you would have me give him so much a week to preach and pray to my people.'

*Sat. 22.*—We reached St. Ives about two in the morning. At five I preached on 'Love your enemies'; and at Gwennap, in the evening, on 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.'

We heard to-day that as soon as Mr. Maxfield came to Penzance they put him down into the dungeon; and that, the Mayor being inclined to let him go, Dr. Borlase had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the Articles of War in the court, and delivered him to one who was to act as an officer.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 23.*—I preached in Gwennap at five, and about eight at Stithians, to a large and quiet congregation. Thence we went to Wendron church. At two I preached a mile and a half from the church, under a shady tree, on part of the Epistle for the day, 'Marvel not if the world hate you.' At five I began at Crowan,

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<sup>1</sup> The practice of 'impressment' had its rise in recruiting for the Navy. The original 'press-gang' was a force of blue-jackets under the command of an officer, authorized to seize men for compulsory service on board men-of-war. Blackstone, in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, says:

The power of impressing seafaring men for the sea-service has been a matter of some dispute and submitted to with great reluctance. . . . But besides this method of impressing—which is only defensible from public necessity, to which all private considerations must give way—there are other ways that tend to the increase of sea-men and the manning of the Royal Navy.

Pressing men to serve in the Army was of much more recent date, as a standing army was not amongst our early English institutions. For extending the system to the land forces statutory powers from time to time were granted. See Blackstone's *Commentaries*, bk. i. ch. 13. But in the days of George II these powers were disgracefully used by some of the local magistrates and commissioners in order to extirpate the Methodist preachers and people.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley writes July 3, 1745: 'I was welcomed to London, on Saturday evening, with the joyful news of T. Maxfield's deliverance.'

the head quarters of the people that delight in war. While I was expounding part of the Second Morning Lesson, Captain R——ds came with a party of men, ready for battle; but their master riding away in two or three minutes, their countenances quickly fell. One and another stole off his hat, till they were all uncovered; nor did they either move or speak till I had finished my discourse.

We rode hence to St. Ives, where, *Monday* the 24th, I preached at five on 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' As we returned from church at noon, a famous man of the town<sup>1</sup> attacked us for the entertainment of his masters. I turned back and spoke to him, and he was ashamed. In the afternoon, as I was walking over the market-place, he just put out his head; but, after one scream, ran back into the house with great precipitation. We expected a visit in the evening from some of the devil's drunken champions, who swarm here on a holy-day, so called; but none appeared: so, after a comfortable hour, we praised God and parted in peace.

*Tues. 25.*—We rode to St. Just. I preached at seven to the largest congregation I have seen since my coming. At the meeting of the earnest, loving society all our hearts were in a flame: and again at five in the morning, while I explained 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'

When the preaching was ended the constable apprehended Edward Greenfield (by a warrant from Dr. Borlase), a tinner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Most likely John Stephens, of Trevalgan, known as John à Court, from his house. He also is probably the 'Mr. S.' of Aug. 19, 1750. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188.) Or he may have been the landlord of the George and Dragon, which was the rendezvous of the gentry, including the clergy, especially on Sundays (J. Hobson Matthews, *St. Ives*, &c., p. 315.)

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley writes much more freely about the persecutors than his brother John. He gives a description of the handiwork of a brother of Dr. Borlase, which includes probably an allusion to the arrest of Edward Greenfield (Charles spells the name Grinfill):

This man was once a gentleman of for-

tune, but is now a poor drunken spendthrift, brother to Dr. Borlase, and retained by that dispenser of justice to supply the defect of the laws. This champion they send forth drunk on all occasions. It was he that pressed my brother for a soldier; dragged away Edward Grinfill, though past age, from his business and family, for a soldier and sailor; assaulted Mr. Meriton, to serve him the same way; seized on Mr. Graves, the third clergyman, in bed, and hurried him on board a man-of-war. In a word, he seems raised up by Satan to support his tottering kingdom, and swears continually there shall never be any more preaching at St. Just.

Charles closes this description with an account of a prayer-meeting for the conversion of this 'poor soul,' afterwards preaching to a thousand hearers on 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

Three years ago he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness; but those old things had been for some time passed away, and he was then remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.

I asked a little gentleman at St. Just what objection there was to Edward Greenfield. He said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things; but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven!' And for this cause he is adjudged to banishment or death!

I preached at Morvah and Zennor in my return to St. Ives.

*Fri.* 28.—Mr. Thompson and Bennet<sup>1</sup> returned home.

*Sat.* 29.—I preached at St. Just again, and at Morvah and Zennor on *Sunday* the 30th. About six in the evening I began preaching at St. Ives, in the street, near John Nance's door. A multitude of people were quickly assembled, both high and low, rich and poor; and I observed not any creature to laugh or smile, or hardly move hand or foot. I expounded the Gospel for the day, beginning with 'Then drew near all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him.' A little before seven came Mr. Edwards from the mayor,<sup>2</sup> and ordered one to read the proclamation against riots. I concluded quickly after; but the body of the people appeared utterly unsatisfied, not knowing how to go away. Forty or fifty of them begged they might be present at the meeting of the society; and we rejoiced together for an hour in such a manner as I had never known before in Cornwall.

JULY 2, *Tues.*—I preached in the evening at St. Just. I observed not only several gentlemen there, who, I suppose, never came before, but a large body of tinnors, who stood at a distance from the rest; and a great multitude of men, women, and children beside, who seemed not well to know why they came. Almost as soon as we had done singing a kind of gentlewoman began. I have seldom seen a poor creature take so much pains. She scolded, and screamed, and spit, and stamped, and wrung

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. George Thompson, of St. Gennys, and the Rev. John Bennet, of Laneast. See above, p. 132.

<sup>2</sup> John Edwards, perhaps mayor in

the year 1749-50. The mayor of St. Ives at this time was Francis Stevens. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188.) John Stevens preceded him as mayor.



her hands, and distorted her face and body all manner of ways. I took no notice of her at all, good or bad; nor did almost any one else. Afterwards I heard she was one that had been bred a Papist; and when she heard we were so, rejoiced greatly. No wonder she should be proportionably angry when she was disappointed of her hope.

Mr. Eustick, a neighbouring gentleman, came just as I was concluding my sermon. The people opening to the right and left, he came up to me, and said, 'Sir, I have a warrant from Dr. Borlase, and you must go with me.' Then turning round, he said, 'Sir, are you Mr. Shepherd? If so, you are mentioned in the warrant, too. Be pleased, sir, to come with me.' We walked with him to a public-house, near the end of the town. Here he asked me if I was willing to go with him to the doctor. I told him just then, if he pleased. 'Sir,' said he, 'I must wait upon you to your inn; and in the morning, if you will be so good as to go with me, I will show you the way.' So he handed me back to my inn, and retired.

Wed. 3.—I waited till nine; but no Mr. Eustick came. I then desired Mr. Shepherd to go and inquire for him at the house wherein he had lodged; *si forte edormisset hoc villi*.<sup>1</sup> He met him coming, as he thought, to our inn. But after waiting some time we inquired again, and learned he had turned aside to another house in the town. I went thither, and asked, 'Is Mr. Eustick here?' After some pause, one said, 'Yes'; and showed me into the parlour. When he came down he said, 'Oh sir, will you be so good as to go with me to the doctor's?' I answered, 'Sir, I came for that purpose.' 'Are you ready, sir?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Sir, I am not quite ready. In a little time, sir, in a quarter of an hour, I will wait upon you. I will come to William Chenhalls'. In about three-quarters of an hour he came, and, finding there was no remedy, he called for his horse and put forward towards Dr. Borlase's house; but he was in no haste, so that we were an hour and a quarter riding three or four measured miles. As soon as we came into the yard, he asked a servant, 'Is the doctor at home?' Upon whose answering, 'No, sir, he is gone to

<sup>1</sup> 'If possibly he might have slept off this drop of wine' (Terence, *Adelphi*, v. ii. 11). (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 28.)



church,' he presently said, 'Well, sir, I have executed my commission. I have done, sir; I have no more to say.'

About noon Mr. Shepherd and I reached St. Ives. After a few hours' rest we rode to Gwennap. Finding the house would not contain one-fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the tombs; and, riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he; and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing a hymn. Upon this Mr. B.<sup>1</sup> lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, 'Seize him, seize him! I say, seize the preacher for his Majesty's service.' But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, 'I take you to serve his Majesty.' A servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm-in-arm for about three-quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time with the 'wickedness of the fellows belonging to the society.' When he was taking breath I said, 'Sir, be they what they will, I apprehend it will not justify you in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve his Majesty.' He replied, '*I seize you! And violently carry you away!*' No, sir; no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house, and you said you was willing; and if so, you are welcome; and if not, you are welcome to go where you please.' I answered, 'Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I will go with you myself.' He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

Thur. 4.—I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long in-

<sup>1</sup> Francis Beauchamp, of Pengreeb, Sheriff of Cornwall in 1755. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188.)

disposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm.<sup>1</sup> At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them; but it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, 'Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?'<sup>2</sup> (an unmeaning word which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist). No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door and filled the passage. Only a wainscot-partition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work, with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor Kitty was utterly astonished, and cried out, 'O sir, what must we do?' I said, 'We must pray.' Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, 'But, sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? To get into the closet?' I answered, 'No. It is best for me to stand just where I am.' Among those without were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into the harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and, coming up all together, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, 'Avast, lads, avast!' Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them, and said, 'Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?' I continued speaking till I came, bare-headed as I was (for I purposely left my hat, that they might all see my face), into the middle of the street, and then, raising my voice, said, 'Neighbours, countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak?' They cried

<sup>1</sup> The scene of this disturbance was almost certainly near Greenbank Terrace. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188.)

<sup>2</sup> 'Canorum.' This 'unmeaning word' is perhaps derived from the Cornish

*Canor* (Welsh *canwr*), a singer: an allusion to the love of singing among the Methodists. (*Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum*, by Rev. R. Williams, p. 44.)

vehemently, 'Yes, yes. He shall speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him.' But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However, I spoke without intermission, and, as far as the sound reached, the people were still; till one or two of their captains turned about and swore not a man should touch him. Mr. Thomas, a clergyman, then came up, and asked, 'Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?' He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town and one of the aldermen, with whom I walked down the town, speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. Maddern's house.<sup>1</sup> The gentlemen proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the meantime; but, on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out among the people again: so they chose to send my horse before me to Penryn, and to send me thither by water; the sea running close by the back-door of the house in which we were.<sup>2</sup>

I never saw before, no, not at Walsall itself, the hand of God so plainly shown as here. There I had many companions who were willing to die with me; here, not a friend, but one simple girl, who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. B.'s door. There I received some blows, lost part of my clothes, and was covered over with dirt; here, although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the mid-way; so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers: neither was anything thrown from first to last; so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes. Who can deny that God heareth the prayer, or that He hath all power in heaven and earth?

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who, seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues; but a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep, narrow pass-

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<sup>1</sup> 'The house into which he was assisted has been removed, but I am told that in the village of Buck's Head, near Truro, the door is still preserved, indented with

stones which were hurled against it.' (H. Arthur Smith, *Cornish Magazine*, October 1898.)

<sup>2</sup> *Meth. Rec.* Nov. 20, 1902.



age from the sea, at the top of which the foremost man stood. I looked him in the face, and said, 'I wish you a good night.' He spake not, nor moved hand or foot till I was on horseback. Then he said, 'I wish you was in hell,' and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of Tolcarn (in Wendron parish), where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, 'Why not?' They said, 'The church-wardens and constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you. They have a special warrant from the Justices met at Helston, who will stay there till you are brought.' I rode directly up the hill, and, observing four or five horsemen, well dressed, went straight to them, and said, 'Gentlemen, has any of you anything to say to me?—I am John Wesley.' One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should presume to say I was 'Mr. John Wesley.' And I know not how I might have fared for advancing so bold an assertion but that Mr. Collins, the minister of Redruth<sup>1</sup> (accidentally, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying he knew me at Oxford, my first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began: whether this preaching had done any good. I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed (after many words), 'People are the better for the present'; but added, 'To be sure, by-and-by they will be as bad, if not worse than ever.'

When he rode away one of the gentlemen said, 'Sir, I would speak with you a little: let us ride to the gate.' We did so, and he said, 'Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say that you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him.' Nay, surely, 'all the gentlemen in these parts' will not lie against their own conscience!

I rode thence to a friend's house, some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were

<sup>1</sup> John Collins, clerk, M.A., 1734-75. A member of one of the oldest clerical families in England, his direct ancestor, Edward Collins, one of the earliest of the married priests, having

been instituted to Illogan, June 15, 1533. For more than three hundred and fifty years this family has never been without a clerical representative in Cornwall. (Peter's Redruth Parish Register.)



many here also who had an earnest desire to hear 'this preaching,' but they did not dare, Sir [Francis] V[yvya]n<sup>1</sup> having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of church, 'If any man of this parish dares hear these fellows, he shall not—come to my Christmas-feast!'

*Fri. 5.*—As we were going to Trezelah (in Gulval parish) several met us in great consternation, and told us the constables and churchwardens were come, and waited for us. I went straight on, and found a serious congregation; but neither churchwarden nor constable, nor any creature to molest us, either at the preaching or at the meeting of the society. After so many storms we now enjoyed the calm, and praised God from the ground of the heart.

*Sat. 6.*—I rode with Mr. Shepherd to Gwennap. Here also we found the people in the utmost consternation. Word was brought that a great company of tinnerns, made drunk on purpose, were coming to do terrible things. I laboured much to compose their minds; but fear had no ears, so that abundance of people went away. I preached to the rest on 'Love your enemies.' The event showed this also was a false alarm, an artifice of the devil, to hinder men from hearing the word of God.

*Sun. 7.*—I preached, at five, to a quiet congregation, and about eight, at Stithians. Between six and seven in the evening we came to Tolcarn. Hearing the mob was rising again, I began preaching immediately. I had not spoke a quarter of an hour before they came in view. One Mr. Trounce<sup>2</sup> rode up first,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, 1698—Dec. 1745. Sheriff of Cornwall, 1739. Married Grace (Mary?) only daughter and heir of the Rev. Carew Hoblyn, a member of the family living at Nanswhyden. (Lieut.-Col. Vivian, *Visitations of Cornwall.*)

<sup>2</sup> Captain Trounce. 'I had a visit from Captain Trounce, the man who last year hindered my brother from preaching, and threw him over the wall.' (Charles Wesley's Journal, July 19, 1746.) But it should be noted that John Wesley, in *his* Journal, conveys no such impression. Probably Charles Wesley was misled by a report received locally. There is no

evidence that Captain Trounce was an actual persecutor. He became a Methodist, opening his house for worship. One of his descendants is to-day a Methodist at Cardiff (1911). Charles Wesley's note throws further light upon one of the causes of persecution:

I rode to Stithians, where the word begins to take root. The rebels of Helstone threatened hard. All manner of evil they say of us. Papists we are, that is certain; and are for bringing in the Pretender. Nay, the vulgar are persuaded I have brought him with me, and James Waller is the man. But a law is to come from London to-night to put us all down, and set £100 upon my head (Journal, July 19, 1746).

and began speaking to me, wherein he was roughly interrupted by his companions. Yet, as I stood on a high wall, and kept my eyes upon them, many were softened and grew calmer and calmer; which some of their champions observing, went round and suddenly pushed me down. I light upon my feet, without any hurt, and, finding myself close to the warmest of the horsemen, I took hold of his hand and held it fast while I expostulated the case. As for being convinced, he was quite above it: however, both he and his fellows grew much milder, and we parted very civilly.

*Mon. 8.*—I preached at five on ‘Watch and pray,’ to a quiet and earnest congregation. We then rode on to St. Ives, the most still and honourable post (so are the times changed) which we have in Cornwall.

*Tues. 9.*—I had just begun preaching at St. Just when Mr. E[ustick] came once more, took me by the hand, and said I must go with him. To avoid making a tumult, I went. He said I had promised last week not to come again to St. Just for a month. I absolutely denied the having made any such promise. After about half an hour he handed me back to my inn.

*Wed. 10.*—In the evening I began to expound (at Trevonan, in Morvah) ‘Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.’ In less than a quarter of an hour the constable and his companions came and read the proclamation against riots. When he had done I told him, ‘We will do as you require: we will disperse within an hour’; and went on with my sermon. After preaching, I had designed to meet the society alone. But many others also followed with such earnestness that I could not turn them back; so I exhorted them all to love their enemies, as Christ hath loved us. They felt what was spoken. Cries and tears were on every side; and all could bear witness—

Even now the Lord doth pour  
The blessing from above:  
A kindly, gracious shower  
Of heart-reviving love.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 11.*—I found some life even at Zennor; and on *Friday* the 12th at Gulval.

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 176.

*Sat.* 13.—I met the stewards of all the societies, at St. Ives; and preached in the evening at Gwennap without interruption.

*Sun.* 14.—At eight I preached at Stithians, and earnestly exhorted the society not to think of pleasing men, but to count all things loss so that they might win Christ. Before I had done the constables and churchwardens came, and pressed one of the hearers for a soldier.

*Mon.* 15.—Mr. Bennet<sup>1</sup> met us at Trewint, and told us Francis Walker<sup>2</sup> had been driven thence, and had since been an instrument of great good wherever he had been. Indeed I never remember so great an awakening in Cornwall, wrought in so short a time, among young and old, rich and poor, from Trewint quite to the sea-side.

I preached between four and five, and then went on to Laneast church, where I read prayers and preached on 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' Oh how pleasant a thing is even outward peace! What would not a man give for it, but a good conscience!

*Tues.* 16.—I read prayers at five, and preached in Tresmeer church. About three I preached in Week St. Mary church, on 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' Between six and seven I began reading prayers at Tamerton, where I preached on John iv. 24.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the Journals, three J. Bennets are named. They must be distinguished: (1) Rev. John Bennet, of Laneast, &c.; (2) John Bennet of Chinley, in Derbyshire, afterwards married to Grace Murray; and (3) J. Bennet of Trewallard, near St. Just, an exhorter, reported to Charles Wesley as 'covetous, proud.' Of the last-named, Charles Wesley says that in his house he found—

A dozen of the shattered society, which quickly increased to fifty or sixty. I perceived that as soon as we kneeled down there was a blessing in the remnant. . . . I spake with each of the society, and was amazed to find them just the reverse of what they had been represented. Most of them had kept their first love, even while men were riding over their heads, and they passed through fire and water. Their exhorter appeared a solid, humble Christian, raised up to stand

in the gap, and keep the trembling sheep together (Journal, July 23, 1746).

The Mr. Bennet here named is the Rev. John, of Laneast. See above, p. 132.

<sup>2</sup> See Atmore's *Methodist Memorial*, p. 437.

<sup>3</sup> Twelve months later Charles Wesley had an opportunity of reviewing the results of the work so far in Cornwall. He writes:

Well may the despisers behold and wonder. Here is a bush in the fire, burning yet not consumed! What have they not done to crush this rising sect? But, lo! they prevail nothing. . . . For one preacher they cut off, twenty spring up. Neither persuasion nor threatening, flattery nor violence, dungeons, or sufferings of various kinds, can conquer them. Many waters cannot quench this little spark which the Lord hath kindled, neither shall the floods of persecution drown it (July 23, 1746).

*Wed. 17.*—I rode to Mr. Thompson's, near Barnstaple, and the next evening to Minehead.<sup>1</sup> Early on *Friday* the 19th we went on board, and, in about four hours, crossed the Channel and reached Fônmon.

We were here, as it were, in a new world, in peace, and honour, and abundance. How soon should I melt away in this sunshine! But the goodness of God suffered it not. In the morning I rode to Cardiff, where also there had been much disturbance; but now all was calm. I preached there in the evening. God gave a blessing with His word, and we greatly rejoiced before Him.

*Sun. 21.*—I preached at Cardiff at five, and at Wenvoe morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached again at Cardiff, in the Castle-yard, on 'Great is the mystery of godliness.' I never saw such a congregation in Wales before: and all behaved as men fearing God.

*Mon. 22.*—I preached at half an hour after four, and then set out with Mr. Hodges, rector of Wenvoe, for Garth.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Phillips guided us, till he thought all the difficulty was over. But it proved otherwise; for, almost as soon as he left us, the night coming on, we got out of the road, and might very probably have wandered till daylight, had not a gentleman met us, and rode out of his way to show us to Mr. Gwynne's house.

*Tues. 23.*—I preached about noon at Maesmynys, to a larger congregation than the church could contain. About three I preached at Builth. Five clergymen of us were present, two Justices of Peace, and wellnigh all the grown people in the town. I had not known so solemn a season before since we came into Wales.

*Wed. 24.*—I preached at Builth again, and afterwards at

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<sup>1</sup> The Rev. George Thompson had a private residence at Brynsworthy, near Barnstaple. Wesley's visit probably was in connexion rather with the Conference to which he was going than with the scenes through which he and his friend had already passed. We may surmise that he hoped to induce Mr. Thompson to

accompany him to the Conference. The following evening he crossed Exmoor on his way to Minehead.

<sup>2</sup> Still with his eye upon the Conference, he rode from Cardiff, five and a half miles, to Wenvoe, where Mr. Hodges, who had been present at the first Conference, joined him.



Maesmynys. Thence Mr. Phillips<sup>1</sup> rode with us to Llanthew church, where I preached at six to a small, serious congregation, and the next evening, *Thursday* the 25th, I came back safe, blessed be God, to Bristol.<sup>2</sup>

I found both my soul and body much refreshed in this peaceful place.

AUG. 1, *Thur.*—On this and the following days, we had our second Conference, with as many of our brethren that labour in the word as could be present.<sup>3</sup>

During my stay here I took the opportunity of visiting the little societies round Bristol, in Wiltshire and Somersetshire.

<sup>1</sup> Vicar of Maesmynys, two miles from Builth.

<sup>2</sup> On Wednesday, July 31, Charles Wesley joined his brother in an examination of the society at Bristol. 'Mr. Gwynne, of Garth, accompanied us and rejoiced greatly in the grace given them.'

<sup>3</sup> The second Conference was held in Bristol, the following persons being met together at the New Room: John Wesley, Charles Wesley, John Hodges (these were clergymen of the Church of England), Thomas Richards, Samuel Larwood, Thomas Meyrick, James Wheatley, Richard Moss, John Slocumb (these were assistants); Herbert Jenkins, Marmaduke Gwyne (Gwynne). It was inquired: . . . There follow a series of questions and answers relating to the form of the Conference and the spirit in which its discussions were to take place. All that had been discussed at the previous Conference was to be read and weighed. They were to speak freely, and to be at liberty to retract, amend, or enlarge. The Conference should be a time of watching and self-denial. The society should be invited on the morrow to join with the Conference in fasting and prayer; there was to be the utmost freedom and the avoidance of haste and impatience. At seven o'clock in the morning the Conference addressed itself to the discussion of Justification. On Friday Assurance and other questions, doctrinal

and experimental, were discussed. Also such subjects as visions and dreams; the tendency among the assistants to preach too much of wrath and too little of the love of God; the danger of depreciating Justification in order to exalt Sanctification. At ten o'clock the Conference turned its attention to Sanctification, which occupied it for the rest of the day. On Saturday points of discipline, including church government, the avoidance of sharpness, bitterness, or resentment, the attitude to be observed toward the clergy when attacked by them, national sins, rules for the assistants. A list of twelve assistants is given, and the manner in which they are to spend their time is described; the possibility of a seminary for labourers; a little stock of medicines to be kept at London, Bristol, and Newcastle; the dates of Watch-nights, Intercession Days, Lovefeasts, and Letter-days; what Wesley should write next; the lawfulness of bearing arms; lists of books to be kept at London, Bristol, and Newcastle; and finally, When shall we meet here again? This is only a rough sketch of the elaborate Minutes preserved by John Bennet, and published by the Wesley Historical Society. The original contains corrections and interlineations in John Wesley's handwriting. It is said that on the occasion of this Conference Marmaduke Gwynne first met his future son-in-law, Charles Wesley.

*Mon.* 12.—I was desired to read over my old friend Anthony Purver's essay toward a new translation of the Bible.<sup>1</sup> But how was I disappointed! I found the text flat and dead; much altered indeed, but commonly for the worse; and the notes merely critical, dull, and dry, without any union, or spirit, or life.

I had now leisure to look over the letters I had received this summer, some extracts of which are here subjoined:

LONDON, *May 25, 1745.*

REV. SIR,

Mary Cook, who had been ill for above six months, grew much worse a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably serious, and greatly desirous of knowing her interest in Christ; but then her desires were much increased, and she had no rest in her spirit, but cried unto Him day and night. On Monday last she mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted. Then she lay still a while, and of a sudden broke out:

Praise God, from whom pure blessings flow!<sup>2</sup>

Her mother asked her the cause of this. She said, 'O mother, I am happy, I am happy: I shall soon go to heaven': and many more words she spoke to the same effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her still in a settled peace. She told me, 'I am assured of God's love to my soul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to Himself: Lord, hasten the time! I long to be with Thee.' On Tuesday and Wednesday she spoke little, being exceedingly weak; but continued instant in prayer. On Wednesday, about noon, she desired her mother to get her up into the chair, which she did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, she desired her to let her go. Then, placing herself upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majesty in her countenance, she said, 'Lord, receive my soul,' and expired.

BRISTOL, *June 6, 1745.*

I have delivered another of my charge to the Lord. On Saturday night Molly Thomas was taken home. She was always constant in the use of all the means, and behaved well both at home and abroad. After she was taken ill she was distressed indeed, between the pain of her body and the anguish of her soul. But where is all pain gone when Jesus comes?—when He manifests Himself to the heart? In

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 188.

ology by Charles Wesley, based on Ken's.

<sup>2</sup> Not merely a variation of Ken's (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 177.) line, but the first line of a distinct Dox-

that hour she cried out, 'Christ is mine ! I know my sins are forgiven me.' Then she sung praise to Him that loved her, and bought her with His own blood. The fear of death was gone, and she longed to leave her father, her mother, and all her friends. She said, 'I am almost at the top of the ladder : now I see the towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me : I shall soon go. 'Tis but for Christ to speak the word, and I am gone ; I only wait for that word, *Rise up, my love, and come away.*'

When they thought her strength was gone, she broke out again :

Christ hath the foundation laid,  
And Christ shall build me up :  
Surely I shall soon be made  
Partaker of my hope.  
Author of my faith He is ;  
He its finisher shall be :  
Perfect love shall seal me His  
To all eternity.<sup>1</sup>

So she fell asleep. O Lord my God, glory be to Thee for all things ! I feel such desires in my soul after God, that my strength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to spare ; and yet how many do I lose ! Lord Jesus, give me to be more and more diligent and watchful in all things. It is no matter to me how I was an hour ago. Is my soul now waiting upon God ? Oh that I may in all things, and through all things, see nothing but Christ ! Oh that when He comes He may find me watching !

SARAH COLSTON.<sup>2</sup>

June 27, 1745.

DEAR SIR,

I sat up with Isaac Kilby<sup>3</sup> three nights, and, being greatly comforted by many of his expressions, I believed it would not be losing time to set a few of them down.

On Wednesday, June 19, when I came into the house, he was supposed to be near his end. His body was in great pain, and just gasping for breath ; but his mind was in perfect peace.

He had little strength to speak ; but when he did (which was now and then on a sudden, as if immediately supported for that purpose) his words were strangely powerful, just as if they came from one who was now before the throne of glory.

When he had just drank something I said, 'All may drink of the

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 177.

on his death-bed, Sept. 2, 1739.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley visited Mr. Colston

<sup>3</sup> *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 22.

water of life freely.' He lifted up his hands in great love and said, 'Yea, all, all ! all the world.'

After long silence he suddenly asked me how I felt myself. I replied, 'I find great consolation from the Lord.' He said, 'How strange it is that such a rebel as I should bring glory to God !'

When dozing, his mind would rove ; but even then his discourse consisted chiefly of strong exhortations to some of his acquaintance to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

On Friday I called and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God and of his own unworthiness.

Mention being made concerning his burial (in the beginning of his sickness he had desired that Mr. Wesley might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth'), he said, 'Now I do not think of such things ; bury me as you will ; yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. Wesley pleases.'

He said to me, 'Oh go on, and you will rejoice as I do in the like condition.' He prayed that he might die before the morning ; but added, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'

Thus he continued till Wednesday, June 25, when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked, 'Isaac, how do you find your soul?' he answered, 'I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter.' And about half an hour after twelve he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb for ever.

Some circumstances related in the following letter, which some may account odd accidents, I think are such instances of the providence of God as ought to be had in remembrance :

BRISTOL, *June 28, 1745.*

REV. SIR,

On May 31 I went to Sykehouse and exhorted the people at all opportunities. On Monday, June 3, about three o'clock in the morning, W. Holme<sup>1</sup> came to me and said, 'Brother Moss, I have been just awaked by a dream that the constables and churchwardens came to press you for a soldier. I would have you get up and go to Norton.' I did so, and he walked with me about half a mile. At his return the constables and churchwardens were come. They asked him,

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 109 and 164, and *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 58. His widow survived him thirty years, and died in peace.



'Where is the preacher?' He said, 'I have just carried him away; but have you a warrant to press such men as these?' They answered, 'Yes, we have; and will press him if we see him here again.' He replied, 'You shall see him again in that day when the Lord shall judge the world in righteousness.'

He came and told me, and advised me to go thence. So I went to Epworth on Tuesday. On Wednesday night I had spoke about a quarter of an hour when the churchwardens and constables came. They bade me stop. I told them, 'I will when I have delivered my message.' They cried, 'Bring him away! bring him away!' I thought, 'But they cannot, unless the Lord will.' The constable coming up to me, I looked him in the face, and he shrank back and said, 'I cannot take him.' His companions swore, 'But we will fetch him soon.' As they were pressing on many of the people got between, and kept so close together that for near half an hour they could get no further. Glory be to God, my soul all the time was rather in heaven than on earth.

They went out to consult what to do, and soon returned with great staves, wherewith they beat down several that stood in their way; but still they could not make their passage through, till Mr. Maw<sup>1</sup> came (the chief gentleman in the town) and sent for me into the house. There we prayed and sung hymns till about eleven o'clock. He then advised me to go out of the town. So many of our brethren went with me to Robert Taylor's house at Burnham, where we continued praying and praising God till about four o'clock in the morning. I then rode back to Norton, and from thence, by Leeds, Birstall, and Barley Hall, to Sheffield.

On Wednesday evening, June 12, as I was privately conversing with a few of the people, the constables and churchwardens came up and dragged me downstairs. But quickly one of them listened a little, and cried out, 'They are at prayers: I will have nothing to do in this matter.' The rest began to look at one another, took their hands off me, and went their way. I went from Sheffield through Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, to Birmingham; and so on by Evesham and Stanley. In most places I was threatened; but out of all dangers the Lord delivered me. I remain,

Your child and servant in Christ,

RICHARD MOSS.

LONDON, *July 10, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,

The faith you mention I have experienced much of, though not continually, but am groaning for all the glorious privileges of the

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 135.

children of God ; and I really believe the greater part of us are earnestly seeking, and patiently aspiring after, this full redemption.

Heavenly meetings we have had on Wednesday evenings since we have opened our minds freely to each other. No one speaks but in the fear of God, so that what is spoke by any is felt by all the rest. And if any one begins to tell an unprofitable tale there is a stop put to it, without offence : so that since I have belonged to the society, I never found so great love and unity in this meeting. Indeed, so awful it sometimes is that I seem to be little less than a spirit, casting down my crown before the throne.

I find it necessary to follow after perfection in everything, in every place, and in every hour. There are many thoughts I think, many words I speak, and many of my works, I find are now perfect in their kind ; that is thought, spoke, and done with a single eye to the glory of God. I cannot think I ought to look for perfection in the future, and so sit still and idle at present. I received the grace of God, which I now must occupy, or suffer loss.

Certainly God is pleased or displeased with all my thoughts, words, and actions ; which is manifested to me by the convictions of His Holy Spirit. And the more I obey God the more holy I am ; and the more holy I am the more I please God. Or, as one expresses it, 'The more I deny myself in thought, word, and deed, of pride, lust, anger, self-will, worldly-mindedness, the more the good Spirit will dwell and abide in me ; for where sin is, it drives the good Spirit away.' When my conscience is void of offence I enjoy a continual sense of my justification ; from which flows unspeakable peace, love, and happiness.

I find more and more I must deny myself. Whatever others may do, I find no peace (nor do I desire it) while my thoughts, words, or actions are agreeable to nature.

This is my misfortune. Nature has still a part in me, and I often yield to evil thoughts, trifling words, or foolish actions—works done not in faith, which grieve the Spirit of God, and bring me into misery and trouble. Yet I have a good hope I shall go on from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer.

All is peaceable in this great city. How long it will remain so is known only to Him that knows all things. My soul seems preparing for a storm, and the Spirit of Truth is continually teaching me to divest myself of all things ; that, being in readiness, that hour may not come upon me unawares. I have nothing outwardly, glory be to God, that keeps me confined to the earth ; and I hope what is still in me contrary to the purity of Him before whom I must shortly stand without a covering will be taken away 'before I depart hence to be no more seen.'

*Tues. 13.*—I rode to Cirencester, and preached there in the

evening; *Wednesday* the 14th at Oxford; *Thursday* the 15th at Wycombe; and on *Friday* the 16th at London.

*Sat.* 17.—I had much conversation with Mr. Simpson, an original enthusiast. That I might understand him the more thoroughly, I desired him in the evening to give an exhortation to the penitents. He did so, and spoke many good things, in a manner peculiar to himself. When he had done I summed up what he had said, methodizing and explaining it. Oh what pity it is this well-meaning man should ever speak without an interpreter! <sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 25.—I saw a poor man, once joined with us, who wanted nothing in this world but the peace the world cannot give. A day or two before he had hanged himself, but was cut down before he was dead. He had been crying out ever since, God had left him, because he had left the children of God; but he now began to have some glimmering of hope that God would not hide His face for ever.

SEPT. 3, *Tues.*—Great was our joy in the Lord at the public reading of the letters. Part of one was as follows:

BETLEY, near NANTWICH, *August 24, 1745.*

I rejoice that the Lord stirs you up more and more to labour in His vineyard. I am persuaded it is not a small matter, whether we speak or let it alone. If I go into any company, and there be an opportunity to reprove or exhort, and I come away without using it, I am as much condemned in my own conscience as if I had robbed them. Pray for me, that I may have patience to endure the contradiction of sinners; and that I may always remember 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.'

*Sunday*, August 4, we met as usual. As soon as we had begun prayer there came the curate, with a lawyer. He stayed till we had done prayer, and then asked, 'What is the intent of your meeting?' I answered, 'To build each other up in our most holy faith.' He said, 'But what method do you use?' I answered, 'This is the third Sunday that I have met these my brethren. The first Sunday we read the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and exhorted one another to follow after the holiness and happiness there described. Last Sunday we considered the sixth. And now, if we are not hindered, we shall go on to the

<sup>1</sup> See Wesley's *Works*, vol. ix. p. 140—  
a letter to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester.

Warburton wrote a tract in which he  
gave an account of Simpson's enthusiasm.



[illegible][illegible]

2 mos. 5.5.5.5.

*Scilla.*

My Mr. Southwick's a grand v. g. Dr. v. l.  
 think to see her more. Glad to hear from  
 I have made it her's with me as it ap-  
 pears indications to say I am in health  
 yet I protest for true.

TWO PAGES OF A LETTER BY MISS ANNE GRANVILLE ('SELIMA') TO JOHN WESLEY ('CYRUS').

Copied by Wesley into the Note-book which about thirteen years later he used for Lists of Society, Bands, Penitents, and Select Society. This letter is of value because it proves that the Wesley-Granville friendship was not sundered by the Holy Club (see vol. I. Intro. pp. 23, 24, 66).





seventh.' He bade us go on, and he would stay a little and hear us. By the desire of the rest, I read the chapter ; which I had scarce done, when the lawyer began a long harangue concerning the danger we were in of running mad. I answered, ' Sir, as I perceive you have no design to help us, if you will not hinder us we shall take it as a favour.' He went out directly, and left the curate with us, who began to exhort us not to be over anxious about our salvation, but to divert ourselves a little. I told him, ' Sir, we desire, whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God.' ' What,' said he, ' do you deny all diversions ? ' I said, ' All which do not agree with that rule.' He hurried away, and said, as he went, ' I wish you do not fall into some error.'

The following week grievous threatenings were given out of what we should suffer if we met again. On *Friday* the 9th a gentleman sent for me and told me he would hire a mob to pull the house down, for we were the most disturbing dogs in the nation. I said, ' Sir, if there be a disturbance now, it will lie at your door. A few of us intend to meet on Sunday, after sermon, to encourage one another in serving God. You say, if we do, you will have the house pulled down : and then you will say we have made the disturbance.' He said he would send for me another time, and have an hour's discourse with me.

On *Sunday* the man at whose house we were to meet was warned by his landlady not to receive us ; for, if he did, the house would surely be pulled down. However, he did receive us. A great many people coming about the house, he told them if they had a mind they might come in ; so they came in, as many as the house would hold. I told them all the design of our meeting. Then we prayed, and I read the first chapter of St. James, and spoke a little on those words, ' If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.' And two more of our brethren testified, by their own experience, that He is a God of truth. They stood as dumb men till we had done, nor did one afterward open his mouth against us.

From this time we have been threatened more and more, especially by the gentry, who say they will send us all for soldiers. Nevertheless, on *Sunday* the 18th we had a quiet and comfortable meeting. We considered the third chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter, which was the Evening Lesson for the day. We were thankful for the record that is there left us of the treatment we are to meet with. And we are all much humbled that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of Christ.

I have been ill this fortnight, having got a great cold, but am obliged to keep it to myself as much as I can ; because a person here cannot have the very form of godliness, but if he is sick that is the cause of it. I seem not to desire life or death, but that the will of God may be done.

*Fri. 6.*<sup>1</sup>—Many of our friends were grieved at the advertisement which James Hutton had just published, by order of Count Zinzendorf, declaring that he and his people had no connexion with Mr. John and Charles Wesley.<sup>2</sup> But I believed that declaration would do us no more harm than the prophecy which the Count subjoined to it—that we should soon run our heads against the wall. We will not, if we can help it.

*Sun. 8.*—In the evening I desired the society to stay, that we might commend each other to God, as not knowing how He might see good to dispose of us before we saw each other's face again.

*Mon. 9.*—I left London, and the next morning called on Dr. Doddridge,<sup>3</sup> at Northampton. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a portion of Scripture to the young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain.

In the evening the church at Markfield was full, while I explained 'The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.'

*Wed. 11.*—I preached at Sheffield. I had designed to go round by Epworth; but hearing of more and more commotions in the north, I judged it best to go straight on to Newcastle.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 4 Wesley received a letter from James Erskine discussing the subject of a visit to Scotland. See Moore, vol. ii. p. 94; *Meth. Mag.* 1797, Supplement, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> See *Memoirs of Hutton*, pp. 180-2, where the declaration is printed.

<sup>3</sup> Doddridge at this time was almost the only leading Dissenter who maintained friendly relations with Wesley.

<sup>4</sup> A momentous chapter of English history had just opened. Charles Edward had sailed from Brittany, landed in Scotland, and proclaimed his father. George II with the English army was in Flanders. From Sept. 4, when the Stuart was proclaimed in Perth, until April 16, 1746, when the battle of Culloden finally sealed the fate of the Stuarts, the country was more or less a prey to what Wesley calls 'commotions.' In the early days of September it was believed that the Pretender's victorious

army might appear shortly at the gates of Newcastle. Wesley felt that at this juncture his place was with his own people at the points of greatest peril. Rumour selected various routes by which the Highland army might march towards London. Newcastle, Durham, York, Leeds, was one. From the Methodist point of view Leeds and Newcastle were the two centres of gravest danger. Wesley, hearing the news at Sheffield, promptly changed his route and rode to Leeds, lingering there that he might advise and strengthen the societies within reach. He spent one clear day at another danger-spot—Osmotherley—arriving at Newcastle on the very day of the most intense consternation. The national history of the time must be read elsewhere (in Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, for instance, and for local history, in Brand's *History of Newcastle*). The Methodist story with

<p> <u>Wards</u>  <u>Hart</u>          17th Nov          18th Nov          19th Nov          20th Nov          21st Nov          22nd Nov          23rd Nov          24th Nov          25th Nov          26th Nov          27th Nov          28th Nov          29th Nov          30th Nov          1st Dec          2nd Dec          3rd Dec          4th Dec          5th Dec          6th Dec          7th Dec          8th Dec          9th Dec          10th Dec          11th Dec          12th Dec          13th Dec          14th Dec          15th Dec          16th Dec          17th Dec          18th Dec          19th Dec          20th Dec          21st Dec          22nd Dec          23rd Dec          24th Dec          25th Dec          26th Dec          27th Dec          28th Dec          29th Dec          30th Dec          31st Dec       </p>	<p>         17th Nov          18th Nov          19th Nov          20th Nov          21st Nov          22nd Nov          23rd Nov          24th Nov          25th Nov          26th Nov          27th Nov          28th Nov          29th Nov          30th Nov          1st Dec          2nd Dec          3rd Dec          4th Dec          5th Dec          6th Dec          7th Dec          8th Dec          9th Dec          10th Dec          11th Dec          12th Dec          13th Dec          14th Dec          15th Dec          16th Dec          17th Dec          18th Dec          19th Dec          20th Dec          21st Dec          22nd Dec          23rd Dec          24th Dec          25th Dec          26th Dec          27th Dec          28th Dec          29th Dec          30th Dec          31st Dec       </p>	<p>         17th Nov          18th Nov          19th Nov          20th Nov          21st Nov          22nd Nov          23rd Nov          24th Nov          25th Nov          26th Nov          27th Nov          28th Nov          29th Nov          30th Nov          1st Dec          2nd Dec          3rd Dec          4th Dec          5th Dec          6th Dec          7th Dec          8th Dec          9th Dec          10th Dec          11th Dec          12th Dec          13th Dec          14th Dec          15th Dec          16th Dec          17th Dec          18th Dec          19th Dec          20th Dec          21st Dec          22nd Dec          23rd Dec          24th Dec          25th Dec          26th Dec          27th Dec          28th Dec          29th Dec          30th Dec          31st Dec       </p>	<p>         17th Nov          18th Nov          19th Nov          20th Nov          21st Nov          22nd Nov          23rd Nov          24th Nov          25th Nov          26th Nov          27th Nov          28th Nov          29th Nov          30th Nov          1st Dec          2nd Dec          3rd Dec          4th Dec          5th Dec          6th Dec          7th Dec          8th Dec          9th Dec          10th Dec          11th Dec          12th Dec          13th Dec          14th Dec          15th Dec          16th Dec          17th Dec          18th Dec          19th Dec          20th Dec          21st Dec          22nd Dec          23rd Dec          24th Dec          25th Dec          26th Dec          27th Dec          28th Dec          29th Dec          30th Dec          31st Dec       </p>
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LISTS OF BANDS IN THE LONDON SOCIETY, 1745.

In the handwriting of the amanuensis or secretary. Compare Kingswood Rules, British Museum Ms. on Grace Murray, &c. The names of Leaders are written in by John Wesley, also additional names. No finance on the Band Lists.



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THE COPY,

1.

*Thur. 12.*—I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight met the society; after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones greater part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening; and so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this! that the bulk of the English nation will not suffer God to give them the blessings He would, because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies; for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces. He cannot trust them with victory, lest they should thank Him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

On *Saturday* and *Sunday* I preached at Armley, Birstall, and Leeds; and on *Monday* the 16th rode to Osmotherley.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 17.*—I saw the poor remains of the old chapel on the brow of the hill, as well as those of the Carthusian monastery (called Mount Grace), which lay at the foot of it. The walls of the church, of the cloister, and some of the cells, are tolerably entire; and one may still discern the partitions between the little gardens, one of which belonged to every cell. Who knows but some of the poor, superstitious monks who once served God here according to the light they had, may meet us, by-and-by, in that house of God 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?'<sup>2</sup>

which it was so strangely interwoven Wesley narrates with sufficient fullness. It is only necessary to interpose an explanatory note here and there.

<sup>1</sup> Twice during these weeks of peril Wesley visited Adams, the priest, or ex-priest, at Osmotherley. His reason for doing so we can only surmise. We may rest assured that it was not to study ecclesiastical remains—though incidentally he did study them, and with not a little sympathy—still less to flout in the eyes of a highly excited Protestant populace his friendship with a Roman Catholic priest. But if Adams was no longer a priest, as now seems wellnigh certain (see 'Was Adams of Osmotherley

a Priest or Not?' *W.M. Mag.* Jan. 1903), it is quite conceivable that Wesley hoped to find in him an enlightened, courageous, and devoted helper, with property in Osmotherley, who would be a good friend to the society, not only in his own village but in the North-allerton district, so rich in Methodist possibilities and at the same time in peril.

<sup>2</sup> The old chapel is still known as the Lady's Chapel, and was not improbably the building in which Wesley preached on his first visit. It was then much less dilapidated than now. It must have had some connexion with the Mount Grace ruins and lands, as both belonged to the

*Wed.* 18.—About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants in the utmost consternation,<sup>1</sup> news being just arrived, that, the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of Jonah; insisting particularly on that verse, 'Who can tell if God will return, and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?'

*Thur.* 19.—The mayor (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town to meet him at the Town Hall; and desired as many of them as were willing to set their hands to a paper<sup>2</sup> importing that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy while God applied those words to many hearts, 'Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.'

*Fri.* 20.—The mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now, also, Pilgrim-street Gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for *us*, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in Him.

I had desired all our brethren to join with us this day in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met, and poured out our souls before Him; and we believed He would send an answer of peace.

*Sat.* 21.—The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat.<sup>3</sup> Orders were now given for the doubling

same family until recently. If Adams was the custodian of the chapel (or owner), he would be able to admit the Wesleys to preach in it. After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, the lands and buildings, by gift or purchase, passed into lay hands. Here we see an old Carthusian gownsboy trained at Charterhouse through the munificence of the merchant prince,

Thomas Sutton, examining the walls, cells, and cloisters of a sister monastery, not, we may be sure, without memories of his own school-boy days.

<sup>1</sup> For the panic see Richard Burdsall's *Life*, pp. 3, 4.

<sup>2</sup> For the paper in full see *Orphan House*, pp. 68, 69.

<sup>3</sup> See *Gentl.'s Mag.* 1745, p. 221, for an account of the disaster.

of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sally-Port Gates. In the afternoon I wrote the following letter :

TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE

SIR,

My not waiting upon you at the Town Hall was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office' sake ; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God every magistrate in the land would copy after such an example ! Much less was it owing to any disaffection to his Majesty King George. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at Newcastle : I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

All I can do for his Majesty, whom I honour and love—I think not less than I did my own father—is this : I cry unto God, day by day, in public and in private, to put all his enemies to confusion ; and I exhort all that hear me to do the same ; and in their several stations, to exert themselves as loyal subjects, who, so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the King.

Permit me, sir, to add a few words more, out of the fullness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense that His kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom, then (I may ask you), should we flee for succour, but unto Him whom, by our sins, we have justly displeased ? Oh, sir, is it not possible to give any check to these overflowings of ungodliness ?—to the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and profaneness, which so abound even in our streets ? I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve direct you in this and all things ! This is the daily prayer of, sir,

Your obedient servant for Christ's sake,

J. W.

*Sun. 22.*—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours, on either hand, were busy in removing their goods.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wesley wrote to his brother Charles on Sept. 22, 1745 :

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have only just time to inform you that since the account is confirmed by an express through the mayor that General Cope is fled, and his forces defeated (all that did not run away), the consternation of the poor people is redoubled. The townsmen are put under arms, the walls planted with cannon ; and those who live without the gates are removing their goods with all speed. We stand our ground as yet, glory

be to God, to the no small astonishment of our neighbours. Brethren, pray for us, that, if need be, we may—

True in the fiery trial prove,  
And pay Him back His dying love.

Adieu !

Charles Wesley writes (*Journal*, Sept. 26, 1745) :

Tidings came that General Cope was cut off, with all his army. The room was crowded in the evening. I warned them, with all authority, to flee to the mountains, escape to the strong tower, even the name of Jesus.



And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world. How do all things tend to the furtherance of the gospel!

I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any church at Newcastle as was that at St. Andrew's this morning.<sup>1</sup> The place appeared as indeed the house of God; and the sermon Mr. Ellison preached was strong and weighty, which he could scarce conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the north continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls: others told us we must remove quickly; for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted; and I could not but adore the providence of God, for it was obvious: (1) They were all planted in such a manner that no shot could touch our house. (2) The cannon on Newgate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-street Gate on the other, that none could come near our house, either way, without being torn in pieces.

On *Friday* and *Saturday* many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the north was one whom the mayor ordered to be apprehended on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly, sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels which were thereby effectually prevented.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Newcastle Mag.* 1750, p. 503.

<sup>2</sup> The day before this memorable Sunday Wesley wrote a long, momentous letter to 'Mr. John Smith.' The letter

is published in the *Works* (vol. xii. p. 56). The person so named addressed a series of letters to Wesley in manuscript, to which Wesley replied at length. The

*Sun.* 29.—Advice came that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening.<sup>1</sup> At eight I called on a multitude of sinners in Gateshead to seek the Lord while He might be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the Lesson for the day, Jacob wrestling with the angel. The congregation was so moved that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God to send his Majesty King George help from His holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I visited some of the societies in the country, and, on *Wednesday*, OCTOBER 2, returned to Newcastle, where they were just informed that the rebels had left Edinburgh on Monday, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon that this also was a false alarm, it being only a party which had moved southward, the main body still remaining in their camp a mile or two from Edinburgh.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I visited the rest of the country societies. On *Saturday* a party of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town; and orders were given

correspondence was continued for nearly three years, and was first published by Henry Moore in his *Life of Wesley*. It is believed that John Smith was the *nom-de-plume* of Thomas Secker, at that time Bishop of Oxford and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The son of a Dissenter, he was himself originally designed for the Dissenting ministry. Scruples of conscience blocked his way, and he turned to the study of medicine. At Leyden he took the degree of M.D. Returning to England in 1721 he entered himself at Exeter College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; and in the year following was ordained. He served successively in the sees of Bristol and Oxford, and in 1758 was advanced to the Primacy. The correspondence was private throughout. 'John Smith' said

that, 'as he lived at a considerable distance from London,' a letter would find him, directed to 'John Smith, at Mr. Richard Mead's, the Golden Cross, Cheapside.' He introduced himself to Wesley in a very candid and liberal manner, and preserved candour and good temper through the greatest part of their controversy. Whitehead observes that 'John Smith yielded up several things to Mr. Wesley in whole or in part, yet he pressed him on one or two points of doctrine, and I think his objections had afterwards some influence on Mr. Wesley's mind. There are six [letters] on each side, written with ability and spirit.'

<sup>1</sup> The rebel army did *not* come to Newcastle in their march to Derby nor in their retreat to Scotland. They retreated by way of Penrith.

by the general that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could that the design of the Prince (as they called him) was to seize on Tynemouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition; and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town. And if this had been done he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The mayor immediately sent to Tynemouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

*Tues. 8.*—I wrote to General Husk as follows:

A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come upstairs to me, nor so much as into the house; but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street, where he said, 'You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the general will pull them down for you.'

Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of his Majesty's subjects at so critical a time as this.

I am ready, if it may be for his Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down; or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency's hands.

*Wed. 9.*—It being supposed that the danger was over for the present, I preached at four in Gateshead<sup>1</sup> (at John Lyddel's) on, 'Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong'; and then, taking horse with Mr. Shepherd, in the evening reached Sandhutton.

*Thur. 10.*<sup>2</sup>—We dined at Ferrybridge, where we were conducted to General Wentworth, who did us the honour to read over all the letters we had about us. We lay at Doncaster, nothing pleased with the drunken, cursing, swearing soldiers

<sup>1</sup> For illustrated articles on Gateshead and Gateshead Fell ('the Kingswood of the North') see *Meth. Rec.* June 1, 1899, July 18, 1901, and Nov. 2, 1911. During his absence from Newcastle Wesley

left John Trembath to supply his place.

<sup>2</sup> This is the date at the end of the pamphlet *Advice to the People called Methodists*.

who surrounded us on every side. Can these wretches succeed in anything they undertake? I fear not, if there be a God that judgeth the earth.

*Fri. 11.*—I rode to Epworth, and preached in the evening on the third of Jonah. I read to-day part of the *Meditations of Marcus Antoninus*.<sup>1</sup> What a strange emperor! And what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed! In particular, for His good inspiration, and for twice revealing to him in dreams things whereby he was cured of (otherwise) incurable distempers. I make no doubt but this is one of those ‘many’ who ‘shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,’ while ‘the children of the kingdom,’ nominal Christians, are ‘shut out.’

*Sun. 13.*—I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Romley preach an earnest, affectionate sermon, exhorting all men to prevent the judgements of God by sincere, inward, universal repentance. It rained both before and after, but not while I preached at the Cross in the afternoon. In the evening I strongly exhorted the society to ‘fear God and honour the King.’

*Mon. 14.*—I rode to Sheffield. We were much at a loss in the evening what to do with the congregation. They stood above stairs, and below, and in the yard; but still there was not room.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 15.*—I wrote *A Word in Season*<sup>3</sup>; or, *Advice to an*

<sup>1</sup> For an account of Marcus Aurelius, or Antoninus, see Farrar's *Seekers after Goa*, p. 259. Charles Wesley ‘learnt from him some useful lessons, particularly not to resent, not to revenge myself, not to let my peace be at the mercy of every injurious person.’ An edition of the *Meditations* was published in Glasgow in 1742.

<sup>2</sup> The reference is to the rebuilt room in Penistone Street.

<sup>3</sup> Now published in Wesley's *Works*, vol. xi. It shows that the success of the rebellion would mean the restoration of Popery to supreme power and the loss

of English liberty; that the prevalence of ungodliness was a principal cause of the national sufferings; and it gives an urgent call to repentance. An edition called the third has two hymns annexed: one, ‘Regard, Thou righteous God and true,’ and one for his Majesty King George. Many editions were issued, some with, others without, the hymns. The first edition does not seem to have been traced. Probably in it also the hymns were printed. In the *Collected Works*, 1771, this note is added: ‘This was published at the beginning of the late rebellion.’



*Englishman.* The next morning I preached at Barley Hall, and then rode on for Leeds. I preached there at five, and the next morning and evening, without any noise or interruption.

*Fri. 18.*—At one I preached at Oulton. The little company there do indeed love as brethren. I divided the residue of my time between Birstall and Leeds; and on *Monday* the 21st took my leave of them for a short season and rode to Mr. Adams's, at Osmotherley.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 22.*—I came to Newcastle in the evening, just as Mr. Trembath was giving out the hymn; and as soon as it was ended began preaching, without feeling any want of strength.

*Wed. 23.*—I found all things calm and quiet; the consternation of the people was over. But the seriousness which it had occasioned in many continued and increased.

*Sat. 26.*—I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter<sup>2</sup>:

SIR,

The fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for his Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action.

My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of Newcastle, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a Christian or an honest infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour hear this without concern, especially if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these unhappy men themselves? For can it be expected that God should be on their side who are daily affronting Him to His face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail!

Is there no man who careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay, and do just nothing.

I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies to call these poor sinners to repentance once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts), at any hour, or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this, unless what my Lord shall give at His appearing.

<sup>1</sup> This was Wesley's third visit to Osmotherley.

<sup>2</sup> At this time fifteen thousand troops were encamped on Newcastle Moor.

If it be objected (from our heathenish poet), 'This conscience will make cowards of us all'<sup>1</sup>; I answer, Let us judge by matter of fact. Let either friends or enemies speak. Did those who feared God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did J[ohn] H[aime], the dragoon, betray any cowardice before or after his horse sunk under him? Or did W[illiam] C[lements], when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans, when the cannon-ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him, as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the King? as one who feared nothing, but lest his last breath should be spent in vain.

If it were objected that I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions, that might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears<sup>2</sup>: and they may judge whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein; but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and country. If it be judged that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, sir, to believe that I have the same glorious cause, for which you have shown so becoming a zeal, earnestly at heart; and that therefore, I am, with warm respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant.

*Sun. 27.*—I received a message from Mr. Ridley that he would communicate my proposal to the General, and return me his answer as soon as possible.<sup>3</sup>

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Biddick, where the first are become last. I preached on 'Will ye also go away?' Many appeared to be cut to the heart; but it is well if these convictions also do not pass away as the morning cloud.

*Tues. 29.*—A young gentleman called upon me whose father is an eminent minister in Scotland, and was in union with Mr. Glass<sup>4</sup> till Mr. Glass renounced him because they did

<sup>1</sup> Wesley quotes inexactly from Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III. i. 83.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Cumberland himself, unknown to the preacher, had heard John Haime preach. *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 291.

<sup>3</sup> The offer does not appear to have been accepted, since a few days after we find Wesley preaching frequently 'at a small distance from the camp.' See Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 74. But he

was in the camp itself on Sunday, Nov. 3.

<sup>4</sup> John Glass, born at Dundee 1698, died in 1773. In 1727 he published a book to prove that the civil establishment of religion is inconsistent with the gospel, for which he was deposed by the General Assembly. He gathered followers who were called by his name in Scotland, but in England were denominated 'Sandemanians,' from another leader.

not agree as to the eating of blood. (Although I wonder any should disagree about this who have read the fifteenth chapter of the Acts, and considered that no Christian in the universe did eat it till the Pope repealed the law which had remained at least ever since Noah's flood.) Are not these things in Scotland also for our instruction? How often are we warned not to fall out by the way? Oh that we may never make anything, more or less, the term of union with us but the having the mind which was in Christ, and the walking as He walked!

*Thur. 31.*—At ten I preached on the Town Moor, at a small distance from the English camp (the Germans<sup>1</sup> lying by themselves), on 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' None attempted to make the least disturbance, from the beginning to the end. Yet I could not reach their hearts. The words of a scholar did not affect them like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

*Nov. 1, Fri.*—A little after nine, just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A lieutenant endeavoured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done he tried to make amends by getting up where I stood and telling the soldiers all I had said was very good.

*Sat. 2.*—The rain was stayed to-day also, from nine to ten (it fell both before and after), while I preached on 'The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise might be given to them that believe.' And I began to perceive some fruit of my labour, not only in the number of my hearers but in the power of God, which was more and more among them, both to wound and to heal.

*Sun. 3.*—I had preached about half-hour after eight, to a larger congregation than any before, on 'The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.' And were it only for the sake of this hour, I should not have thought much of staying here longer than I intended. Between one and two in the afternoon I went to the camp once more. Abundance of people now flocked together, horse and foot, rich and poor,

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<sup>1</sup> Some thousands of whom were then in the pay of England.

to whom I declared, 'There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' I observed many Germans standing disconsolate at the skirts of the congregation. To these I was constrained (though I had discontinued it so long) to speak a few words in their own language. Immediately they gathered up close together, and drank in every word.

I received two or three letters while I was at Newcastle, part of which is here subjoined :

DEAR SIR,

For more than three years I walked clearly in the light of God's countenance. Nothing could interrupt my peace, nor did I feel the least rising of an evil temper; so that I believed I was, in the full sense, born of God; but at last I found I had been mistaken. It is now about a year since I found I could not bear all things: I could not bear to be slighted by those I loved. This occasioned pride and resentment to rise in my heart, so that I was forced to own, 'I have still an evil heart.' Then I was tempted to despair; but the Lord was still nigh me, and lifted up my head. He showed me my sin; yet did He not hide Himself from me; but I could still call Him 'my Lord, and my God.'

It does not appear to me that there is any need for us, in this case, to try to pull down one another. For though a person does think he has attained, when he has not, yet if he be simple and sincere, and desires to know himself, God will show him, in the time and manner that seemeth Him best.

As to myself, I often think, had I been faithful to the grace of God, I never had needed to know trouble more. For I believe He would have carried me on from grace to grace, till He had made me meet for glory. But I know not if it is needful that I should see more of my heart. May His will be done! Only make me faithful in the fight, and then do what seemeth Thee good.

I find a great difference between what I once felt in myself and what I feel now. Then I felt nothing but love, and peace, and joy in believing. Now, though I feel a measure of all these heavenly tempers, yet I feel other tempers also; and if I do not continually fight against them I am overcome. The devil tempted me then; but it was as nothing; for he seemed to have no part in me. But now I find an enemy in my own bosom, that is ready to betray me every moment. I believe, did I not yet expect a full deliverance from sin, I should grow faint and weary. But the hope of that gives me fresh courage to go on. For I cannot doubt but I shall be a living witness of it. Oh may the Lord



hasten the time! Dear sir, do not fail to pray that He may fulfil that great work in

Your daughter in Christ,

M. F.

*Sept. 21, 1745.*

DEAR SIR,

I will let you know, as near as I can, how the Lord hath dealt with me ever since I can remember. When I was five or six years old, I had many serious thoughts about death and judgement. I wanted to be good, but I knew not how. I was often in great trouble for fear I should die and go to hell. If at any time I told a lie I was like one in hell. I was afraid to be one moment by myself, for I thought the devil would come and tear me in pieces; and so I continued till I was about eight years old. Then I received a measure of the love of God. I loved Jesus Christ, so that I thought I could suffer anything for His sake. I could not bear to be with other children; but when I was from school I would go by myself and pray, and read: I prayed much for death, for I wanted to be with Christ. And I thought if I lived I should sin and offend God.

I continued in this temper till I went to a boarding-school. There I soon trifled away all the grace of God, and could play as well as the rest, though not without convictions; but I soon stifled them. As I grew in years I grew in sin, and delighted more and more in vanity till I was fourteen or fifteen years old. I had then a severe fit of illness, in which I made many good resolutions; and when I recovered, I began to be more strict in outward duties. I went constantly to church and sacrament; but I had the same heart still that could not forsake my bosom sins, such as dancing, going to plays, and reading trifling books. The Spirit of the Lord often reproved me for these things; but I stifled it by thinking, 'Such and such an one does so, and they are very good people.'

When Mr. Whitefield first preached I went to hear him, and I found great drawings from God. But till I heard your brother and you I did not know myself. Then I found I was an unbeliever, and that none could help me but Christ. I cried unto Him, and He heard me, and spoke those words with power to my heart, 'Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee.' I was in great ecstasy of joy and love, and cried out, 'I shall never sin any more.' This continued about two months. But, having no acquaintance with any person of experience, I was ignorant of Satan's devices when he transformed himself into an angel of light. He suggested, 'Christ has fulfilled the law for *you*; you are no longer subject to ordinances; you are now to *be still*, and *wait* upon God.' So I did not go to the sacrament for two months; neither

did I kneel down to pray, or use any other ordinance, unless I was moved to it. At first God strove with me; but the devil told me it was the spirit of bondage, and I must resist it, for I was free from the law. In a little time he left off striving, and I grew quite easy and satisfied; but withal quite dead and cold. I could now hear idle talking without any pain—nay, and my heart began to join with it. Then I awoke, as one out of a sleep, and looked for the Lord; but He was departed from me. Just then the Brethren at Fetter Lane began to preach *stillness*. I cried out, ‘This doctrine is not right; for by yielding to this I have lost all my peace and love.’ I was now in great distress. The devil told me it was impossible to renew me again to repentance; so that I fell into utter despair, and all my friends believed me to be quite distracted.

I was in this dark state for more than a year. It was at the sacrament the Lord returned to me. The love and joy were the same I felt when I received remission of sins, only much greater. I was in a new world. My heart was so filled with love to God and to all mankind that I thought all old things were passed away, and all things in me become new. For near four years I felt no evil in my heart, nor any desire but in submission to the will of God. But all this time I prayed to God that I might know myself as I was known of Him. And in His time He showed me that the evil of my heart was not taken away, but only covered.

I still retain a sense of the love of God to me, and a power to love Him at all times. Other desires are often ready to creep in; but, through the Lord strengthening me, I am more than conqueror. I find a thirst in my soul which nothing short of the fullness of God can satisfy. Oh may the Lord hasten that time when my whole soul shall be filled with God!

LEEDS, *Sept.* 30, 1745.

REV. SIR,

The first sight of you, at Wakefield, sunk my proud spirits; and I believe, had I not gone upstairs to harden my heart against the truth, what you said would have made a deeper impression upon me. I often afterwards thought, ‘These things are true; but why does nobody understand them but my husband and Frank Scott?’<sup>1</sup> Then the rich clave to me, and advised me to use my husband ill, and see if that would not drive him from this way. And sometimes I used fair means. But this was dangerous; for then he could speak freely to me, and I found it stole upon me. But I took great care he should not perceive it, lest he should follow on, and make me like himself.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Scott was a joiner and local preacher. His shop was used as a place of worship. See Tyerman, vol. ii. p. 12; also *W.M. Mag.* 1838, p. 555.

Then I went to the vicar, who said my husband was mad, and there were no such things as he pretended to. Hereby my heart was hardened more and more, till I resolved to go away and leave him: so I told him; which made him weep much, and strive to show me the wickedness of my resolution. However, by the advice of my old friend the vicar, I got over that doubt, took about sixty pounds of my husband's money, and fixed the time of my privately setting out for London. But God prevented me; for I found myself with child: so that design was at an end.

Soon after, as few in Wakefield would employ my husband, he was obliged to remove to Leeds. What I now feared was that they of the society would come and talk to me. But I soon forced them away, I was so sharp and abusive to any that came. Yet my heart began to soften; and when I spoke things of them which I thought were false, I was afterwards checked in my own mind. I began to like that my husband should overcome, when talking to gainsayers. I went more to church and sacrament; and the time you was here before, when my husband said you should come and see me, it pleased me much, though I hid it from him; and when he said you were gone, it grieved me sore. Then, being uneasy, I went to Mr. M——d. He said you were all wrong; and that if I went to church and sacrament, and did as I would be done by, all would be well. So my wound was healed, and I was easy.

On Sunday, June 23, about midnight, I was taken ill of a fever, but thought nothing of death till Thursday, when the doctor and apothecary declared my danger; which, with my husband's home-speeches, sunk my spirits: and I promised God how good I would be if He would spare me; but yet could not abide the Methodists. On Friday, while my husband was talking with the apothecary of the wickedness of flattering people with the hopes of life till they died and dropped into hell, my mother brought in the vicar. He asked the apothecary how I did; who said I was very ill, but my husband made me worse, by talking of my dying out of Christ, and being damned. The vicar flew very vehemently at my husband, and said many warm things. My husband answered, 'Speak agreeably to Scripture, and the doctrine of our Church, or I will not hear you.' 'What,' said he, 'are you inspired?' 'Are not you, sir?' said my husband. 'To the Articles of the Church: *Before the grace of God, and the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, can no good work be done.*' He made no answer, but left the room in haste.

On Saturday my mother brought the Reverend Mr. S., who said, 'I suppose you are one of those perfection-men?' 'Sir,' said my husband, 'are not you? Do you not pray, every Sunday, that you may perfectly love God?' He was going away, but my mother begged



him to see me ; and asked if there was any such thing as knowing one's sins forgiven. He said some might ; but I might be saved without. My husband said, 'Sir, the Homilies speak otherwise' : and added a few words from them. Mr. S. answered, 'You want your head breaking' ; which surprised me much. However, he went to prayers, but in such a flurry he forgot I was a woman, and prayed for a man, and then went away.

I was sometimes more, sometimes less, serious till Monday afternoon, when an old acquaintance from Wakefield came to see me : a poor, drunken, idle, talking man. When he was gone my husband said he would suffer no more of such as him to come near me. I flew into a great rage, on which he went into another room and poured out his soul before God for me. The Lord hearkened, and heard, and sent His Holy Spirit, who gave me to think what I had been doing all my life ; and to resolve to give up all for Christ. Immediately I felt a strong love to God, and a steadfast hope that, if I cried to Him, I should have 'the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of' my 'sins.' When my husband came into the room I called him to me and told him how I was. He could hardly believe it ; and, to try me, asked if John Nelson should come and pray with me. I said, 'Yes ; or any of the children of God.' Then he took courage, and we wept on each other's neck. When John Nelson came he strengthened me much. He came a second time, between nine and ten. After he went my husband and Sister Fenton prayed with me till they were quite spent ; but I thought, if they were, I must not. So I looked to God for strength, and He gave it ; and I prayed without ceasing till that text came fresh into my mind, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.' I was then I know not how. I thought Christ stood in the front, and all the angels behind and on each side of me, rejoicing over me ; but still I had not a clear sight that my sins were forgiven. However, I now ventured to take a little sleep. I slept from two till five. When I awaked I began to cry out for help : I thought His chariots were long a-coming. I continued in prayer till my husband, who sat by me, perceived my prayers were swallowed up in praise. Indeed I was lost in Christ. I knew not where I was. My burden was quite gone, and I found my nature quite changed, and my affections carried away to heaven. Then I broke out into such expressions as I cannot utter now, praising God for what He had done for my soul. My fever also was gone. As soon as I was assured of His love I was healed both in body and soul ; which I told the doctor and apothecary in the morning, who stood like men in amaze, and confessed they had never seen such a thing before. A deal of people came all that week : on Wednesday, in particular, I was talking



to them, without any time for breakfast or dinner, from six in the morning to six at night. Dear sir, pray for me, that God may keep me, who am

Your unworthy sister,

JANE BATE.<sup>1</sup>

Having now delivered my own soul, on *Monday* the 4th I left Newcastle. Before nine we met several expresses, sent to countermand the march of the army into Scotland, and to inform them that the rebels had passed the Tweed, and were marching southward.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 5.*—In the evening I came to Leeds, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the English manner of keeping holidays is. I immediately sent word to some of the magistrates of what I had heard on the road. This ran through the town, as it were, in an instant, and I hope it was a token for good. The hurry in the streets was quashed at once; some of the bonfires indeed remained, but scarce any one was to be seen about them but a few children warming their hands.

*Thur. 7.*—I rode to Stahley Hall, in Cheshire, after many interruptions in the way by those poor tools of watchmen, who stood, with great solemnity, at the end of almost every village. I preached there on Mark i. 15, and rode on to Bradbury Green.

*Fri. 8.*—Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C., had affirmed to many that Mr. Wesley was now with the Pretender, near Edinburgh, I wrote him a few lines. It may be he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame, for the time to come.

About noon I preached near Macclesfield<sup>3</sup>; in the evening at the Black House.

*Sat. 9.*—In the evening we came to Penkridge, and light on a poor drunken, cursing, swearing landlord, who seemed scarce to

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> The rebels, under Prince Charles, entered England by the west border, invested Carlisle, which surrendered in three days, and proclaimed James king and Prince Charles regent.

<sup>3</sup> Wesley wrote Maxfield, which is the

original way of spelling Macclesfield. It is almost certain that the precise place was Shrigley Fold, the Hurdsfield side of the town, where services had been commenced in the house of Mary Aldersley by David Taylor and John Bennet. See note above, p. 175.

think there was either God or devil. But I had spoke very little when his countenance changed, and he was so full of his thanks and blessings that I could hardly make an end of my sentence. May salvation come to this house also!

It was exceeding dark when I rode through Bilston. However, we did not stick fast till we came to Wednesbury town-end. Several coming with candles, I got out of the quagmire; and, leaving them to disengage my horse, walked to Francis Ward's and preached on 'Fear not ye; for I know ye seek Him that was crucified.'

*Sun. 10.*—I preached at five and at eight in Wednesbury; about one at Tipton Green; and at four in the afternoon to wellnigh the whole town, high and low, as at the beginning.

*Mon. 11.*—I preached at Birmingham; the next morning I set out, and on *Wednesday* the 13th reached London.

*Mon. 18.*—I spent a little time with B. Armsted,<sup>1</sup> weak in body but strong in faith. She had been calmly waiting for God till her hands and feet grew cold, and she was, in all appearance, at the point of death. Then Satan returned with all his force, and covered her with thick darkness. This threw her into such a vehement wrestling with God as brought back her fever and her strength; so that, in all probability, the old murderer saved her life by his furious attempt to destroy her soul.

*Fri. 22.*—The alarm daily increasing concerning the rebels on one hand and the French on the other, we perceived the wisdom and goodness of Him who hath His way in the whirlwind. The generality of people were a little inclined to think; and many began to own the hand of God.

*Mon. 25.*—I retired to Newington,<sup>2</sup> in order to finish the *Farther Appeal*; the state of the public affairs loudly demanding that whatever was done should be done quickly.

*Thur. 28.*—I wrote *A Word to a Drunkard*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 30, 1745, Charles writes in his Journal: 'I prayed by Bridget Armsted, full of desire to be dissolved.'

<sup>2</sup> On eight occasions from Nov. 25, 1745, to Jan. 13, 1789, he retires to Newington, usually to write (in 1777 with John Fletcher). He does not name his host.

<sup>3</sup> First published without name or title.

It is now contained in Wesley's *Works*, vol. ix. Several 'Words' were published addressed to different classes of people, and directed against some of the prevalent vices of the day. They were mostly of four pages, written in courteous but plain and strong language. They were scattered abroad by the itinerant evange-

*Fri. 29.*—I spent an hour with Mr. Lampe,<sup>1</sup> who had been a Deist for many years, till it pleased God, by the *Earnest Appeal*, to bring him to a better mind.

*DEC. 2, Mon.*—The alarms still increased in London, on account of the nearer approach of the rebels. But how easy are all these things to them who can commit both soul and body to a merciful and faithful Creator!<sup>2</sup>

About this time I received some farther accounts from the army, the substance of which was as follows :

*Oct. 10, 1745.*

REV. SIR,

I shall acquaint you with the Lord's dealings with us since April last. We marched from Ghent to Alost on the 14th, where I met with two or three of our brethren in the fields, and we sung and prayed together, and were comforted. On the 15th I met a small company about three miles from the town, and the Lord filled our hearts with love and peace. On the 17th we marched to the camp near Brussels. On the 18th I met a small congregation on the side of a hill, and spoke from those words, 'Let us go forth, therefore, to Him without the camp, bearing His reproach.' On the 28th I spoke from those words of Isaiah, 'Thus saith the Lord concerning the house of Jacob, Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale.' On the 29th we marched close to the enemy; and when I saw them in their camp, my bowels moved toward them in love and pity for their souls. We lay on our arms all night. In the morning, April 30, the cannon began to play at half an hour after four; and the Lord took away all fear from me, so that I went into the field with joy. The balls flew on either hand, and men fell in abundance; but nothing touched me till

lists, and had a circulation sufficient to justify the belief that they influenced the nation in this crisis of its history. That they might do their work without prejudice they were published without date or name of writer or printer.

<sup>1</sup> John Frederick Lampe, a musician and composer of some celebrity. Born and educated in Germany, he had been resident in London about twenty years, and was in the employ of Rich, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, at the time of his intercourse with Wesley. Mrs. Rich was a convert of Charles Wesley; she forsook the stage as an actress. It was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Rich that Charles Wesley met Lampe. In recog-

nition of the blessings he had received through the Wesleys, he set to music several of their hymns, and when he died Charles Wesley composed an appropriate elegy. (*Wesley Poems*, vol. vi. p. 246.) See *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 376, &c., for three letters from another Deist emerging to the light. His name was John Walsh. John Wesley writes to his brother Charles, June 20, 1755: 'If Mr. Lampe's tunes are in print already, it is enough. I wish you had told me this six months ago, and the rest should have been printed ere now' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 111).

<sup>2</sup> On this day the Stuart rebels entered Manchester.



about two o'clock: then I received a ball through my left arm, and rejoiced so much the more. Soon after I received another into my right, which obliged me to quit the field. But I scarce knew whether I was on earth or in heaven; it was one of the sweetest days I ever enjoyed.

W[ILLIAM] C[LEMENTS].

LIER, NEAR ANTWERP, Oct. 21, 1745.

Since I wrote to you last I have gone through great trials. It was not the least that I have lost my dear brother Clements for a season, being shot through both the arms. To try me farther, J. Evans and Bishop were both killed in the battle, as was C. Greenwood soon after. Two more who did speak boldly in the name of Jesus are fallen into the world again. So I am left alone; but I know it is for my good. Seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many wax cold, adds wings to my devotion; and my faith grows daily as a plant by the water-side.

*April 30.*—The Lord was pleased to try our little flock, and to show them His mighty power. Some days before, one of them, standing at his tent-door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand; and was so filled with the love of God that he danced before his comrades. In the battle, before he died, he openly declared, 'I am going to rest from my labours in the bosom of Jesus.' I believe nothing like this was ever heard of before in the midst of so wicked an army as ours. Some were crying out in their wounds, 'I am going to my Beloved'; others, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!' and many that were not wounded crying to their Lord to take them to Himself. There was such boldness in the battle among this little despised flock that it made the officers, as well as common soldiers, amazed; and they acknowledge it to this day. As to my own part, I stood the fire of the enemy for above seven hours; then my horse was shot under me, and I was exposed both to the enemy and our own horse. But that did not discourage me at all; for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go, the balls flying on every side; and thousands lay bleeding, groaning, dying, and dead, on each hand. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace; but it never singed one hair of my head. The hotter it grew the more strength was given me. I was full of joy and love, as much as I could well bear. Going on, I met one of our brethren, with a little dish in his hand, seeking for water. He smiled, and said he had got a sore wound in his leg. I asked, 'Have you gotten Christ in your heart?' He answered, 'I have, and I have had Him all the day. Blessed be God that I ever saw your face.'—Lord, what am I, that I should be counted worthy to set my hand to the gospel plough? Lord, humble me, and lay me in the dust!

J[OHN] H[AIME].



*Sun.* 8.—I took my leave of poor J[ohn] C[ennick], just embarking<sup>1</sup> for Germany. I admire the justice of God! He who would never long be advised by any who treated him as a reasonable creature, is at length fallen among those who will make him as passive a tool as ever moved upon wire.

*Wed.* 18.—Being the day of the National Fast,<sup>2</sup> we met at four in the morning. I preached on Joel ii. 12, &c. At nine our service in West Street began. At five I preached at the Foundery again, on 'The Lord sitteth above the water-floods.' Abundance of people were at West Street chapel and at the Foundery, both morning and evening; as also (we understood) at every place of public worship throughout London and Westminster. And such a solemnity and seriousness everywhere appeared as had not been lately seen in England.

We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people. And it pleased God hereby to provoke others to jealousy. Insomuch that the Lord Mayor<sup>3</sup> had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed and distributed to the train-bands.<sup>4</sup> And this day *An Earnest Exhortation to Serious Repentance* was given at every church door, in or near London, to every person who came out, and one left at the house of every householder who was absent from church. I doubt not but God gave a blessing therewith; and perhaps then the sentence of desolation was recalled.

It was on this very day that the Duke's army was so remarkably preserved in the midst of the ambuscades at Clifton Moor.<sup>5</sup> The rebels fired many volleys upon the King's troops from the hedges and walls behind which they lay. And yet, from first

<sup>1</sup> With John Paul Weiss (see J. E. Hutton's *John Cennick*, p. 36). He had already resolved to join the Moravian Brethren, and had arranged to hand over his Wiltshire societies to them. This was the date of Wesley's letter to the Moravian Synod at Marienborn. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 1.)

<sup>2</sup> The Pretender, with his army of Highlanders, had reached Derby and there proclaimed his father king.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Henry Marshal. Sir Simon Urrin was Recorder from 1742 to 1746.

<sup>4</sup> The train-bands were quartered in what are now the R.A. grounds in City Road, not far from the Foundery.

<sup>5</sup> General Oglethorpe was court-martialled for not attacking Cluny and Lord George Murray when the Highlanders stood at bay at Clifton and defeated Cumberland's advanced guard. He was, however, acquitted; but in 1746, in consequence, left Westbrook House, Godalming, and retired to Carham, his wife's estate and home.

to last, only ten or twelve men fell, the shot flying over their heads.

*Wed. 25.*—I talked with a young man who seemed to be under strong convictions—but, I fear, only seemed. I am surprised that, in so many years, this is the first hypocrite of the kind I have met with; the first who appeared to have deliberately put on the mask of religion purely to serve a secular end.

*Fri. 27.*—Having received a long letter from Mr. [Westley] Hall, earnestly pressing my brother and me to renounce the Church of England (for not complying with which advice he soon renounced us), I wrote to him as follows:

DEAR BROTHER,<sup>1</sup>

Now you act the part of a friend. It has been long our desire that you would speak freely. And we will do the same. What we know not yet, may God reveal to us!

You think first, that we undertake to defend some things which are not defensible by the Word of God. You instance in three; on each of which we will explain ourselves as clearly as we can.

i. 'That the validity of our ministry depends on a succession supposed to be from the apostles, and a commission derived from the Pope of Rome and his successors or dependents.'

We believe it would not be right for us to administer either Baptism

<sup>1</sup> This is probably the last formal statement of Wesley's original position with reference to Apostolical Succession. Twenty-one days later, on his journey from London to Bristol, he read Lord King's book, published in 1691, *An Inquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, that flourished three hundred years after Christ; faithfully collected out of the extant writings of those ages*. It cannot be denied that from this time Wesley's views on ecclesiastical polity were slowly, perhaps, but seriously modified. He did not become a Dissenter, nor did he lose his affection for the Church of England. Both his enemies and his admirers have quoted words and deeds of his, during the long transition period, that seem to justify the charge of inconsistency; but it was the inconsistency of a man emerging out of darkness into light, and who saw men as trees walking. The subject

is too intricate for treatment in the brief annotations of this work. It is only possible to indicate critical points in the process of development, and, by references, to direct students to reliable sources of information. Wesley's own views may be gathered from the early *Minutes of Conference*, 1744, 1745, 1747 (see John Bennet's copy of the *Minutes* published by the *W.H.S.* 1896); from his publications during this period: *A Farther Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*, i. ii. iii. (1745); his Letters to the Rev. Mr. Church; and *Hymns on the Lord's Supper, with a Preface concerning The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice, extracted from Dr. Brevint*. Dr. Rigg's *Living Wesley*, and especially his *Churchmanship of John Wesley*, will be helpful. See also Telford's *Life of Wesley*, pp. 302-14, and J. Robinson Gregory's *Student's History of Methodism*, vol. i. pp. 148-54.

or the Lord's Supper unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops whom we apprehend to be in a succession from the apostles. And yet we allow these bishops are the successors of those who were dependent on the Bishop of Rome.

But we would be glad to know on what reasons you believe this to be inconsistent with the Word of God.

2. 'That there is an outward priesthood, and consequently an outward sacrifice, ordained and offered by the Bishop of Rome, and his successors or dependents, in the Church of England, as vicars and vicegerents of Christ.'

We believe there is, and always was, in every Christian Church (whether dependent on the Bishop of Rome or not), an outward priesthood, ordained by Jesus Christ, and an outward sacrifice offered therein, by men authorized to act as ambassadors of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God.

On what grounds do you believe that Christ has abolished that priesthood or sacrifice?

3. 'That this Papal hierarchy and prelacy, which still continues in the Church of England, is of apostolical institution, and authorized thereby, though not by the written Word.'

We believe that the threefold order of ministers (which you seem to mean by Papal hierarchy and prelacy), is not only authorized by its apostolical institution, but also by the written Word.

Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary.

You think, secondly, 'that we ourselves give up some things as indefensible, which are defended by the same law and authority that establishes the things above mentioned; such as are many of the laws, customs, and practices of the Ecclesiastical Courts.'

We allow (1) That those laws, customs, and practices are really indefensible. (2) That there are Acts of Parliament in defence of them; and also of the threefold order.

But will you show us how it follows, either (1) That those things and these stand or fall together? Or (2) That we cannot sincerely plead for the one, though we give up the other?

Do you not here quite overlook one circumstance, which might be a key to our whole behaviour? namely, that we no more look upon these filthy abuses which adhere to our Church as part of the building, than we look upon any filth which may adhere to the walls of Westminster Abbey as a part of that structure.

You think, thirdly, 'That there are other things which we defend and practise, in open contradiction to the orders of the Church of England.' And this you judge to be a just exception against the sincerity of our professions to adhere to it.



Compare what we profess with what we practise, and you will possibly be of another judgement.

We profess (1) That we will obey all the laws of that Church (such we allow the Rubrics to be, but not the customs of the Ecclesiastical Courts), so far as we can with a safe conscience. (2) That we will obey, with the same restriction, the bishops as executors of those laws; but their bare will, distinct from those laws, we do not profess to obey at all.

Now point out what is there in our practice which is an open contradiction to these professions?

Is *field-preaching*? Not at all. It is contrary to no law which we profess to obey.

*The allowing lay preachers*? We are not clear that this is contrary to any such law. But if it is, this is one of the exempt cases; one wherein we cannot obey with a safe conscience. Therefore, be it right or wrong on other accounts, it is, however, no just exception against our sincerity.

*The rules and directions given to our societies*? which, you say, is a discipline utterly forbidden by the bishops.

When and where did any bishop forbid this? And if any did, By what law? We know not either the man who ever *did* forbid, or the law by which he *could* forbid it.

The 'allowing persons (for we require none) to communicate at the chapel, in contradiction (you think) to all those Rubrics which require all to attend always on their own parish church and pastor, and to receive only at his table'?

Which Rubrics are those? We cannot find them, and, till these are produced, all that is so frequently said of parochial unity, &c., is merely *gratis dictum*. Consequently, neither is this any just exception against the sincerity of any of our professions.

J. W.

Dec. 30, 1745.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On this date also Wesley began his second letter to 'John Smith' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 64), finishing it on Jan. 3, 1746. It was in this letter that Wesley so clearly defined the sum of the distinguishing doctrine on which 'I do insist in all my writings, and in all my preaching.' Dr. Secker (Mr. 'John Smith' of the letters) called them 'perceptible inspiration.' 'For this,' writes Wesley, 'I earnestly contend,' defining it thus: 'We mean that inspiration of God's Holy Spirit,

whereby He fills us with righteousness, peace, and joy, with love to Him and all mankind. And we believe it cannot be, in the nature of things, that a man should be filled with this peace, and joy, and love, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, without perceiving it as clearly as he does the light of the sun.' He adds: 'This is (so far as I understand them) the main doctrine of the Methodists. This is the substance of what we all preach.'



1746. JAN. 1, *Wed.*—I preached at four in the morning, on 'I am the Almighty God: walk before Me, and be thou perfect.' We dined with poor John Webb,<sup>1</sup> now thoroughly poisoned by Robert Barclay's *Apology*, which he was sure would do him no hurt, till all his love to his brethren was swallowed up in dotage about questions and strife of words.

*Wed.* 8.—I waited on Mr. B——e, rector of ——, who had sent to me, as soon as he had read the *Farther Appeal*. He said, 'Sir, all this is sad truth; but what can we do to help it?' I went afterwards to another clergyman, who had likewise sent and desired to speak with me. How is this? I thought the publication of this tract would have enraged the world above measure; and, on the contrary, it seems nothing ever was published which softened them so much!

*Mon.* 13.—I had a visit from Mr. S., an honest, zealous Anabaptist teacher. Finding he *would* dispute, I let him dispute, and held him to the point till between eleven and twelve o'clock. By that time he was willing to take breath. Perhaps he may be less fond of dispute for the time to come.

*Mon.* 20.—I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's *Account of the Primitive Church*.<sup>2</sup> In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught; but, if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

*Tues.* 21.—I read Bishop Butler's discourse on *Analogy*; a strong and well-wrote treatise; but, I am afraid, far too deep for their understanding to whom it is primarily addressed.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For John Webb—brave at Wednesbury, foolhardy at Walsall, with C. Wesley at Nottingham—see C. Wesley's Journal, Feb. 2, 1744 ff.; also Jackson's *Life of C. Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 583-4-7.

<sup>2</sup> See Tyerman's Wesley, vol. i. p. 508; cf. *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 251, Wesley's Letters to Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, 'and our Brethren in North America,' in which he affirmed his unchanged belief that bishops and presbyters, as Lord King argued, are

the same order, and consequently have the same right to ordain. Cf. also *Works*, vol. xiii. p. 271.

<sup>3</sup> On January 22 Wesley attended a Conference in Bristol. Howell Harris and eleven of his preachers met Wesley and four of his preachers. They discussed how to remove hindrances, and how to prevent them. Wesley seems to have presided. (Tyerman, vol. i. p. 511.)

FEB. 3, *Monday* and the following days, I visited several of the country societies.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* 10.—I preached at Paulton; on *Thursday* noon at Shepton Mallet, and at Oakhill in the evening. The next morning I walked (it being scarce possible to ride, because of the frost) to Coleford.

*Sun.* 16.—I took my leave of Bristol and Kingswood, and on *Monday* the 17th set out for Newcastle.

I preached near Thornbury about noon, and in the evening at Wallbridge,<sup>2</sup> near Stroud.

*Tues.* 18.—We pushed on through thick and thin, and with much difficulty got to Stanley. Thence, after an hour's stop, we hastened on. The brooks were so swoln with the late rains that the common roads were impassable; but our guide, knowing the country, carried us round about through the fields, so that we escaped the dangerous waters, and soon after sunset came (wet and dirty enough) to Evesham.

*Wed.* 19.—We rode to Birmingham, where many of our brethren from several parts met us in the evening.

*Thur.* 20.—We set out as soon as it was light. Before we came to Aldridge Heath<sup>3</sup> the rain changed into snow, which the northerly wind drove full in our faces, and crusted us over from head to foot in less than an hour's time. We inquired of one who lived at the entrance of the moors which was our best way to Stafford. 'Sir,' said he, 'tis a thousand pound to a penny that you do not come there to-day. Why, 'tis four long miles to the far side of this common; and in a clear day, I am not sure to go right across it. And now all the roads are covered with snow, and it snows so that you cannot see before you.' However, we went on, and I believe did not go ten yards out of the way till we came into Stafford.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 161, for account of a visit to Coleford.

<sup>2</sup> Of the 'little steady society' here Charles Wesley writes (Sept. 17. 1756): 'Forty-three have kept together for years, under the care of our brother Watts. There are no disputes or disorders among them.'

<sup>3</sup> Or Druid Heath. In his journey to

Manchester, March 14, 1738, Wesley followed this route in part. Much of the road is now derelict; but once it was the only road to the North. It is part of an ancient saltway, and may even be of British origin. See an interesting article by Mr. W. C. Sheldon, based on the researches of Mr. Duigman, F.S.A., of Walsall, *W.H.S.*, vol. vii. pp. 2-8.

In the evening we reached Roger Moss's house. I preached on Rom. iii. 22, and joined a few together as a society.

*Fri. 21.*—We breakfasted at Bradbury Green, whence we rode on to Marsden; and the next day, *Saturday* the 22nd, to Leeds. I preached at five. As we went home a great mob followed and threw whatever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all. I walked on to the Recorder's, and told him the case. He promised to prevent the like for the time to come.

*Sun. 23.*—I preached at eight without any interruption; in Birstall at one, and again at five.

*Mon. 24.*—I preached at Skircoat Green, near Halifax, to a whole company of Quakers. The good man of the house,<sup>1</sup> about fourscore years old, had formerly been a speaker among them; but, from fear of man, he desisted, and so quenched the Spirit that he was in darkness for near forty years, till, hearing John Nelson declare the love of God in Christ, light again sprung up in his soul. In the evening I preached to a quiet congregation at Bradford.<sup>2</sup>

*Tues. 25.*—About nine I began at Keighley; thence (finding the snow was so deep I could not go through the vales), I went the straight way, and came to Newcastle on *Wednesday* the 26th.

*Fri. 28.*—I took my leave of Katy Parks, calmly waiting till her change should come. A day or two after she had her desire, sweetly giving up her soul to God.

Of the same spirit was the writer of the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 22, 1745.

You may remember to have seen me at Oxford once. Since then, by walking somewhat different from the ways of the world, I have incurred the displeasure of the world; and I have gone through many trials. My friends and nearest relations have done their utmost to separate me from God and His children; but, blessed be our dear Lord, all their attempts have hitherto been in vain. Of late they have seemed resolved on other measures, namely, to separate me from themselves; but, notwithstanding all their threats, I hope, by the power of

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Kershaw. See Everett's *Manchester*, p. 52, where his daughter's baptism is mentioned. He was related to James Kershaw. Wesley's address to 'All Parents and Schoolmasters,' which

introduces his *Lessons for Children*, is dated Feb. 24, 1745-6.

<sup>2</sup> His text was 'This one thing I do.' Thomas Mitchell joined the society after this sermon. (*E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 242.)

God, to remain unshaken to the end. I would willingly suffer the loss of all things rather than deny the Lord that bought me. And I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall ever separate me from His love.

The sum of all my desires and hopes in this world, for many years, has been this : to be regularly sent forth as an ambassador of Christ. I long to spend and be spent for the best of Masters ; but I doubt my relations have disappointed me of this, for Oxford knows my place no more.

My uncle sees that nobody can do his business better, or perhaps so well, as myself ; but he can't bear a Methodist in his house. He wants to have me of his own taste ; but, as I have been washed, I cannot, I dare not, I will not, by the grace of God, turn to my former wallowing in the mire.

Dear sir, you see my case. There is nothing I so much long for as to be employed in the Lord's vineyard, though utterly unworthy. I should be glad to be advised and directed by you what to do ; I will do whatsoever you judge most proper toward the promoting our Saviour's interest. I am happy in His love, and

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN BOSWORTH.

But there was no need for his taking thought for the morrow, for in a few weeks God took him to Himself.

MARCH 1, *Sat.*—I visited the sick, who increased daily in every quarter of the town. It is supposed that two thousand of the soldiers only have died since their encampment ; the fever or flux sweeping them away by troops, in spite of all the physicians could do.

*Wed.* 5.<sup>1</sup>—I preached at Whickham at noon ; in the evening at Spen ; the next day at Burnopfield<sup>2</sup> ; and on *Saturday* the 8th in the square at Plessey. A vehement storm began in the middle of the sermon, which was driven full upon us by the north-east winds ; but the congregation regarded it not.

*Sunday* the 9th was a day of solemn joy ; yet in the afternoon I felt a great damp, occasioned by my neglecting to speak plainly to some who were deceiving their own souls. I do not

<sup>1</sup> On the 4th T. Wardrobe, a dissenting minister of Hexham, wrote an interesting letter asking Wesley to come and preach there (*Orphan House*, p. 79).

The letter is in *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 375.

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1900, p. 44. Three sites where Wesley preached in this village are identified.



wonder at the last words of St. Augustine and Archbishop Usher<sup>1</sup>: 'Lord, forgive me my sins of omission.'

I preached on *Monday* at Horsley, on *Tuesday* at Biddick, and on *Wednesday* the 12th at Sunderland, where I endeavoured to bring the little society<sup>2</sup> into some kind of order. In the afternoon, being at Mrs. Fenwick's, and seeing a child there of ten or twelve years old, I asked, 'Does your daughter know Christ, or know she has need of Him?' She replied with much concern, 'I fear not; nothing has ever affected her at all.' Immediately the word came into my mind, 'Before they call, I will answer.' I was going to say, 'Come, let us call upon God to show her she has need of a Saviour'; but, before the words were pronounced, the child turned away her face and began crying as if she would break her heart. I could get no word from her but 'My sins, my sins!' We then besought God to carry on His own work.

*Mon. 17.*<sup>3</sup>—I took my leave of Newcastle, and set out with Mr. Downes and Mr. Shepherd; but when we came to Smeaton, Mr. Downes was so ill that he could go no farther. When Mr. Shepherd and I left Smeaton my horse was so exceeding lame that I was afraid I must have lain by too. We could not discern what it was that was amiss, and yet he would scarce set his foot to the ground. By riding thus seven miles I was thoroughly tired, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver is the naked fact; let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, Cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any? Immediately my weariness and headache ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next. A very odd accident this also!

*Tues. 18.*—I rode to Pontefract; on *Wednesday* to Epworth, and on *Thursday* by Barley Hall to Sheffield. I was glad of having an opportunity here of talking with a child I had heard

<sup>1</sup> Usher's last words: 'O Lord! forgive me, especially my sins of omission' (Parr, *Life of Archbishop Usher*, 1686, p. 77).

<sup>2</sup> In Swine Alley, afterwards Wood Street, demolished 1874. See *Meth. Rec.* March 13, 1902.

<sup>3</sup> On March 15, 1746, Doddridge wrote to Wesley in reply to a request for a list of books suitable for the reading of his preachers. See Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. p. 516. Doddridge sent the list on June 18. It was printed in the *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 419.

of. She was convinced of sin some weeks before by the words of her elder brother (about eight years of age), dying, as an hundred-years-old, in the full triumph of faith. I asked her abruptly, 'Do you love God?' She said, 'Yes, I do love Him with all my heart.' I said, 'Why do you love Him?' She answered, 'Because He has saved me.' I asked, 'How has He saved you?' She replied, 'He has taken away my sins.' I said, 'How do you know that?' She answered, 'He told me Himself on Saturday, *Thy sins are forgiven thee*; and I believe Him; and I pray to Him without a book. I was afraid to die; but now I am not afraid to die; for, if I die, I shall go to Him.'

*Fri. 21.*—I came to Nottingham. I had long doubted what it was which hindered the work of God here; but, upon inquiry, the case was plain. So many of the society were either triflers or disorderly walkers that the blessing of God could not rest upon them; so I made short work, cutting off all such at a stroke, and leaving only that little handful who (as far as could be judged) were really in earnest to save their souls.

*Sat. 22.*—I came to Wednesbury. The Antinomian teachers had laboured hard to destroy this poor people.

*Sun. 23.*—I talked an hour with the chief of them, Stephen Timmins. I was in doubt whether pride had not made him mad. An uncommon wildness and fierceness in his air, his words, and the whole manner of his behaviour, almost induced me to think God had for a season given him up into the hands of Satan.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Here another of their pillars, J—W—d, came to me, and, looking over his shoulder, said, 'Don't think I want to be in your society; but if you are free to speak to me, you may.' I will set down the conversation, dreadful as it was, in the very manner wherein it passed; that every serious person may see the true picture of Antinomianism full grown, and may know what these men mean by their favourite phrase of being 'perfect in Christ, not in themselves.'

'Do you believe you have nothing to do with the law of God?' 'I have not; I am not under the law: I live by faith.' 'Have you, as living by faith, a right to everything in the world?' 'I have; all is mine, since Christ is mine.'

'May you, then, take anything you will anywhere? Suppose out of a shop, without the consent or knowledge of the owner?' 'I may, if I want it; for it is mine. Only I will not give offence.' 'Have you also a right to all the women in the world?' 'Yes, if they consent.' 'And is not that a sin?' 'Yes, to him that thinks it is a sin; but not to those whose *hearts are free*.' The same thing that wretch, Roger Ball, affirmed in Dublin. Surely these are the firstborn children of Satan!<sup>1</sup>

*Tues.* 25.—I preached at Evesham; *Wednesday* the 26th, about ten, at Stanley; in the afternoon at the Friars, in Gloucester. I preached at Wallbridge, near Stroud, in the evening, and on *Thursday* the 27th rode to Bristol.

*APRIL 3, Thur.*—I spent an agreeable hour with our old fellow labourer, Mr. [Joseph] Humphreys.<sup>2</sup> I found him open and friendly, but rigorously tenacious of the Unconditional Decrees. Oh that opinions should separate chief friends! This is bigotry all over.

*Mon.* 7.—I preached at Kingswood, on Isaiah lx., the seventeenth and following verses, and laid the first stone of the New House there.<sup>3</sup> In the evening I rode with Mr. Shepherd to Bath, and on *Tuesday* the 8th to Newbury. Here we met with several of the little society in Blewbury, some of whom were truly alive unto God. What a proof is this that God sends by whom He will send! Who hath begotten us these? David Jeffries!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Hall's language is even stronger. He describes the heresy of Antinomianism as 'a thick-skinned monster of the ooze and the mire, which no weapon can pierce, no discipline tame.' John Angell James says that it infected the Evangelical churches of Birmingham right through the century, diffused bitterness and strife among the people, and harassed and hindered the work of the pastors. (Sheldon's *Early Methodism in Birmingham*, p. 11.)

<sup>2</sup> See above, June 19, 1740, and below, Sept. 9, 1790.

<sup>3</sup> The residential house, which, before the removal of the school to Lansdown, near Bath, formed the main school build-

ings. These were afterwards bought by Miss Mary Carpenter and others and used as a reformatory, until they were recently demolished to allow of the erection of premises according to modern requirements. The original Colliers' Children's School remains, as the chapel of the reformatory. The editor of this Standard Edition visited the school before it was dismantled, in company with a descendant of one of Wesley's first Bristol members. We inspected the buildings and photographed each within and without, with all the trees and the garden. See *History of Kingswood School*, pp. 1-17.

<sup>4</sup> A convert from Romanism. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 93.)



*Wed. 9.*—In the evening I preached at Brentford. Many were got together there who threatened great things. I went and took one or two of their chiefs by the hand, and desired them to come in. They did so, and were calm and silent. It was a season of great refreshment. The next morning we rode to London.

In the afternoon I buried the body of Ann Clowney,<sup>1</sup> a poor woman, whom many could never think to be a believer, because she was a fool. (One of exceeding weak understanding, though not directly a natural.) But in the time of sickness and pain, none could deny the work of God. Neither did she die as a fool dieth.

*Tues. 22.*—I rode with Mr. Piers to see one who called himself a prophet. We were with him about an hour; but I could not at all think that he was sent of God: (1) Because he appeared to be full of himself, vain, heady, and opinionated. (2) Because he spoke with extreme bitterness, both of the King, and of all the bishops, and all the clergy. (3) Because he aimed at talking Latin, but could not; plainly showing he understood not his own calling.

*Wed. 23.*—At the earnest request of a friend,<sup>2</sup> I visited Matthew Henderson, condemned for murdering his mistress. A real, deep work of God seemed to be already begun in his soul. Perhaps, by driving him too fast, Satan has driven him to God—to that repentance which shall never be repented of.

About this time I received a letter from John Nelson, whom I had left at Birmingham, part of which was as follows:

BIRSTALL, *April 22, 1746.*

After I left Wednesbury I stayed two nights at Nottingham, and had large congregations. But while I was meeting the society the second night, there came a mob, raging as if they would pull the house to the ground. As soon as we had done meeting, the constable came and seized me, and said I must go before the mayor, for making a riot. So he took me by the arm and led me through the streets, the mob accompanying us with curses and huzzas. God gave me, as we went, to speak very plain to the constable, and to all that were near

<sup>1</sup> She met in Sarah Peters's (married women's) band at the Foundery, June 1745. (Stevenson's *City Road*, p. 37.)

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman's conjecture that this was

Thomas Broughton, the Oxford Methodist, is extremely probable. For a full account of the tragedy see Tyerman's *Oxford Methodists*, pp. 352-3.



me ; till one cried out, ' Don't carry him to the mayor, for he is a friend to the Methodists, but to Alderman H[ornbuckle]. ' Upon this he turned and led me to the alderman's house. When we were brought in he said, ' Sir, I have brought you another Methodist preacher. ' He asked my name, and then said, ' I wonder you cannot stay at home ; you see the mob won't suffer you to preach in this town. ' I said, ' I did not know this town was governed by the mob ; most towns are governed by the magistrates. ' He said, ' What, do you expect us to take your parts, when you take the people from their work ? ' I said, ' Sir, you are wrong informed ; we preach at five in the morning and seven at night ; and these are the hours when most people are in their beds in the morning, and at night either at play or at the alehouse. ' Then he said, ' I believe you are the cause of all the evil that is fallen upon the nation. ' I said, ' What reason have you to believe so ? Can you prove that one Methodist in England did assist the rebels, with either men, money, or arms ? ' He answered, ' No ; but it has been observed that there has been always such a people, before any great evil fell on the land. ' I said, ' It hath been as you say ; but that people was not the cause of the evil, no more than we are at this time. But these mobbers, and swearers, and drunkards, and whoremongers, and extortioners, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God : these are the cause why God afflicteth both man and beast—not we. We are sent to persuade them to break off their sins by repentance, that the heavy judgements of God may not consume such a people. And if there be not a general reformation, God will be avenged of such a nation as this. ' Then he said, ' Do not preach here. ' But God opened my mouth, and I did not cease to set life and death before him. The constable began to be uneasy, and said, ' What must we do with him ? ' ' Well, ' he said, ' I understand he is for leaving the town to-morrow ; I think you must take him to your house. ' But he desired to be excused. Then the Justice said, ' You may go where you came from. ' When I had gone a little way through the mob, he came to the door, and called, ' Mr. Nelson, stop a little. ' Then he ordered the constable to conduct me to the house he fetched me from,<sup>1</sup> and take care that the mob did not hurt me. This seemed to be a great mortification to him ; but he was obliged to do it. So he brought me to our brethren again, and left us to give thanks to God for all His mercies.

MAY 4, *Sun.*—We left London in the evening, and on *Tuesday* came to Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> Mary White's, in Chapel Court, Byard Lane, now Dining Hall Street. She for many years lodged the preachers.

(G. H. Harwood's *History of Wesleyan Methodism in Nottingham*, pp. 28-9 ; cf. Nelson's Journal, *E.M.F.* vol. i. p. 145.)

*Mon. 12.*—I dined with a gentleman who is fully persuaded that there is no such thing as either virtue or happiness upon earth; 'having found,' he said, 'by repeated experiments, that, notwithstanding a thousand fair appearances, every man living was, at the bottom, wholly selfish and truly miserable.' I should not wonder if every rational Deist were of the same mind. Nay, they must, if consistent with themselves. For it is sure all men are both miserable and selfish, whatever show they may make, who have not faith; even that 'evidence of things not seen' the very being whereof they question.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 15.*—I preached at Bath; and setting out at three the next morning, in the evening came to Blewbury.

In riding, I read Dr. H[eylyn]'s<sup>2</sup> *Lectures on the First Chapters of St. Matthew*. Are they not more strange than true? Here are the first elements of the gospel of the mystics! But is this the gospel of Christ?

I preached in the evening on Rom. i. 16, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth'; and, setting out early in the morning, *Saturday* the 17th, in the evening came to London.

<sup>1</sup> The Third Conference was held at the New Room, Bristol, from May 12 to 14, 1746. Present: John and Charles Wesley, John Hodges (of Wenvoe), Jonathan Reeves (one of the Orphan House trustees), Thomas Maxfield, Thomas Westell, Thomas Willis (or, according to the G. Stampe MS. copy, Williams), Samuel Taylor (of Quinton, who was added on Tuesday), and (according to Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 78, n.), Thomas Glascot. The authorities for this 'Third Conference' are (1) The 'Headingley' Minutes MS., in four handwritings, corrected by John Wesley; (2) The George Stampe Minutes MS., unrecognized handwriting; (3) Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 78; (4) *W.H.S.* Headingley Minutes, with marginal variations from No. 2. See also Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. p. 517; Pawlyn's *Meth. in Bristol*, p. 35; Lyth's *Meth. in York*, p. 47; *Meth. Rec.* Nov. 27, 1898. Wesley rode from London to Bristol that he might preside

at this Conference. He preached at Bath in the evening on the last of the four days. In the Journal there is no allusion to the Conference. Charles Wesley, in his Journal, simply notes the session of four days. The first day decided 'The properest persons to be present at any of our Conferences.' 'As many of the preachers as conveniently can, the most earnest and most sensible of the band-leaders where the Conference is, and any pious and judicious stranger.' Ample time was given to the discussion of Experience, Doctrine, Discipline, the teaching of Assistants, the manner of preaching, the call to new places, the admission of new members, the choice and singing of hymns, going to church, the division of England and Wales into seven circuits—London, Bristol, Cornwall, Evesham, Yorkshire, Newcastle, Wales,—the names of twelve Assistants and 'perhaps' six others, a seven-circuits Plan.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol iii. p. 18.

*Mon. 19.*—I saw an amazing instance of distress. A sensible young woman (no Methodist), constantly attending her church, had all her life long believed herself to be a right good Christian. And in this persuasion she continued during a violent fever, till the physician told her brother she must die ; on which she cried out, 'So my brother and you are going to heaven, and I am going to hell.'<sup>1</sup> Her brother said from that hour she was in the agony of despair, saying she was in hell already, she felt the flames ; the devil had her soul and body, and was now tearing her in pieces. If she swallowed anything, she cried out she was swallowing fire and brimstone ; and for twelve days she took nothing at all, for about twenty nothing but water. She had no sleep, day or night ; but lay cursing and blaspheming, tearing her clothes, and whatever she could reach, in pieces. The sins which lay heaviest upon her were : the having no knowledge or love of God ; the not believing in Christ, and yet having persuaded herself and others that she was a good Christian. She was quieter from the time we prayed with her first, and left off cursing and blaspheming. In a few days after she began to drink a little tea, though still remaining in settled despair ; but afterwards God turned her heaviness into joy.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 23.*—I made over the houses in Bristol and Kingswood, and the next week that at Newcastle, to seven Trustees,<sup>3</sup> reserving only to my brother and myself the liberty of preaching and lodging there.

*Fri. 30.*—I light upon a poor, pretty, fluttering thing, lately come from Ireland, and going to be a singer at the play-house. She went in the evening to the chapel, and thence to the watch-night, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Her

<sup>1</sup> One of the questions asked in the Conference was, 'What inconvenience is there in speaking much of the wrath and little of the love of God?—It generally hardens them that believe not, and discourages them that do.'

<sup>2</sup> The last sentence was added in the edition of 1774:

<sup>3</sup> The Newcastle Deed is printed in Stamp's *Orphan House*, p. 267. Its date

is March 5, 1745. The trustees were Henry Jackson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, weaver ; William Mackford, of the same town, cornfactor ; John Nelson, of Birstall, mason ; John Haughton, of Chinley, weaver ; Thomas Richards, late of Trinity College, Oxford, gentleman ; Jonathan Reeves, late of Bristol, baker ; and Henry Thornton, of Gray's Inn, gentleman.



convictions continued strong for a few days ; but then her old acquaintance found her, and we saw her no more.

JUNE 7, *Sat.*—I asked Richard Langman and his wife<sup>1</sup> how they recovered from their German delusion. She said, ‘None could ever have delivered us from them but themselves ; for there is no fence against their soft words. But one or two of their sermons opened our eyes ; particularly one, wherein the preacher was describing how the Virgin “fed the dear little Lamb with pap” ; and how, “when He grew bigger, she might send Him of an errand, perhaps for a porringer of milk, which if He happened to let fall, He might work a miracle to mend the porringer.”’ They were not then able to digest these things ; but now they never turn their stomach at all.

In the afternoon an old friend<sup>2</sup> (now with the Moravians) laboured much to convince me that I could not continue in the Church of England, because I could not implicitly submit to her determinations ; ‘for this,’ he said, ‘was essentially necessary to the continuing in any church.’ Not to the continuing in any but that of the Brethren ; if it were, I could be a member of no church under heaven. For I must still insist on the right of private judgement. I dare call no man Rabbi. I cannot yield either implicit faith or obedience to any man or number of men under heaven.

*Fri.* 13.—I was desired to visit a poor sinner who had just made his fortune on board a privateer, and was preparing to enjoy it, when he was summoned of God to arise and go hence. I found God had shown him terrible things, and had afterwards cut the work short in his soul ; for he already knew in whom he had believed, and a few days after slept in peace.

*Mon.* 16.—I had an hour’s conversation with Mr. Simpson (not the same with him above-mentioned), a man of a clear head and a loving heart. But, oh the abyss of the providence of God ! I saw him some time after in a fever. Before this intermitted, the bark was poured in upon him. He was cured of his fever, and deprived of his senses ; and has been confined

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Langman is in the City Road list of members for 1745, but not her husband.

<sup>2</sup> This may have been Gambold or Stonehouse.



ever since. Is it not the Methodists who have driven this man also distracted? <sup>1</sup>

*Sat.* 28.<sup>2</sup>—I inquired more particularly of Mrs. Nowers concerning her little son.<sup>3</sup> She said he appeared to have a continual fear of God, and an awful sense of His presence; that he frequently went to prayers by himself, and prayed for his father and many others by name; that he had an exceeding great tenderness of conscience, being sensible of the least sin, and crying and refusing to be comforted when he thought he had in anything displeased God; that a few days since he broke out into prayer aloud, and then said, 'Mamma, I shall go to heaven soon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my papa; but you will not go so soon'; that, the day before, he went to a little girl in the house and said, 'Polly, you and I must go to prayers. Don't mind your doll; kneel down now: I must go to prayers: God bids me.' When the Holy Ghost teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then just three years old! A year or two after he died in peace.

*JULY 2, Wed.*—I received the following letter from that amiable man who is now with God <sup>4</sup>:

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

NORTHAMPTON, *June 29, 1746.*

I am truly glad that the long letter I last sent you was agreeable to you. I bless God that my prejudices against the writers of the Establishment were so early removed and conquered. And I greatly rejoice when I see in those whom, upon other accounts, I must highly esteem as the excellent of the earth, that their prejudices against their brethren of any denomination are likewise subsided, and that we are coming nearer to the harmony in which I hope we shall ever be one in Christ Jesus.

<sup>1</sup> 'At least, so his relations say.' This was in 1st ed., and omitted by Wesley in 1774.

<sup>2</sup> June 18 he wrote to the *London Mag.* in reply to a scurrilous attack on his *Farther Appeal*, correcting one error into which he had fallen (Tyerman, vol. i. p. 513). On the 25th he wrote again to 'John Smith.' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 72; see above, p. 212.)

<sup>3</sup> This is one of the cases referred to by the Bishop of Gloucester in his attack

on Wesley, and dealt with in Wesley's reply, *Works*, vol. ix. p. 121. Edward and Margaret Nowers were members at the Foundery in June 1745.

<sup>4</sup> Doddridge died at Lisbon in 1751. Lady Huntingdon and other friends sent him there hoping that he might recover from consumption. (*C. of Huntingdon's Life and Times*, vol. i. pp. 448, 450.) Charles Wesley describes Doddridge as 'that loving, mild, and judicious Christian.'

I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship to use our mutual endeavours to render the character of each other as blameless and as valuable as possible. And I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations than when those worthy persons who have honoured me with their affection and correspondence have freely told me what they thought amiss in my temper and conduct. This, therefore, dear sir, is an office which you might reasonably expect from me, if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me not to believe any flying story to the prejudice of those whom I had apparent reason, from what I knew of them, to esteem. And consequently, as I should never make this a foundation, you must be contented to wait longer before you will be likely to receive that office of fraternal love which you ask from, Rev. and dear sir,

Your obliged and affectionate brother and servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

Your caution has suggested a thought to me, whether it be modest to call ourselves humble. If the expression means a real readiness to serve in love in anything low, as washing the feet of another, I hope I can say, 'I am your humble servant'; but if it means one who is in all respects as humble as he could wish, God forbid I should arrogate so proud a title. In what can I say I have already attained? Only I love my divine Master, and I would not have a thought in my heart that He should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in His gracious hand which all the world cannot possibly afford, and which, I really think, would make me happier in a dark dungeon than ten thousand worlds could make me without it. And therefore I love every creature on earth that bears His image. And I do not except those who, through ignorance, rashness, or prejudice, have greatly injured me.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 6.—After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea.<sup>2</sup> We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I

<sup>1</sup> For the full text of this letter see *Meth. Mag.*, Supp., 1797, p. 33; and for the 'long letter' referred to in the first paragraph see *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 419.

<sup>2</sup> Sold, e.g. in Bristol, 1710, at prices varying from 16s. to 43s. per lb., and even in 1770 from 11s. to 20s. (Latimer,

*Annals*, 18th Cent.). His Diary from 1725 onwards shows how inveterate, in Wesley's case, was this habit of tea-drinking. Cf. Charles Wesley's 'Week's experiment of leaving off tea' (*Journal*, July 28, 1746); also John Wesley's *Letter to a Friend concerning Tea*, published in 1748 (*Works*, vol. xi. p. 504).

expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six-and-twenty years' standing. And, accordingly, the three first days my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on *Wednesday*, in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On *Thursday* morning my headache was gone; my memory was as strong as ever; and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

*Thur. 17.*—I finished the little collection which I had made among my friends for a lending-stock: it did not amount to thirty pounds, which a few persons afterwards made up fifty. And by this inconsiderable sum above two hundred and fifty persons were relieved in one year.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 21.*—I set out for Salisbury, where, to my utter amazement, on *Wednesday* the 23rd Mr. Hall<sup>2</sup> desired me to preach. Was his motive only to grace his own cause? Or rather, was this the last gasp of expiring love?

I did not reach Bristol till *Friday* the 25th. On *Sunday* the 27th I preached at Baptist Mills to the largest congregation I had seen at that place since I was there with Mr. Whitefield.

About this time I received a melancholy letter from abroad, part of which I have subjoined:

MEERKERK, IN HOLLAND, *July 29, 1746.*

I have for some years endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. And for above two years I have known that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins. I lived in the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all states. Wet or weary, cold or hungry, I could rejoice. And faith and love did increase so fast that it was my soul's delight to do good to them that hated me, to bless them that cursed me, and to call all those that were in a perishing condition to accept of life and salvation. But, oh, 'how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!' April 6, 1746, I was overcome by a great temptation. It came as quick as lightning. I know not if I was well in my senses; but I fell. I rose the same moment, and called upon my offended God; and so I have done ever since. But, notwithstanding, His Spirit has departed from

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* iii. 197 for an article on the Foundry lending-stock.

<sup>2</sup> Westley Hall, six months earlier, had renounced both John and Charles Wesley.

No. 129 FOUNDERY, Cal. 11 1766

**B**ORROWED and received of Mr. Ward  
(Steward of the Lending-Stock) the Sum of \$200.00  
which we jointly and severally promise  
to pay to Him, or Order, within Three Months from the  
Date hereof,

Witness our Hands, Dick Sanders Borrower,

Security,

Claf,

Borrower in

See Lending Stock. Vol. 1. Number 32d Vol. 17. 01. 17. 26. 27. 28

MEMORANDUM OF LOAN FROM THE FOUNDRY LENDING-STOCK.  
(See opposite.)





me. I have wounded my conscience exceedingly. I am fallen into the spirit of bondage and fear, and I often cry out :

Who shall tell me if the strife  
In heaven or hell shall end?

AUG. 4, *Mon.*<sup>1</sup>—I received a letter from Yorkshire, part of which was in these words :

On Wednesday, July 16, I called on good old Mr. Clayton.<sup>2</sup> He was exceeding weak, and seemed like one that had not long to continue here. I called again on Monday the 21st, and found him very ill. He told me no one else should have been admitted ; that he had much to say to me to tell *you* ; and desired me to send his kind respects to you, and wished you prosperity in your pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the last time. But when I returned into these parts on Saturday last, I found he died that morning between two and three. On Monday last I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good old friend. I followed his corpse to the ground, where I saw it solemnly interred. Many of his parishioners dropped tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, though he had an estate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he has been rector three-and-forty years.

*Wed.* 6.—I preached at Oakhill. How is this? I have not known so many persons earnestly mourning after God of any society of this size in England, and so unblameable in their behaviour ; and yet not one person has found a sense of the pardoning love of God from the first preaching here to this day !

When I mentioned this to the society, there was such a mourning as one would believe should pierce the clouds. My voice was quickly drowned. We continued crying to God with many loud and bitter cries, till I was constrained to break away between four and five, and take horse for Shepton [Mallet].

Here the good curate, I was informed, had hired a silly man, with a few other drunken champions, to make a disturbance. Almost as soon as I began, they began screaming out a psalm ; but our singing quickly swallowed up theirs. Soon after, their

<sup>1</sup> On this day Wesley wrote to Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon, giving his programme for the autumn. See *W.M. Mag.* 1875, p. 634.

<sup>2</sup> This letter was written by Mr. Henry

Thornton (see *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 79). This was not John Clayton of the Holy Club, but the rector of Redmire, a small parish in Wensleydale (see p. 109 above).

orator named a text, and, as they termed it, preached a sermon ; his attendants meantime being busy, not in hearing him, but in throwing stones and dirt at our brethren—those of them, I mean, who were obliged to stand at the door. When I had done preaching I would have gone out to them, it being my rule, confirmed by long experience, always to look a mob in the face ; but our people took me up, whether I would or no, and carried me into the house. The rabble melted away in a quarter of an hour, and we walked home in peace.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 7.*—That venerable old man, Mr. Tindal, called upon me once more. How strange is it to find one of fourscore and ten as humble and teachable as a little child !

*Sun. 10.*—In the evening, having determined to spend a little time in Wales, I rode to S[ister] Crocker's,<sup>2</sup> to be ready for the first passage in the morning.

On *Monday* the 11th we came to the water-side at half an hour after five ; but we did not pass till near twelve, and then rode on to Abergavenny. Mr. Phillips afterwards met us on the road, and brought us to a friend's house between nine and ten.

*Tues. 12.*—I preached at Maesmynys church,<sup>3</sup> and in the afternoon at Builth churchyard. The greatest part of the town was present there as usual, and God gave us the usual blessing.

*Wed. 13.*—I preached at Llansaintffraid. As soon as we came out of the church, a poor woman met us whom Satan had bound in an uncommon manner for several years. She followed us to the house where our horses were, weeping and rejoicing and praising God. Two clergymen were there beside me, and the house was full of people ; but she could not refrain from declaring before them all what God had done for her soul. And the words which came from the heart went to the heart. I scarce ever heard such a preacher before. All were in tears round about her, high and low ; for there was no resisting the Spirit by which she spoke.

<sup>1</sup> For an account of a more serious riot here see below, p. 331.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley (June 10, 1751) 'preached at Sister Crocker's,' but whether at Points-Pool or Bristol does not appear. John Wesley's 'Sister

Crocker' lived near the Old Passage.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Phillips, who brought Wesley to this part of Wales, was incumbent of Maesmynys church. This was Wesley's third visit. See above, pp. 76, 133, and 195.

The odd account she gave of herself was this—concerning which let every one judge as he pleases: That near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to Francis Morgan (a man famous in those parts), and gave him fourteen shillings to do his worst to her; that the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the devil was close to her; that at the same time a horse she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a lamb, leaped to and fro, and tore in such a manner that she was forced to rise and turn him out; that a tree which grew at the end of the house was torn up by the roots; that from thenceforth she had no rest day or night, being not only in fear and horror of mind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling as if her flesh was tearing off with burning pincers; that till this day she had never had any respite or ease; but now she knew God had delivered her, and she believed He would still deliver her body and soul, and bruise Satan under her feet.

At three in the afternoon I preached at Builth, designing to go from thence to Carmarthen; but notice having been given, by a mistake, of my preaching at Leominster in Herefordshire, I altered my design, and, going to Llansaintffraid that night, the next day rode to Leominster.<sup>1</sup>

At six in the evening I began preaching on a tombstone, close to the south side of the church. The multitude roared on every side, but my voice soon prevailed, and more and more of the people were melted down, till they began ringing the bells; but neither thus did they gain their point, for my voice prevailed still. Then the organs<sup>2</sup> began to play amain. Mr. C., the curate, went into the church and endeavoured to stop it; but in vain. So I thought it best to remove to the cornmarket.

<sup>1</sup> From Hutton's *Memoirs*, p. 223, we learn that a Religious Society met there in 1739, 'edifying itself by reading the writings of the Puritans. Wesley visited them; and in 1749 Cennick went thither.' This society ultimately became a Moravian congregation. See a letter from John Oulton of Leominster to Wesley, *Meth. Mag.* 1797 (Supplement).

<sup>2</sup> A fire destroyed the old organ in 1699. This was a new one. In all the earlier editions the word is plural—'organs': a survival of the old phrase, 'a payre of organs.' There is no reason to believe that the church, like Tewkesbury Abbey, boasted more than one organ. Henry Vaughan was vicar; the organist (1737-66) was Mr. Paul Francillon.



The whole congregation followed, to whom many more were joined who would not have come to the churchyard. Here we had a quiet time; and I showed what that sect is which is 'everywhere spoken against.' I walked with a large train to our inn; but none, that I heard, gave us one ill word. A Quaker followed me in, and told me, 'I was much displeased with thee because of thy last 'Appeal'; but my displeasure is gone. I heard thee speak, and my heart clave to thee.'

*Fri. 15.*—I preached at five to a large company of willing hearers. We breakfasted with a lovely old woman, worn out with sickness and pain, but full of faith and love, and breathing nothing but prayer and thanksgiving.

About ten we came to Kington, three hours' ride (which they call eight miles)<sup>1</sup> from Leominster. I preached at one end of the town. The congregation divided itself into two parts. One half stood near, the other part remained a little way off, and loured defiance; but the bridle from above was in their mouth, so they made no disturbance at all.

At four we had another kind of congregation at Maesmynys; many who had drank largely of the grace of God. I examined them, 'Do ye now believe?' And the word was as a two-edged sword. After taking a sweet leave of this loving people, we rode with honest John Price, of Merthyr [Tydvil], to his house. We had four hours' rain in the morning, but a fair, mild afternoon, in the close of which we came to Cardiff.

*Sun. 17.*—I preached at Wenvoe church, morning and afternoon; at five in the evening, in the Castle yard at Cardiff, to the far largest congregation which I had ever seen in Wales. All stood uncovered and attentive; and, I trust, few went empty away.

*Mon. 18.*—I rode with Mr. Hodges<sup>2</sup> to Neath. Here I found twelve young men, whom I could almost envy. They lived together in one house, and continually gave away whatever they earned above the necessaries of life. Most of them (they told me) were Predestinarians, but so little bigoted to their opinion that they would not suffer a Predestinarian to preach among them unless he would lay all controversy aside. And on these terms they gladly received those of the opposite opinion.

<sup>1</sup> It is at least fourteen miles.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. John Hodges, of Wenvoe.

The multitude of people obliged me to preach in the street, on 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' One man would fain have interrupted, and had procured a drunken fiddler for his second ; but, finding none to join them, they were ashamed ; so the gentleman stole away on one side, and the fiddler on the other.

*Tues. 19.*—I preached again at five. Whatever prejudice remained now vanished away as a dream ; and our souls took acquaintance with each other, as having all drank into one spirit.

About ten I preached in my return at Margam on 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' There being many present who did not well understand English, one repeated to them in Welsh the substance of what I had said. At one we came to Bridgend, where I preached on a small green, not far from the church, on 'Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' It being the time of the yearly revel, we had many strangers from all parts ; but none behaved unseemly ; none opened his mouth ; for the fear of God was amongst them. In the evening I preached at Fonmon Castle on the fruits of the Spirit. I concluded the day with the little society there, rejoicing and praising God.

*Wed. 20.*—I preached near Wilton, [at] a little town<sup>1</sup> about a mile from Cowbridge ; and on *Thursday* at Llanmaes, four miles from Fonmon, to a people of simple, loving, childlike spirit.

*Fri. 22.*—I returned to Cardiff, and spoke plain to those who were wise in their own eyes. This, however, was a matter of joy ; they were willing to receive reproof. Otherwise I should have feared that with regard to them I had laboured in vain.

*Sat. 23.*—Returning to Bristol, I found poor C[harles] G[raves] there, proclaiming open war. He preached at S[arah] G[oslin]'s<sup>2</sup> once or twice ; but I believe had done neither good nor harm. I invited him to lodge at our house ; but he did not choose it. Oh poor head and honest heart !

<sup>1</sup> The 'little town' was Llingstone.  
'Wilton' is the name of a farmhouse near by. It stands as in Wesley's days.

<sup>2</sup> 'The mother of our Antinomians'  
(C. Wesley's Journal, March 31, 1745).

*Fri.* 29.—I talked largely with S[arah] F[arley], and took from her the following account :

On Saturday, July 16, 1743, S—— T——, then about ten years and three quarters old, waked in perfect health. She had never had any fits of any kind, nor any considerable sickness. About six in the morning she was rising, and inwardly praying to God, when, on a sudden, she was seized with a violent trembling. Quickly after she lost her speech, in a few minutes her hearing, then her sight, and at the same time all sense and motion.

Her mother immediately sent for Mrs. Designe,<sup>1</sup> to whom she then went to school. At the same time her father sent for Mr. Smith, apothecary, who lived near. At first he proposed bleeding her immediately, and applying a large blister ; but upon examining her farther, he said, ‘ It signifies nothing, for the child is dead.’

About twelve o’clock she began to stir ; then she opened her eyes, and gave the following account :

‘ As soon as I lost my senses, I was in a dismal place, full of briers, and pits, and ditches ; stumbling up and down, and not knowing where to turn, or which way to get either forward or backward ; and it was almost quite dark, there being but a little faint twilight, so that I could scarce see before me. I was crying, ready to break my heart ; and a man came to me and said, “ Child, where are you going ? ” I said I could not tell. He said, “ What do you want ? ” I answered, “ I want Christ to be my refuge.” He said, “ What is your name ? ” And I told him ; but I did not tell him S—— T——. I told him a name which I never heard before. He said, “ You are the child for whom I am sent ; you are to go with me.” I saw it grew lighter as he spoke. We walked together, till we came to a stile. He went over, and bid me stay a little. I stayed about half a quarter of an hour, and then I observed his clothes. They reached down to his feet, and were shining, and white as snow.

‘ Then he came back, and kneeled down and prayed. You never heard such a prayer in your life. Afterwards he said, “ Come with me.” I went over the stile, and it was quite light. He brought me through a narrow lane, into a vast broad road, and told me, “ This leads to hell ; but be not afraid ; you are not to stay there.” At the end of that road a man stood, clothed like the other, in white, shining clothes, which reached down to the ground. None could pass in or out without his knowledge ; but he had not the key. The man that was with me carried the key, and unlocked the door, and we went in together.

‘ For a little way we walked straight forward ; then, turning to the

<sup>1</sup> An early and for many years a prominent Methodist at Kingswood and Bristol.



left hand, we went down a very high, steep hill. I could scarce bear the stench and smoke of brimstone. I saw a vast many people, that seemed to be chained down, crying and gnashing their teeth. The man told me the sins they delighted in once they are tormented with now. I saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other; and many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another. I saw many others, who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames; and others, who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them.

'We stayed here, I thought, about half an hour. Then my guide said, "Come; I will show you now a glorious place." I walked with him till we came into a narrow road, in which we could hardly walk abreast. This brought us into a great broad place; and I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open; but it was so bright I could not look at it long. We went straight in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels; and through another large place where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature, and when one prayed, they all prayed; when one sung, they all sung. And they all sung alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another.

'We went through this into a third place. There I saw God sitting upon His throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun. I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw three, but all as one. Our Saviour held a pen in His hand. A great book lay at His right side; another at His left; and a third partly behind Him. In the first He set down the prayers and good works of His people; in the second He set down all the curses and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw that He discerns the whole earth at a glance; and He discerns the whole heavens. At once He beholds earth and heaven with one look.

'Then our Lord took the first book in His hand, and went and said, "Father, behold the prayers and the works of My people." And He held up His hands and prayed, and interceded to His Father for us. I never heard any voice like that; but I cannot tell how to explain it. And His Father said, "Son, I forgive Thy people; not for their sake, but Thine." Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to His throne, rejoicing with the host of heaven.

'It seemed to me as if I stayed here several months; but I never slept all the while. And there was no night; and I saw no sky or sun, but clear light everywhere.

'Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened; and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walked, I said I did not see my brother here (who died some time before). He said, "Child, thou canst not know thy brother yet, because thy breath remains in thy body. Thy spirit is to return to the



earth. Thou must watch and pray; and when thy breath leaves thy body, thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these, and know every one as before." I said, "When is that to be?" He said, "I know not, nor any angel in heaven; but God alone."

'Then he took me into another pleasant garden, where were all manner of fruits. He told me, "This garden bears fruit always." Here I saw a glorious place, which had large gold letters writ over the door. He bid me read; and I read, "This is a fountain for sin and uncleanness for My people. At what time soever they will return, they shall be cleansed from all their idols." The door stood open, and I looked in, and I saw, as it were, a great cistern full of water, white as milk. We seemed to walk up and down in this garden for some weeks, and he told me what everything meant. I never wanted to eat or drink, nor felt any weariness.

'While we were walking, he said, "Sing." I said, "What shall I sing?" And he said, "Sing praises unto the King of the place." I sung several verses. Then he said, "I must go." I would have fain gone with him; but he said, "Your time is not yet: you have more work to do upon the earth." Immediately he was gone; and I came to myself, and began to speak.'

#### Her mother told me farther:

As soon as ever she recovered her speech, she gave me just the same account; adding, 'I have learned the finest hymn you ever heard in your life.' She then sang three verses, the most solid, awful words which I have ever heard. She continued speaking many awful words, with many sighs and tears, till, about three in the afternoon, she fell into a slumber, which continued till seven. She then spoke the same things to Mrs. Designe; after which she was silent till about five in the morning.

She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance she has continued in faith and love, but has been very sickly and weak in body.

SEPT. 1, *Mon.*—I rode with T. Butts<sup>1</sup> to Middlezoy, and preached to a small, earnest congregation. We set out early in the morning, and were thoroughly wet by noon. In the evening we reached Sticklepath.

*Wed. 3.*—About one o'clock we came to Plymouth.<sup>2</sup> After

<sup>1</sup> One of Wesley's earliest book-stewards. He frequently travelled with C. Wesley. (*Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 258; Lightwood's *Hymn Tunes*; also *W.H.S.* vi. 47.)

<sup>2</sup> Plymouth Methodism began with a class-meeting in 1745. For subsequent history see *Meth. Rec.* Dec. 22, 1904; *W.M. Mag.* 1904, p. 723.

dinner I walked down to Herbert Jenkins,<sup>1</sup> and with him to the Dock. In the way we overtook Mr. Mignon, *then* a pattern to all that believed. Herbert preached a plain, honest sermon; but the congregation was greatly displeased; and many went away as soon as he began, having come on purpose to hear me.

*Thur. 4.*—Abundance of people from Plymouth were at the room by half-hour after four. I was much refreshed in applying those words to them, 'The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing'; and many of us found our hearts knit together in that love which never faileth.

As many as the room could well contain followed me to Mr. Hide's, and importuned me much to call again in my return from Cornwall. We dined at Looe (a town near half as large as Islington, which sends only four burgesses to the Parliament), called at Grampound in the afternoon, and just at seven reached Gwennap. The congregation waiting, I began without delay, and found no faintness or weariness while I expounded 'We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

*Fri. 5.*—I inquired concerning John Trembath's late illness. It was a second relapse into the spotted fever, in the height of which they gave him sack, cold milk and apples, plums, as much as he could swallow. I can see no way to account for his recovery but that he had not then finished his work. In the evening I preached at St. Ives.

*Sat. 6.*—I rode to Trewellard, in the parish of St. Just. I found no society in Cornwall so lively as this; yet a few of them I was obliged to reprove for negligence in meeting, which is always the forerunner of greater evils.

I preached in the evening in the Green Court,<sup>2</sup> which was well filled with earnest hearers. I thought the house would have contained the congregation at five (*Sunday* the 7th), but it would not. At eight I preached to a large congregation at Morvah, and rode on to Zennor before the Church service began. As soon as it was ended, I began near the churchyard (and surely never was it more wanted) to expound 'Whom ye

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> The street leading from the bottom of Tregenna Hill to High Street.

ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' I preached at St. Ives about five, to a more understanding people, on 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

On *Monday* the 8th I wrote the following letter to Mr. [Ingham]:

MY DEAR BROTHER,

On Tuesday last I light upon a letter of yours in Devonshire, which I understand has been a great traveller. I think it is the part of brotherly love to mention to you some points therein wherein I doubt whether you are not a little mistaken; if I mistake, you will set me right. You say,

'1. First, as to *stillness*: The thing meant hereby is, that man cannot attain to salvation by his own wisdom, strength, righteousness, goodness, merits, or works; that therefore, when he applies to God for it, he is to cast away all dependence upon everything of his own, and, trusting only to the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, in true poverty of spirit to resign himself up to the will of God, and thus quietly wait for His salvation.' I conceive this to be the first mistake. I have nothing to object to this *stillness*. I never did oppose *this* in word or deed. But this is not 'the thing meant thereby,' either by Molther, or the Moravians, or the English Brethren, at the time that *I* (and *you*, at Mr. Bowers's),<sup>1</sup> opposed them.

'2. That the Brethren teach that people who are seeking after salvation are all the while to sit still and do nothing—that they are not to read, hear, or pray—is altogether false.' This I apprehend to be a second mistake. Whatever the *Brethren* do now, they did teach thus, and that explicitly, in the years 1739 and 1740. In particular, Mr. Brown, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Bell, Mr. Bray, and Mr. Simpson,<sup>2</sup> then with the Moravians. Many of their words I heard with my own ears; many more I received from those who did so. And Mr. Molther himself, on December 31, 1739, said to me, in many and plain words, that the way to attain faith is '*to be still*'; that is:

- 'Not to use (what we term) the means of grace;
- 'Not to go to church;
- 'Not to communicate;
- 'Not to fast;
- 'Not to use *so much* private prayer;
- 'Not to read the Scriptures;
- 'Not to do temporal good, and
- 'Not to attempt to do spiritual good.'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bowers is said to have been the first to set the example of lay-preaching (*Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 32; cf. above, *Diary*, vol. ii.). <sup>2</sup> John Simpson.

These things I myself heard him speak, as I am ready to give upon oath whenever required. You ought not, therefore, to say, 'This is altogether false,' on the bare denial of Mr. Molther or any other.

'3. Some of Fetter Lane society, when the difference broke out, spoke and acted very imprudently. But then, to lay the blame on the Moravian Church, as if it were their fault, is quite wrong.' I think so too; and have said so in my answer to Mr. Church, published some time before you sent your letter.<sup>1</sup> If, therefore, you imagine that I lay the blame on the Moravian Church, you are under a mistake here also; or if you think I 'lay the fault of one man upon a whole community.'

'4. As to the English that really were to blame, they confessed their faults, and asked Mr. W[esley's] pardon. And some of them, if I mistake not, did it with tears.' I really think you do mistake again. I remember no such thing. Fifty persons, and more, spoke bitter things concerning me. One or two asked my pardon for so doing, but in so slight and cursory a manner that I do not so much as know who were the men, neither the time or place where it was done; so far were they from doing it with tears, or with any solemnity or earnestness at all. As for the rest, if they were ever convinced or ashamed at all, it is a secret to me to this day.

'5. Therefore, to publish things which ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion, is what I do not like.' This whole matter of asking pardon you seem to mistake, as Count Z[inzendorf] did before. I wish you would consider the answer I gave him: 'They asked my pardon for using me ill. I replied, that was superfluous: I was not angry with them; but I was afraid of two things: (1) That there was error in their doctrine. (2) That there was sin (allowed) in their practice.' This was then, and is at this day, the one question between them and me. Now, this cannot be buried in oblivion. That error and sin have spread too far already; and it was my part, after private reproof had been tried again and again to no purpose, to give public warning thereof to all the world, that, if possible, they might spread no farther.

'6. Mr. W[esley] is partial throughout his Journal.' I want to know the particular instances. 'In what he mentions of me, he does not represent our conversation rightly.' Then it is the fault of my memory. But be so kind as to point out the particulars that are not rightly represented. 'He has done the cause of our Saviour more mischief than any one else could have done.' Tell me how? unless you mean the Antinomian cause, by *the cause of our Saviour*. 'I have several times gone to Mr. W[esley] to explain matters, and to desire him to be reconciled.' *Several times!* When, and where? You

<sup>1</sup> See *Works*, vol. viii. pp. 378, 379.



surprise me much ! Either my memory or yours fails strangely. 'In truth, it is he that has stood out.' Alas, my brother ! What an assertion is this ? Did not I come three years ago (before that Journal was published) in all haste, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and my brother, in five days, from the Land's End, to a supposed conference in London ?<sup>1</sup> Was this standing out ? But with what effect ? Why, Mr. Spangenberg had just left London. None besides had any power to confer with us. And to cut us off from any such expectation, James Hutton said they had orders not to confer at all unless the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London were present.

There cannot be under heaven a greater mistake than this, that I ever did stand out, and that I do so now. There has not been one day for these seven years last past wherein my soul has not longed for union. And they have grossly abused your honest credulity, whoever have made you believe the contrary.

'7. Since [the] Mr. Wesleys have published such stuff and inconsistencies, I cannot agree with them.' My brother, make some of those inconsistencies appear, and it will be an act of solid friendship. But, 'time will manifest matters, and what is of God will stand, and what is of man will come to nought.' Most true ; and according to this sure rule, it has already appeared whose work is of God ; both at Bradford, at Horton, and in several towns not far from your own neighbourhood.

8. The account you give of the Moravians in general is the very same I had given before : viz. that next to those of our own Church, 'who have the faith and love which is among them, without those errors either of judgement or practice, *the body* of the Moravian Church, however mistaken *some of them are*, are *in the main*, all of whom I have seen, the best Christians in the world.' In the same tract I sum up my latest judgement concerning them in these terms : 'I believe they love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and have a measure of the mind that was in Him. And I am in great earnest when I declare once more, that I have a deep, abiding conviction, by how many degrees the good which is among them over-balances the evil,<sup>2</sup> and that I cannot speak of them but with tender affection, were it only for the benefits I have received from them ; and that at this hour, I desire union with them (were those stumbling-blocks once put away, which have hitherto made that desire ineffectual) above all things under heaven.'

9. In what respects the Brethren are Antinomians, in what sense

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<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> 'I speak of the simple and artless part of their congregations. As for the teachers in their Church, it is my solemn

belief (I speak it with grief and reluctance) that they are no better than a kind of Protestant Jesuits' (Wesley).

they lean to Quietism, I have spoken at large. If they can refute the charge, I shall rejoice more than if I had gained great spoils.

My brother, I heartily wish both you and them the genuine, open gospel simplicity; that you may always use that artless plainness of speech in which you once excelled; and that, by manifestation of the truth, you may commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I am,

Your affectionate brother,

J[OHN] W[ESLEY].

*Tues. 9.*—I preached at Crowan. The night came upon us while I was speaking, but none offered to go away.

*Wed. 10.*—I preached at Portkellis, in Wendron, to many more than the house would contain. W—— T——, of Sithney, rode with me to Gwennap, a constant companion of Mr. N——'s so long as he would join with him in riot and drunkenness; but with his drunkenness ended Mr. N——'s friendship.

When he heard that one John O——n,<sup>1</sup> a tinner, was preaching, he went on purpose to make sport. But the word of God struck him to the earth. Yet he struggled in the toils, sometimes wanting to go again, sometimes resolving never to go any more. But one day, calling at his sister's, he took up a little girl (about four years old), and said, 'They tell me you can sing hymns. Come, sing me a hymn.' She began immediately:

My soul, don't delay,

Christ calls thee away:

Rise! Follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day!

No mortal doth know

What He can bestow:

What peace, love, and comfort: Go after Him, go!<sup>2</sup>

He started up at once, and went to the preaching. And the same night he found peace to his soul.

*Thur. 11.*—E—— T—— (W—— T's—— sister) rode with me to Camborne. When she heard her brother was perverted, she went over to Sithney on purpose to reclaim him. But finding neither fair words, nor hard names, nor oaths, nor curses,

<sup>1</sup> This may have been John Osborn. Mrs. Pascoe was one of the tinner's converts and the mother of Methodism in Sithney. The story of her persecutions

is told in the *Meth. Mag.* 1801, p. 483.

<sup>2</sup> Two verses of a hymn popular with early Methodists. It was written by Gambold. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 178.)

nor blows could prevail, she went away, renouncing him and all that belonged to him, and fully resolved to see him no more.

Six weeks after she met him at Redruth, and desired him to step into a house. When they were sat down, she burst into tears, and said, 'Brother, follow those men, in God's name. And send me word when any of them preaches in your house, and I will come and hear him.'

He asked, 'How is this? How came you to be so changed?' She replied, 'A fortnight ago, I dreamed a man stood by me and said, "Do not speak evil of these men; for they are the servants of God." I said, "What, are you one of them? I defy you all. I will keep to my church." He said, "And when you are at church, how are your thoughts employed? or even at the Lord's table?" And he went on, telling me all that was in my heart, and every word went through me; and I looked up, and saw him very bright and glorious; and I knew it was our Saviour, and I fell down at His feet; and then I waked.'

The week after she went to Sithney, where Mr. M[eyrick] was preaching, and saying, 'Is there any of you that has shut your doors against the messengers of God? How if the Lord shut the door of mercy against you?' She cried out, 'It is I,' and dropped down. Nor had she any rest till God made her a witness of the faith which she once persecuted.

*Sat.* 13.—I took my leave of our brethren of St. Ives, and between one and two in the afternoon began preaching before Mr. Probis's house, at Brea,<sup>1</sup> on the promise which is given to them that believe. Many were there who had been vehement opposers, but from this time they opposed no more.

At six I preached at Sithney. Before I had done the night came on; but the moon shone bright upon us. I intended, after preaching, to meet the society; but it was hardly practicable, the poor people so eagerly crowding in upon us. So I met them all together, and exhorted them not to leave their first love.

*Sun.* 14.—For the sake of those who came from afar, I delayed preaching till eight o'clock. Many of Helston were there, and most of those who in time past had signalized themselves by making riots. But the fear of God was upon them;

<sup>1</sup> A mining village on the slopes of Carn Brea.

they all stood uncovered, and calmly attended from the beginning to the end.

About one I began preaching near Portkellis to a much larger congregation ; and, about half an hour after four, at Gwennap, to an immense multitude of people on 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' I was at first afraid my voice would not reach them all ; but without cause, for it was so strengthened that I believe thousands more might have heard every word. In the close of my sermon I read them the account of Thomas Hitchens's death,<sup>1</sup> and the hearts of many burned within them, so that they could not conceal their desire to go to him, and to be with Christ. At six we took horse ; and about nine (having bright moonshine) reached St. Columb.

*Mon. 15.*—A guide, meeting us at Camelford, conducted us to Week St. Mary. Mr. Bennet<sup>2</sup> overtook us on the road, and Mr. Thompson came in soon after, having lost his way, and so picked up Mr. Meyrick and Butts, who were wandering they knew not where. It was the time of the yearly revel, which obliged me to speak very plain. Thence we rode to Laneast, where was a much larger congregation, and of quite another spirit.

*Tues. 16.*—I rode to Plymouth Dock, and preached in the evening, and the next morning at five. A little after ten I began preaching in a meadow near Tavistock. In the afternoon we called at Sticklepath ; and about nine at night came, weary enough, to Exeter.

*Thur. 18.*—About one I preached at Beer Crocombe. About five we reached Bridgwater. We expected much tumult here, the great vulgar stirring up the small ; but we were disappointed. The very week before our coming the Grand Jury had found the bill against the rioters, who had so often assaulted Mary Lockyer's house. This, and the awe of God which fell upon them, kept the whole congregation quiet and serious.

Before I preached my strength was quite exhausted, and I was exceeding feverish through mere fatigue ; but in riding to

<sup>1</sup> The son of a blacksmith at Gwennap, who had four sons, all preachers. They built a large chapel, supported it, and preached in it and suffered brutal persecution. (Memoir of their niece, Eliza

Byron, *Meth. Mag.* 1804 ; Green, *Bibliography*, Nos. 89 and 102 ; Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 190 ; *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 75.)

<sup>2</sup> Rev. John Bennet, Rev. George Thompson.



Middlezoy I revived, and in the morning, *Friday* the 19th, I rose quite well. 'My strength will I ascribe unto Thee.'

After a long morning's ride we came to Mr. Star's, at Way Wick. Mr. S., a neighbouring gentleman, who not long since hired a mob to make a disturbance, coming in, Mrs. Star detained him till the time of preaching. He seemed struck much more than the congregation. In the evening we came to Bristol.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 22.*—At eleven I preached at Paulton, about two at Oakhill, and in the evening at Coleford.

*Tues. 23.*—I went on to Road, where the mob threatened loud. I determined, however, to look them in the face; and at twelve I cried, to the largest congregation by far which I had ever seen in these parts, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.' The despisers stood as men astonished, and neither spoke nor stirred till I had concluded my sermon.

Between five and six I preached at Bearfield; the next evening at Blewbury. While I was afterwards meeting the society, one grievous backslider, who had been for some time as in the belly of hell, was struck to the earth, and roared aloud. He ceased not till God restored the pearl he had lost. Does not our God 'abundantly pardon'?

*Thur. 25.*—I came to Wycombe. It being the day on which the mayor was chosen, abundance of rabble, full of strong drink, came to the preaching on purpose to disturb. But they soon fell out among themselves; so that I finished my sermon in tolerable quiet.

*Fri. 26.*—Mr. B. went to the mayor, and said, 'Sir, I come to inform against a common swearer. I believe he swore an hundred oaths last night; but I marked down only twenty.' 'Sir,' said the mayor, 'you do very right in bringing him to justice. What is his name?' He replied, 'R—— D——.'<sup>2</sup> 'R—— D——!' answered the mayor; 'why, that is my son!' 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. B., 'so I understand.' 'Nay, sir,' said he, 'I have nothing to say in his defence. If he breaks the law, he must take what follows.'

<sup>1</sup> On arrival he wrote to Mr. Joseph Cownley a letter for the brethren at Leominster. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 223.)

<sup>2</sup> Ralph Dean was mayor in 1734, 1744, 1746, and 1758.

OCT. 4, *Sat.*—My brother and I took up our cross, and talked largely with Mr. G[reen].<sup>1</sup> But he still insisted (1) That there was no repentance at all antecedent to saving faith; (2) that naked faith alone was the only condition of everlasting salvation; and (3) that no works need be preached at all, neither were necessary either before or after faith.

We took horse at nine, and soon after one came to Sevenoaks.<sup>2</sup> After refreshing ourselves a little, we went to an open place near the Free School, where I declared, to a large, wild company, 'There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' They grew calmer and calmer till I had done, and then went quietly away. As we returned, a poor Shimei came to meet us, bitterly cursing and blaspheming; but we walked straight on, and even his companions, the mob, neither laughed nor opened their mouth.

*Sun.* 5.—I preached in the church at Shoreham,<sup>3</sup> morning

<sup>1</sup> From C. Wesley's Journal we infer the identity of 'Mr. G.'

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Amy George was led to Christ at Sevenoaks with little or no human aid. When in London on business she found her way to the Foundry. Hearing at Sevenoaks that John Wesley was at Shoreham, she walked over and gave him the invitation which brought him to Sevenoaks on this occasion. Preaching was begun in a room in her house, which was opposite the Town Hall; next in Coffee House Yard; Mrs. George then built the chapel which Wesley opened Dec. 12, 1774. This may serve as an example of how Methodism grew in these early days. See *Meth. Rec.* April 7, 1904, and Winter No., 1900, p. 91.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Watkins, a member at the Foundry, visited relatives at Shoreham, and conceived the idea of introducing Wesley to Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham. The latter sent an invitation by Watkins to John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley's first interview took place in 1744 (see above, p. 145). On Sept. 16 in this year Charles Wesley, Mr. Watkins, Edward Perronet, and others set out in a chaise for Shoreham. At Sevenoaks Charles Wesley preached.

At Shoreham, 'as soon as I began preaching the wild beasts began roaring, stamping, blaspheming, ringing the bells, and turning the church into a bear-garden. I spoke for half an hour. . . . The rioters followed us to Mr. Perronet's house, raging. . . . Charles Perronet hung over me, to intercept my blows.' It was Mr. Watkins, with Mr. Ball, who 'in November 1739, . . . came and desired me, once and again, to preach in a place called the Foundry, near Moor-fields,' and who by loans, gifts, and collected subscriptions financed the purchase and repairs until the society, by its quarterly subscriptions (the weekly contributions went to the poor) was able to carry the burden. It was at Mr. Watkins's house that Charles Wesley had two hours' conference with Dr. Doddridge. Later he calls him, 'old, honest, hearty Mr. Watkins.' In Stevenson's *City Road Chapel* 'Samuel Watkins (1745)' appears in John Wall's band. J. R. Gregory (*W.M. Mag.* 1902) gives full particulars of the Perronets. (Cf. 'An Earnest Appeal,' *Works*, vol. viii. p. 37; Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 45, 46, 532, vol. ii. p. 172; *W.M. Mag.* 1857, p. 481.)

and afternoon. The congregation seemed to understand just nothing of the matter. But God can give them understanding in His time.

*Thur. 9.*—The day of Public Thanksgiving for the victory at Culloden<sup>1</sup> was to us a day of solemn joy.

*Sat. 11.*—I had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. P. He said: 'I rejoiced greatly when the Count came over, hoping now I should understand the truth of the matter; and I went to hear him, full of expectation. His text was, "Neither do I condemn thee." He began, "The Saviour says, *I came not to destroy the law*; but the fact is contrary, for He does destroy it. It is plain the law condemned this woman, but the Saviour does not condemn her. Again, the law commands to keep the Sabbath holy; but the Saviour did not keep it holy. Nay, God Himself does not keep the law, for the law says, *Put away all lying*. But God said, *Nineveh shall be destroyed*; yet Nineveh was not destroyed." The whole sermon was of the same thread. I understood him well, and do not desire to hear him any more.'

*Sat. 25.*—I buried the body of George Adams, a child about twelve years old. He is the first of the children brought up at our school<sup>2</sup> whom God has called to Himself. From the time God manifested His love to Him, he was eminently of a meek and quiet spirit. And as he lived, so he died, in sweet peace.

*Nov. 1, Sat.*—I dined at J—— E——'s. Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning? Has there been one in our memory that so signalized himself as an enemy to all serious, inward religion? But it is past. He was going out on pleasure, as usual; his foot slipped, and, as he was falling, a thought came, 'What if, instead of falling to the earth, thou hadst now died and fallen into hell?' He heard and acknowledged the voice of God, and began to seek His face.

*Wed. 12.*—In the evening, at the chapel, my teeth pained me much. In coming home, Mr. Spear gave me an account of the rupture he had had for some years, which, after the most

<sup>1</sup> The battle, which ended the Stuart peril and secured the Protestant succession, was fought on April 16 near Inverness. Prince Charles Edward escaped

from Scotland on September 20. Charles Wesley wrote hymns for this event.

<sup>2</sup> The Foundery School, taught by Silas Told.

eminent physicians had declared it incurable, was perfectly cured in a moment. I prayed with submission to the will of God. My pain ceased, and returned no more.

*Sun. 16.*—I was desired to pray with one in despair. I had never seen her before, but soon found she was a sensible woman, and well acquainted with the theory of religion; yet when I spoke to her some of the<sup>1</sup> [first] principles of Christianity, she cried out, as if she had never heard them before, ‘Hear! He says, I may be saved! He says, God loves *me*! Christ died for *me*! And that I may live with Him in heaven! Oh then, what is this world? What is life, what is pain? I do not care for it. Let me die; let me suffer anything here, so I may but live with Christ in heaven.’

About this time I received a remarkable account from Grimsby, in Lincolnshire:

William Blow,<sup>2</sup> John Melton, and Thomas Wilkinson were going, on Friday last, in a boat on the sea near Grimsby. John Melton could swim exceeding well, but William Blow not at all. When they were about half a league from the shore, they were both beat overboard. John Melton sunk to the bottom like a stone. William Blow sunk and rose several times, and was in the water near a quarter of an hour before Thomas Wilkinson could get near him. At last he saw his hand above the water. He then struck down his boat-hook at a venture, and caught him by the flap of his coat, and pulled him to the boat-side. He was quite sensible, and said, ‘Tommy, I am afraid you can’t get me in.’ ‘Nay, then,’ said Thomas, ‘we will sink together, for I will not let thee go.’ At last he did get him in, and brought him safe to land.

We asked how he could keep in the water so long, and not be drowned. He said God gave him that thought, to keep his mouth shut, and, when he was almost choked, he gave a spring up, and got a little breath. I asked him how he felt himself when he was under water; if he was not afraid of death? He answered, No; his soul was lifted up unto the Lord, and He freely resigned himself into His hands.

I received, likewise, from several of our brethren abroad, an account of the deliverance God had lately wrought for them:

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 1st ed. and 1774.

<sup>2</sup> One of the first to receive John Nelson at Grimsby (*E.M.P.* vol. i. pp. 68 f.).



BUSH OF BRABANT.

REV. SIR,

I have long had a desire to write, but had not an opportunity till we came to our winter quarters. When we came over, we thought we should have had brother Haime with us, as formerly ; but we were disappointed. We were about three weeks upon our march, and endured a great deal through the heat of the weather, and for want of water. At Viller camp we lay so near the enemy, and were forced to mount so many guards, that we had hardly any time to ourselves, nor had John Haime time to meet with us. We left this camp in twelve or fourteen days' time, and wherever we marched we had the French always in our view ; only a few days, when we were marching through woods, and over high mountains. Coming back to Maestricht, at some camps we have lain so near the enemy that their sentries and ours have taken snuff with one another ; having then no orders to fire at or hurt each other. But the day we came off we found it otherwise : for at eleven o'clock the night before, orders came for us to be ready to turn out an hour before day, which was the 30th of September. At day-break orders came to our regiment and Colonel Graham's to advance about a mile and a half toward the French. We were placed in a little park, and Graham's regiment in another, to the right of us. We lay open to the French ; only we cut down the hedge breast-high, and filled it up with loose earth. Thus we waited for the enemy several hours, who came first with their right wing upon the Dutch, that were upon our left. They engaged in our sight, and fired briskly upon each other, cannon and small shot for two hours. Then the Dutch, being overpowered, gave way, and the French advanced upon us, and marched a party over the ditch, on the left of Graham's, and fell in upon them notwithstanding our continual firing, both with our small-arms and four pieces of cannon. So when the French had got past us, our regiment retreated, or we should have been surrounded. In our retreat we faced about twice, and fired on the enemy, and so came off with little loss ; though they fired after us with large cannon-shot—I believe four-and-twenty pounders.

We lost one brother of Graham's regiment, and two of ours—Andrew Paxton, shot dead in our retreat, and Mark Bend, who was wounded and left on the field. The Lord gave us all on that day an extraordinary courage, and a word to speak to our comrades, as we advanced toward the enemy, to tell them how happy they were that had made their peace with God. We likewise spoke to one another while the cannon were firing, and we could all rely on God, and resign ourselves to His will.

A few of us meet here twice a day ; and, thanks be to God, His grace is still sufficient for us. We desire all our brethren to praise God

on our behalf. And we desire all your prayers, that the Lord may give us to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

I remain,

Your loving brother,

October 17.<sup>2</sup>

S[AMPSON] S[TANIFORTH].<sup>1</sup>

Nearly the same account we received a few days before, in a letter from the camp near Maestricht. Part of this ran as follows :

Ever since the 22nd of July our army and the French have lain so close, and marched so close together, that we have expected them to come upon us almost every night, and have had, for many nights, strict orders not to take off our accoutrements, but to be ready to turn out at a minute's warning ; and almost every day some of our out-guards have had skirmishes with them. On September 29, at night, Prince Charles [of Lorraine] had intelligence that they designed to fall upon us with all their force. So we had orders to be ready, and at break of day our regiment and Graham's were ordered to march in the front of the army, with two Hessian, two Hanoverian, and a part of the Dutch. We marched a mile forward into little parks and orchards, a village being between us and our army : in this posture we remained about three hours, while their right wing was engaged with the Dutch, the cannon playing everywhere all this time. But we were all endued with strength and courage from God, so that the fear of death was taken away from us. And when the French came upon us and overpowered us, we were troubled at our regiment's giving way, and would have stood our ground, and called to the rest of the regiment to stop and face the enemy, but to no purpose. In the retreat we were broke ; yet after we had retreated about a mile, we rallied twice, and fired again. When we came where we thought the army was, they were all gone. So we marched good part of the night ; and the next day, about four o'clock, we came to this camp. We left our brother Mark Bend in the field ; whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell ; but the last of our brothers that spoke to him, after he was wounded, found him quite resigned to the will of God. We that He has spared a little longer desire you to return thanks to God for all His mercies to us.

<sup>1</sup> Sampson Staniforth was converted under Haime. After the battle of Fontenoy his regiment was hurried home for service against the Pretender. Whilst stationed at Deptford he married a member of society. On his wedding day he was ordered back to Holland.

This letter was written during the second campaign. After his return he lived for fifty years a devoted and useful life in or near Deptford. (*E.M.P.* vol. iv. pp. 109-51.)

<sup>2</sup> The date in 1st ed. is Nov. 17, 1747.



PART THE SEVENTH

THE JOURNAL

FROM NOVEMBER 25, 1746, TO JULY 20, 1749



*Specific dates and places are welcome as fixed points around which our thoughts may crystallize, It is so in the history of Methodism. The Cambridge Modern History (vol. vi. p. 53) fastens on Bristol as the place and April 2, 1739, as the day on which the work began :*

*While Whitefield was sailing to Georgia, John Wesley 'proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city (Bristol) to about three thousand people.' From this day, April 2, 1739, may be reckoned a new era in the religious history of England ; for her greatest religious leader between Cromwell and Newman had found his way to the hearts of her people.*

*To this we might add, that in Bristol also, and at a date not far removed from this, the definite organization of Methodism as a society began. The sections of the Journal now under consideration mark the development of the society as a means of fellowship and instruction ; they also lift the veil from the processes by which Wesley, freely borrowing from the example and experience of others, created a scheme of church government and discipline which at the same time supplied Methodism with those social, philanthropic, and educational institutions which the nation so sorely needed. The historian's portraiture of Wesley from this point of view is remarkable. Comparing the two most prominent leaders, the writer says :*

*Wesley, not the equal of Whitefield as an orator, could exercise in the intimate circle of his friends, in small meetings of committees, on the conference of his preachers as a whole, an influence more remarkable and certainly more unique. None of his followers questioned his decisions, and, even if he sought (and he very seldom sought) to devolve some of his authority, they persisted in referring everything to him. This faculty of commanding obedience, of awakening inspiration, and his general aspect of imperious tyrannic strength has induced a not very apt comparison between him and two of the greatest of statesmen. Wesley was deficient in imaginative power, and in his creative genius and capacity for organization he resembled Loyola or Colbert far more than Chatham or Richelieu. It is strange that a man whose objects were so disinterested, lofty, and pure should have had so firm a grasp of the realities of life, of business, finance, and administration. . . . Not one of his creations was original ; but he lent a new meaning and force to them all, especially to the class-meeting, the most peculiar and characteristic feature of Methodism.*

## THE JOURNAL

*From November 25, 1746, to July 20, 1749*

**1746.** NOV. 25, *Tues.*—I laboured much to convince one who had known me for several years that she had 'left her first love,' and was in the utmost danger of losing the things which she had wrought ; but she was proof against argument as well as persuasion, and very civilly renounced all fellowship with me, because, she said, I was disaffected to the Government. Oh what will not those either believe or assert who are resolved to defend a desperate cause !

*Sun.* 30.—John Jones<sup>1</sup> (late a zealous Calvinist), preached for the first time at the Foundery. I trust he will never rest till He who 'died for all' hath 'cleansed him from all unrighteousness.'

DEC. 4, *Thur.*—I mentioned to the society my design of giving physic to the poor. About thirty came the next day, and in three weeks about three hundred. This we continued for several years, till, the number of patients still increasing, the expense was greater than we could bear. Meantime, through the blessing of God, many who had been ill for months or years were restored to perfect health.

*Mon.* 8.—This week I read the collection of Tracts published by Mr. John Fresenius,<sup>2</sup> one of the ministers at Frankfurt, concerning Count Zinzendorf and his people, commonly

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<sup>1</sup> A man of considerable learning, deep piety, and ministerial ability (*Atmore's Memorial*). A physician. He joined Wesley, helping him as a preacher and tutor in London and Kingswood. At Wesley's request he was ordained in 1763 by Erasmus, a Greek bishop, Charles Wesley disapproving. He

left the Methodists, was ordained by the Bishop of London, and presented to the living of Harwich, which he held until his death. He was a member of the fourth and fifth Conferences. (*Hist. of Kingswood School*, pp. 34, 35.)

<sup>2</sup> See below, April 13, 1759 ; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 50.

called Moravians. He writes both like a gentleman and a Christian; with mildness, good nature, and good manners; and yet with all plainness of speech, so as to place their pride, guile, and various errors in the clearest and strongest light.

*Mon. 15.*—Most of this week I spent at Lewisham<sup>1</sup> in writing *Lessons for Children*, consisting of the most practical Scriptures with a very few short explanatory notes.

*Sat. 20.*—I had a visit from Mr. Bland, an accurate master of the Hebrew tongue; but how exceeding far from the judgement of Mr. Hutchinson! He avers (and thinks he has demonstrated, in a tract on that head lately published), that both the vowel- and accent-points are absolutely essential to the Hebrew language; and that they are far elder than Ezra, yea, coeval [at least]<sup>2</sup> with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

*Thursday* the 25th was a day of great consolation.

*Mon. 29.*—I resumed my vegetable diet (which I had now discontinued for several years), and found it of use both to my soul and body<sup>3</sup>; but, after two years, a violent flux which seized me in Ireland obliged me to return to the use of animal food.

*Wed. 31.*—I heard an amazing instance of the providence of God. About six years ago, Mr. Jebner (as he related it himself), and all his family, being eight persons, were in bed, between ten and eleven at night. On a sudden he heard a great crack, and the house instantly fell, all at once, from the top to the bottom. They were all buried in the ruins. Abundance of people gathered together, and in two or three hours dug them out. The beds in which they had lain were mashed in pieces, as was all the furniture of the house; but neither man, woman, nor child was killed or hurt. Only he had a little scratch on his hand.

**1747. JAN. 3, *Sat.***—I called upon poor Mr. C., who once largely ‘tasted of the good word, and the powers of the world to come.’ I found him very loving and very drunk, as he

<sup>1</sup> With Mr. Blackwell. Possibly this was a second edition. The Preface is dated Feb. 24, 1745-6. The complete work, of which this is Part I, was published in four parts. In the Preface he warns the teacher: ‘Beware of that

common but accursed way of making children parrots instead of Christians.’

<sup>2</sup> 1st ed.

<sup>3</sup> See above, vol. i.; cf. Tyerman’s *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 525.

commonly is, day and night. But I could fix nothing upon him. 'He may fall foully, but not finally'!

*Sun. 11.*—In the evening I rode to Brentford; the next day to Newbury, and *Tuesday* the 13th to the Devizes. The town was in an uproar from end to end, as if the French were just entering; and abundance of swelling words we heard, oaths, curses, and threatenings. The most active man in stirring up the people, we were informed, was Mr. [Innys] the c[urate]. He had been indefatigable in the work, going all the day from house to house. He had also been at the pains of setting up an advertisement in the most public places of the town of 'An Obnubilative, Pantomime Entertainment, to be exhibited at Mr. Clark's' (where I was to preach); the latter part of it contained a kind of *double entendre*, which a modest person cannot well repeat. I began preaching at seven, on 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Many of the mob came in, listened a little, and stood still. No one opened his mouth, but attention sat on the face of every hearer.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 14.*—I rode on to Bristol, and spent a week<sup>2</sup> in great peace.

*Thur. 22.*—About half-hour after twelve I took horse for Wick, where I had appointed to preach at three. I was riding by the wall through St. Nicholas Gate<sup>3</sup> (my horse having been brought to the house where I dined), just as a cart turned short from St. Nicholas Street, and came swiftly down the hill. There was just room to pass between the wheel of it and the wall; but that space was taken up by the carman. I called to him to go back, or I must ride over him; but the man, as if deaf, walked straight forward. This obliged me to hold back my horse. In the meantime the shaft of the cart came full against his shoulder with such a shock as beat him to the

<sup>1</sup> A few weeks later Charles Wesley and Meriton narrowly escaped with their lives from the Devizes mob, roused to fury by Innys, the curate. See C. Wesley's Journal, Feb. 24, 1747.

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to preach the gospel." He then gave him his benediction.' His first appointment was to the mobs of Darlaston, Wednesbury, and Walsall, among whom 'many were awakened and converted.' Wesley did not at first let him remain more than three months in one place. (*E.M.P.* vol. ii. pp. 7, 8.)

<sup>3</sup> St. Nicholas church extended over one of the city gates, like St. John's church and gate of to-day.



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ground. He shot me forward over his head as an arrow out of a bow, where I lay, with my arms and legs, I know not how, stretched out in a line close to the wall. The wheel ran by, close to my side, but only dirtied my clothes. I found no flutter of spirit, but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study. When the cart was gone, I rose. Abundance of people gathered round, till a gentleman desired me to step into his shop. After cleaning myself a little, I took horse again, and was at Wick by the time appointed.

I returned to Bristol (where the report of my being killed had spread far and wide) time enough to praise God in the great congregation, and to preach on 'Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast.' My shoulders, and hands, and side, and both my legs, were a little bruised; my knees something more; my right thigh the most, which made it a little difficult to me to walk; but some warm treacle took away all the pain in an hour, and the lameness in a day or two.<sup>1</sup>

After visiting the little societies in Somersetshire and Wiltshire, on *Thursday* the 29th I preached at Bearfield<sup>2</sup> in my way, and thence rode on to the Devizes. I found much pains had been taken again to raise a mob; but it was lost labour; all that could be mustered were a few straggling soldiers and forty or fifty boys. Notwithstanding these, I preached in great peace on 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' In the morning, *Friday* the 30th, I explained and applied 'He healeth them that are broken in heart.' We then took horse, in the midst of a quiet civil multitude, and the next afternoon came to London.

FEB. 2, *Mon.*—I began examining the classes. Having desired the leaders, such as had leisure, to give me a short account, in writing, of those under their care, among many others, I received the following note:

DEAR SIR,

I hope my class are bending one way. K. T., A. G., A. S., M. S., M. R., E. L., and S. S. seem to retain their confidence in the

<sup>1</sup> On Jan. 26 he wrote to his friend, E. Blackwell, briefly describing the success of his dispensary, and explaining that they were at a great loss for medi-

cines. The number of patients had increased to upwards of two hundred. See *Works*, vol. xii. p. 166.

<sup>2</sup> Bradford-on-Avon.

Lord. W. R., L. R., S. R., H. B., I. B., the elder, and A. B., seem to be shut up in a fog, and are not able to get out on any side. They are very dead, and yet very sore. Nothing seems to do them any good, unless it be smooth as oil and yet sharp as a razor.

M. S., M. Q., E. E., E. B., M. H., F. B., M. S., J. B., and J. B., the younger, seem to be in earnest, seeking the Lord. J. T., M. H., appear to have a desire, and to be widely seeking something.

It seems to me we all want advice that is plain and cutting, awakening and shaking, and hastening us, like that of the angel, 'Escape for thy life: look not behind thee; neither tarry thou in all the plain.' I find the Lord often waking me as with thunder. Yet I find a spirit of stillness and lukewarmness to cleave to me like the skin to my flesh. The Lord shows me at times how insensibly it steals upon me; and makes me tremble, because I have not been fearing always. May He give us to feel the true state of our souls! Which, I hope, will ever be the prayer of

Your unworthy son in the gospel,

JOHN HAGUE.

Ye who loved and profited by this man of God when he was alive, hear what, 'being dead,' he 'yet speaketh.'

*Tues. 10.*—My brother returned from the north,<sup>2</sup> and I prepared to supply his place there.

<sup>1</sup> It is suggested that Hague is an early printer's error for John Hayne, who in June 1745 was leader of single bands, and in 1744 a member of the select society. But see below, p. 495. Other names in the lists of band members that answer to these initials are Katherine Thew, Ann Groce, Ann Somers, Margaret Shiveley, Elizabeth Leakey (or Elizabeth Linch), Judith Baker, Ann Broadhurst.

<sup>2</sup> Bringing with him Edward Perronet, 'my young companion and friend,' C. Wesley calls him. They travelled north together Oct. 10, 1746. In Newcastle Perronet had an attack of smallpox. In his sickness he entered into that assurance which he was seeking when he left home. The two friends travelled to and fro, visiting William Darney's societies and others. The story of their journey is a romance of evangelism. Edward Perronet, like his brother Charles, became one of Wesley's assist-

ants. In the earlier days of his career he 'dared all obloquy as a Methodist.' As writer of *The Mitre*, a witty and bitter satire on the Church of England, he roused John Wesley's 'hottest anger,' who demanded its instant suppression; and it was suppressed. (*Atmore's Memorial*, p. 336; *Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 241-45, 253-55). 'Intermittently rebellious and vehement' describes one side of his character. Yet he 'always lived near his divine Master.' He wandered impulsively from one allegiance to another, publishing anonymously small volumes of hymns and poems, until in 1792 he ended his eccentric career as an Independent minister and was buried in the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral. He wrote several hymns, some verses, and many lines all of true poetry; but the one achievement of his life was the hymn 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'



*Sun.* 15.—I was very weak and faint ; but on *Monday* the 16th I rose soon after three, lively and strong, and found all my complaints were fled away like a dream.

I was wondering, the day before, at the mildness of the weather ; such as seldom attends me in my journeys. But my wonder now ceased : the wind was turned full north, and blew so exceeding hard and keen that when we came to Hatfield neither my companions nor I had much use of our hands or feet. After resting an hour, we bore up again, through the wind and snow, which drove full in our faces. But this was only a squall. In Baldock Field the storm began in earnest. The large hail drove so vehemently in our faces that we could not see, nor hardly breathe. However, before two o'clock we reached Baldock, where one met and conducted us safe to Potton.<sup>1</sup> About six I preached to a serious congregation.

*Tues.* 17.—We set out as soon as it was well light ; but it was really hard work to get forward, for the frost would not well bear or break ; and the untracked snow covering all the roads, we had much ado to keep our horses on their feet. Meantime the wind rose higher and higher, till it was ready to overturn both man and beast. However, after a short bait at Buckden, we pushed on, and were met in the middle of an open field with so violent a storm of rain and hail as we had not had before. It drove through our coats, great and small, boots and everything, and yet froze as it fell, even upon our eye-brows ; so that we had scarce either strength or motion left when we came into our inn at Stilton.

We now gave up our hopes of reaching Grantham, the snow falling faster and faster. However, we took the advantage of a fair blast to set out, and made the best of our way to Stamford Heath. But here a new difficulty arose, from the snow lying in large drifts. Sometimes horse and man were wellnigh swallowed up. Yet in less than an hour we were brought safe to Stamford. Being willing to get as far as we could, we made but a short stop here, and about sunset came, cold and weary, yet well, to a little town called Brig Casterton.

*Wed.* 18.—Our servant came up and said, 'Sir, there is

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<sup>1</sup> In Bedfordshire. See below, p. 425.

no travelling to-day. Such a quantity of snow has fallen in the night that the roads are quite filled up.' I told him, 'At least we can walk twenty miles a day, with our horses in our hands.' So in the name of God we set out. The north-east wind was piercing as a sword, and had driven the snow into such uneven heaps that the main road was unpassable. However, we kept on, afoot or on horseback, till we came to the White Lion at Grantham.

Some from Grimsby had appointed to meet us here ; but not hearing anything of them (for they were at another house, by mistake), after an hour's rest we set out straight for Epworth. On the road we overtook a clergyman and his servant ; but the toothache quite shut my mouth. We reached Newark about five. Soon after we were set down, another clergyman<sup>1</sup> came and inquired for our fellow traveller. It was not long before we engaged in close conversation. He told me some of our preachers had frequently preached in his parish, and his judgement was : (1) That their preaching at Hunslet had done some good, but more harm ; because (2) those who attended it had only turned from one wickedness to another : they had only exchanged Sabbath-breaking, swearing, or drunkenness, for slandering, backbiting, and evil-speaking ; and, (3) those who did not attend it were provoked hereby to return evil for evil ; so that the former were, in effect, no better, the latter worse than before.

The same objection (in substance) has been made in most other parts of England.<sup>2</sup> It therefore deserves a serious answer, which will equally hold in all places.

Whether then we speak of Hunslet, Leeds, Bristol, or London, it is allowed (1) that our preaching has done some good, common swearers, Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, thieves, fornicators having been reclaimed from those outward sins ; but it is affirmed (2) that it has done more harm, the persons so reclaimed only changing one wickedness for

<sup>1</sup> In 1758 Henry Crook was curate of Hunslet. Two sermons preached by him in the Old Church at Leeds were published by him in self-defence. Read by young John Pawson, they enlightened his mind on the doctrine of salvation by

faith as taught by the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Articles. It is probable that Henry Crook was the 'clergyman' here referred to. (*E.M.P.* vol. iv. p. 5.)

<sup>2</sup> See below, April 22.

another, and their neighbours being so provoked thereby as to become worse than they were before.

'Those who have left their outward sins,' you affirm, 'have only changed drunkenness or Sabbath-breaking for backbiting and evil-speaking.' I answer, If you affirm this of them all, it is notoriously false. Many we can name who left cursing, swearing, and backbiting, drunkenness and evil-speaking, altogether; and who are to this day just as fearful of slandering as they are of cursing or swearing. And if some are not yet enough aware of this snare of the devil, we may hope they will be ere long. Meantime, see that you bless God for what He has done, and pray that He would deliver them from this death also.

You affirm, farther, that 'their neighbours are provoked hereby to return evil for evil; and so, while the former are no better, the latter are worse, than they were before.'

I answer (1) These are worse than they were before; but why? Because they do fresh 'despite to the Spirit of grace'; because they despise that long-suffering love of God which would lead them (as it does their neighbours) to repentance. And in laying the blame of this on those who will no longer run with them to the same excess of riot, they only fulfil the Scriptures, and fill up the measure of their own iniquity.

I answer (2) There is still no proportion at all between the good on the one hand and the harm on the other, for they who reject the goodness of God were servants of the devil before, and they are but servants of the devil still; but they who accept it are brought from the power of Satan to serve the living and true God.

*Thur. 19.*—The frost was not so sharp, so that we had little difficulty till we came to Haxey Carr; but here the ice which covered the dykes, and great part of the common, would not bear, nor readily break; nor did we know (there being no track of man or beast), what parts of the dykes were fordable. However, we committed ourselves to God, and went on. We hit all our fords exactly; and, without any fall, or considerable hindrance, came to Epworth in two hours, full as well as when we left London.

*Sun. 22.*—I preached at five and at eight in the room; after evening prayers at the Cross. I suppose most of the grown people in the town were present. A poor drunkard made a noise for some time, till Mr. Maw (the chief gentleman of the town), took him in hand and quieted him at once.

*Mon. 23.*—Leaving Mr. Meyrick here, I set out with Mr. Larwood and a friend from Grimsby. At two I preached at Laceby in the way, to a quiet and serious congregation. We reached Grimsby<sup>1</sup> by five, and spoke to as many of the society as could conveniently come at that time. About seven I would have preached to a very large audience, but a young gentleman, with his companions, quite drowned my voice, till a poor woman took up the cause, and, by reciting a few passages of his life, wittily and keenly enough, turned the laugh of all his companions full upon him. He could not stand it, but hastened away. When he was gone, I went on with little interruption.

*Tues. 24.*—I wrote a few lines to Mr. C., giving him an account of his kinsman's<sup>2</sup> behaviour. He obliged him to come straight to me and ask my pardon. Since that time we have had no disturbance at Grimsby.

At noon I examined the little society at Tetney. I have not seen such another in England.<sup>3</sup> In the class-paper (which gives an account of the contribution for the poor) I observed one gave eight pence, often ten pence, a week; another thirteen, fifteen, or eighteen pence; another, sometimes one, sometimes two shillings. I asked Micah Elmoor,<sup>4</sup> the leader (an Israelite indeed, who now rests from his labours), 'How is this? Are you the richest society in all England?' He answered, 'I suppose not; but all of us who are single persons have agreed together to give both ourselves and *all we have* to God. And we do it gladly; whereby we are able, from time to time, to entertain all the strangers that come to Tetney, who often have no food to eat, nor any friend to give them a lodging.'

We came to Hainton soon after sunset. I never before saw so large a congregation here. I declared to them all (Protestants and Papists) 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ'; and they seemed to be indeed, as Homer says, ἔπεα πτερόεντα,

<sup>1</sup> Six weeks previously Charles Wesley had been subjected to rough treatment here. See Charles Wesley's *Journal*, Jan. 6. For Larwood see below, Nov. 5, 1755.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. below p. 361.

<sup>3</sup> This is reproduced in the *Short His-*

*tory* (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 290). As in London, so here, the weekly contribution was for the poor.

<sup>4</sup> Elmoor was a shepherd living at Coat Garth, Tetney Marsh. He died in 1748. See Lester's *Grimsby Methodism*, p. 91.



'winged words,' that flew as arrows from the hand of the Most High, to the heart of every hearer.

Wed. 25.—I had designed to go straight for Epworth, but W. Fenwick begged I would call on the little flock at Tealby. Mr. B[axter]<sup>1</sup> (he said), the minister of the place, had preached against them with the utmost bitterness, had repelled them from the Lord's Table, and zealously endeavoured to stir up the whole town against them. I called there about seven, and began to talk with two or three that were in the house where we alighted. Presently the house was full from end to end. I stood up and declared, 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' Even at Hainton I did not find such a blessing as here. Surely this day was the scripture fulfilled, 'If ye be reproached for the sake of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you.' About two in the afternoon I preached at Ferry, and in the evening at Epworth.

Thur. 26.—I left them all in peace and love, and rode to Sykehouse, where William Shent<sup>2</sup> met me, and one from Acomb. I preached at three and at seven, and we were not a little comforted.

Fri. 27.—Honest, muddy M. B. conducted me to his house at Acomb.<sup>3</sup> I now found out (which I could not comprehend before) what was the matter with him. He, and one or two more, since I saw them last, had been studying the profound Jacob Behmen. The event was (as might easily have been foreseen), he had utterly confounded their intellects, and filled them so full of sublime speculations that they had left Scripture and common sense far behind.

I preached at seven on 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' The congregation, many of whom came from York, was surprisingly quiet. Though I used the utmost plainness of speech, several of York came again at five in the morning. After

<sup>1</sup> For W. Fenwick see Hocken's *Grimsby Methodism*, p. 25; and for Mr. Baxter, *Meth. Mag.* 1798, p. 487 (letter from Meyrick to Wesley).

<sup>2</sup> *Orphan House*, p. 58; *Methodism in York*, p. 48; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No.,

1894, p. 63; *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 291.

<sup>3</sup> For the commencement of the York Society in Acomb, see Lyth's *Methodism in York*, p. 56. It was two miles distant.

preaching I spoke with a few who were desirous to join heart and hand together in seeking the kingdom of God.

*Sat. 28.*—I called at Shipton, on Mr. C[oates],<sup>1</sup> the minister of Acomb, who had desired to see me; and, after half an hour both agreeably and usefully spent, rode on to Thirsk.

Here I rejoiced with T. Brooke and his wife,<sup>2</sup> lights shining in a dark place. God has lately added to them a third, one formerly famous for all manner of wickedness, who was cut to the heart while Mr. Brooke was talking to him, and went down to his house justified. This had struck the whole town, so that when I went down, about five, to preach in a vacant house, it was quickly filled within and without, the Justice being one of the congregation. In the morning, about six, I preached again to a congregation more numerous than before; nor did any man open his mouth, either at the time of preaching, or while I walked through the town; unless it were to bid me Godspeed, or to inquire when I would come again.

MARCH 1, *Sun.*—I came to Osmotherley about ten o'clock, just as the minister<sup>3</sup> (who lives some miles off) came into town. I sent my service to him, and told him, if he pleased, I would assist him, either by reading prayers or preaching. On receiving the message, he came to me immediately, and said he would willingly accept of my assistance. As we walked to church he said, 'Perhaps it would fatigue you too much to read prayers and preach too.' I told him no; I would choose it, if he pleased; which I did accordingly. After service was ended, Mr. D[yson] said, 'Sir, I am sorry I have not an house here to entertain you. Pray let me know whenever you come this way.' Several asking where I would preach in the afternoon, one went to Mr. D[yson] again, and asked if he was willing I should preach in the church. He said, 'Yes, whenever Mr. Wesley pleases.' We had a large congregation at three o'clock. Those who in time past had been the most bitter gainsayers seemed now to be melted into love. All were convinced we are no

<sup>1</sup> Cf. John Nelson's Journal, *E.M.P.* vol. i. pp. 161-3.

<sup>2</sup> *Meth. in York*, p. 84, and C. Wesley's Journal, Oct. 1, 1756.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Dyson (cf. below, p. 290),

incumbent of Osmotherley, but resident at Carlton-in-Cleveland. (Ward's *Meth. in the Thirsk Circuit*; *Meth. Mag.* 1847, p. 141.)

Papists. How wisely does God order all things in their season!

*Mon. 2.*—I rode to Newcastle.<sup>1</sup> The next day I met the stewards, men who have approved themselves in all things. They are of one heart and of one mind. I found all in the House of the same spirit, pouring out their souls to God many times in a day together, and breathing nothing but love and brotherly kindness.

*Wed. 4 (Ash Wednesday).*—I spent some hours in reading *The Exhortations of Ephrem Syrus*.<sup>2</sup> Surely never did any man, since David, give us such a picture of a broken and contrite heart.

This week I read over with some young men a Compendium of Rhetoric and a System of Ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months' time more of solid philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford in four (perhaps seven) years.

*Sun. 8.*—I preached at Gateshead, and declared the loving-kindness of the Lord. In the evening, observing abundance of strangers at the room, I changed my voice, and applied those terrible words, 'I have overthrown some of you as I overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and the rest of you were as brands plucked out of the burning; yet have ye not turned unto Me, saith the Lord.'<sup>3</sup>

On *Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday* I examined the classes. I had been often told it was impossible for me to distinguish the precious from the vile, without the miraculous discernment of spirits. But I now saw, more clearly than ever, that this might be done, and without much difficulty, supposing only two things: first, courage and steadiness in the examiner;

<sup>1</sup> Since 1745 Grace Murray had been housekeeper at the Orphan House, Jeannie Keith ('Holy Mary'), daughter of a respectable family in Scotland, was also an inmate. She was a refugee from persecution. She afterwards married James Bowmaker, a master builder at Alnwick, who erected the first Methodist chapel in that town, and was the grandfather of James Everett. Later in life Jeannie returned to the Presbyterian

faith of her childhood. 'The Orphan House was at once a place of worship, a school for orphans, a refuge for the injured and oppressed, the northern home of Wesley, and the theological institution of his preachers' (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 541-3).

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 17; also above, vol. i. pp. 276, 279, 284, 285.

<sup>3</sup> Wesley seems usually to have quoted his texts from memory.

secondly, common sense and common honesty in the leader of each class. I visit, for instance, the class in the Close, of which Robert Peacock is leader. I ask, 'Does this and this person in your class live in drunkenness or any outward sin? Does he go to church, and use the other means of grace? Does he meet you as often as he has opportunity?' Now, if Robert Peacock has common sense, he can answer these questions truly; and, if he has common honesty, he will. And if not, some other in the class has both, and can and will answer for him. Where is the difficulty, then, of finding out if there be any disorderly walker in this class, and, consequently, in any other? The question is not concerning the heart, but the life. And the general tenor of this I do not say cannot be known, but cannot be hid without a miracle.

Where, then, is the need of any miraculous discernment in order to purge one of those societies? Nay, where is the use of it? For if I had that discernment, I am to pass sentence only *ex allegatis et probatis*<sup>1</sup>; not according to what I miraculously discern, but according to what is proved in the face of the sun.

The society, which the first year consisted of above eight hundred members, is now reduced to four hundred; but, according to the old proverb, the half is more than the whole. We shall not be ashamed of any of these when we speak with our enemies in the gate.

*Fri. 13.*—I found Mr. P. and I.<sup>2</sup> almost discouraged at the doctrine of absolute and connotative nouns. I wonder any one has patience to learn logic but those who do it on a principle of conscience; unless he learns it as three in four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do—that is, goes about it and about it without understanding one word of the matter.

In some of the following days I snatched a few hours to read *The History of the Puritans*.<sup>3</sup> I stand in amaze: First, at the execrable spirit of persecution which drove those venerable men out of the Church, and with which Queen Elizabeth's clergy were as deeply tinctured as ever Queen Mary's were.

<sup>1</sup> From things alleged and proved.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 205; *W.H.S.*

<sup>3</sup> Two of the young men referred to above, March 4 to 8. vol. iv. p. 51.



Secondly, at the weakness of those holy confessors, many of whom spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's Supper.

*Thur. 19.*—I considered, 'What would I do now, if I was sure I had but two days to live?' All outward things are settled to my wish; the Houses<sup>1</sup> at Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle are safe; the deeds whereby they are conveyed to the Trustees took place on the 5th inst.; my will is made; what have I more to do, but to commend my soul to my merciful and faithful Creator?

Some days I spent in every week in examining the societies round Newcastle. And great cause I found to rejoice over them.

*Tues. 24.*—I rode to Blanchland,<sup>2</sup> about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Derwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is indeed little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the churchyard, under one side of the building, upon a large tombstone, round which, while I was at prayers, all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead-mines from all parts; many from Allendale,<sup>3</sup> six miles off. A row of little children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word, with such earnestness in their looks, I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy.

In the evening I came back to Newlands, where also John Brown has gathered a society. Oh what may not a man of small natural talents do, if he be full of faith and love!<sup>4</sup>

*Sun. 29.*—After preaching at South Biddick<sup>5</sup> at five, I

<sup>1</sup> The history of the Houses he built shows that in each case he took personal responsibility, and at critical periods in these and other transactions revised his will.

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1893, p. 17; McCullagh's *Reminiscences of the Shotley Bridge Circuit*, 1849-52; also below, p. 364.

<sup>3</sup> *Meth. Mag.* 1872, p. 710.

<sup>4</sup> Letter to 'John Smith,' *Works*, vol. xii. pp. 81-9.

<sup>5</sup> Where he was entertained by Mrs. Lightfoot, who resided in a lane adjoining Etterick's Garth or Chipchase Street, where the preaching-room was. (*Meth. Rec.* March 13, 1902.)

hastened to Sunderland, where I preached at eight, and again at two, in the main street, to a Kennington-Common congregation. I admire the spirit of this people. From the first day I preached here to this hour I have not seen a man behave indecently. Those who did not approve quietly went away.

*Mon. 30.*—I had leisure to reflect on the strange case of Francis Coxon, who was at first the grand support of the society at Biddick; but, after a time, he grew weary of well-doing, complaining that it took up too much of his time. He then began to search after curious knowledge, and to converse with those who were like-minded. The world observed it, and courted his company again. Now he was not so precise; his school was filled with children; money flowed in, and he said, ‘Soul, take thy ease for many years.’ He came to Newcastle with John Reah<sup>1</sup> the Saturday after I came, but had no leisure to call upon me. At night they set out homeward. He was walking a little before his companion, about three miles from Newcastle, in a way he knew as well as his own house-floor, when John heard him fall, and asked, ‘What is the matter?’ He answered, ‘God has overtaken me: I am fallen into the quarry, and have broke my leg.’ John ran to some houses that were near, and, having procured help, carried him thither. Thence he was removed to another house, and a surgeon sent for, who came immediately. He soon recovered his spirits, and asked how long it would be before he could be in his school again; and on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, was full of the world, nor was God in all his thoughts. On Wednesday the surgeon told him honestly he thought he could not live. Then he awoke out of sleep. The snares of death came about him, the pains of hell overtook him. He continued all Thursday and Friday in the lowest pit, in a place of darkness and in the deep, warning all to beware of drawing back unto perdition, and calling upon God with strong cries and tears. On Sunday he found a little dawning of hope: this gradually increased all the day. On Monday he knew God had healed his back-sliding, and sorrow and sighing fled away. He continued all day in fervent prayer, mingled with praise and strong thanks-

<sup>1</sup> In the first and subsequent editions the name is spelt Reach; but this may

be a correction made by Wesley in the edition used by T. Jackson.

giving. 'This night,' said he, 'will be a glorious night to me; my warfare is accomplished, my sin is pardoned.' Then he broke out again into vehement prayer. About eight he left off speaking, and soon after, without any struggle or groan, gave up his soul to God.

APRIL 1, *Wed.*—I rode to Winlaton Mill, a place famous above many, and called the rebels to lay down their arms, and be reconciled to God through His Son. I saw neither old nor young that behaved amiss; for the dread of the Lord was upon them.

*Sun.* 5.—We set out early, and about eight went out into the market-place at Hexham.<sup>1</sup> A multitude of people soon ran together, the greater part mad as colts untamed. Many had promised to do mighty things; but the bridle was in their teeth. I cried aloud, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.' They felt the sharpness of the two-edged sword, and sunk into seriousness on every side; insomuch that I heard not one unkind or uncivil word, till we left them standing, and staring one at another. At one I preached at Horsley, and about five in the evening at Newcastle.

*Mon.* 6.—Having been informed there were many large collieries three or four miles north or north-west from Durham, I rode to a village called Renton, in the midst of them, and proclaimed 'The Lord God, gracious and merciful.' Abundance of people gave earnest heed to every word which was spoken, kneeled down when I prayed, sung (after their manner) when I sung, and crowded into the house where I went in; crying out, one and all, 'A, they were only too long a-coming! Why did they not come sooner?'

*Tues.* 7.—Finding the people about Dent's Hole were grown dead and cold, I preached there at twelve o'clock, if haply it might please God yet again to breathe on the dry bones, that they might live.

*Wed.* 8.—I found the congregation at Blanchland abundantly increased. I preached in the evening at Spen, and the next day at noon to a serious congregation at Winlaton Mill,

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<sup>1</sup> For history of Methodism in Hexham, see *Meth. Rec.* Dec. 23, 1903.

a gentleman who had talked of making a disturbance finding not one man to second him.

*Fri.* 10.—Having settled all the societies in the country, I began examining that of Newcastle again. It was my particular concern to remove, if possible, every hindrance of brotherly love. And one odd one I found creeping in upon us, which had already occasioned much evil, namely, a fancy that we must not justify ourselves (some of the spawn of Mystic Divinity). Just contrary to the scriptural injunction: ‘Be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you.’ For want of doing this in time, some offences were now grown incurable. I found it needful, therefore, to tear up this by the roots, to explain this duty from the foundation, and to require all who desired to remain with us to justify themselves whenever they were blamed unjustly; and not to swallow up both peace and love in their voluntary humility.

*Sat.* 11.—I preached at Biddick at noon; at Pictery (two miles west of Biddick), by Mr. M.’s invitation, in the afternoon; and in the evening at Newcastle.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 12.—I preached at Gateshead in the morning, at Swalwell about two, and at the Room in the evening. I scarce ever heard so fine a defence of a weak cause as was Mr. S.’s sermon in the morning; wherein he laboured much to prove the unlawfulness of laymen’s preaching, but with such tenderness and good nature that I almost wish the sermon were printed, for a pattern to all polemical writers.

*Sun.* 19 (*Easter Day*).—I preached in Gateshead for the last time; afterwards at Swalwell, and at Newcastle in the evening. I could gladly have spent six weeks more in these parts; but, my time being now expired, I preached my farewell sermon at five.

On *Monday* the 20th a great part of the congregation (which filled the room) were some of the finest people I had ever seen there. Surely God is working a new thing in the earth. Even to the rich is the gospel preached! And there

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<sup>1</sup> This and two other small paragraphs were omitted in the 1st and 2nd eds. of the *Works*, probably through the care-

lessness of the printer. Jackson, in editing his edition, had the advantage of Wesley’s marginal corrections.



are, of these also, who have ears to hear and hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

About nine I preached to a large congregation at Renton, and before six reached Osmotherley. Finding Mr. D[yson]<sup>1</sup> (as I expected) had been vehemently attacked by the neighbouring clergy and gentry, that he might be exposed to no farther difficulty on my account I did not claim his promise, but preached on a tombstone near the church, on 'The Lord is risen indeed.' How wisely does God order all things! Some will not hear even the word of God out of a church: for the sake of these we are often permitted to preach in a church. Others will not hear it in a church: for their sakes we are often compelled to preach in the highways.

Here John Nelson met me. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he had preached at Acomb, and the neighbouring places: on Good Friday, in particular, on Heworth Moor, to a large and quiet congregation. On Easter Sunday, at eight, he preached there again, to a large number of serious hearers. Towards the close of his discourse a mob came from York, hired and headed by some (miscalled) gentlemen. They stood still, till an eminent Papist cried out, 'Why do not you knock the dog's brains out?' On which they immediately began throwing all that came to hand, so that the congregation was quickly dispersed. John spoke a few words, and walked towards York. They followed with showers of bricks and stones, one of which struck him on the shoulder, one on the back, and, a little before he came to the city, part of a brick hit him on the back part of the head and felled him to the ground. When he came to himself two of Acomb lifted him up, and led him forward between them. The gentlemen followed, throwing as before, till he came to the city-gate, near which lived an honest tradesman, who took him by the arm and pulled him into his house. Some of the rioters swore they would break all his windows if he did not turn him out. But he told them resolutely, 'I will not; and let any of you touch my house at your peril: I shall make you remember it as long as you live.' On this they thought good to retire.

After a surgeon had dressed the wound in his head, John

<sup>1</sup> *Meth. Mag.* 1847, p. 142; above, p. 283.

went softly on to Acomb. About five he went out, in order to preach, and began singing a hymn. Before it was ended the same gentlemen came in a coach from York, with a numerous attendance. They threw clods and stones so fast on every side that the congregation soon dispersed. John walked down into a little ground, not far from Thomas Slaton's house.<sup>1</sup> Two men quickly followed, one of whom swore desperately he would have his life. And he seemed to be in good earnest. He struck him several times, with all his force, on the head and breast; and at length threw him down and stamped upon him, till he left him for dead; but, by the mercy of God, being carried into an house, he soon came to himself; and, after a night's rest, was so recovered that he was able to ride to Osmotherley.

*Tues. 21.*—I called at Thirsk; but, finding the town full of holiday folks, drinking, cursing, swearing, and cock-fighting, I did not stop at all, but rode on to Boroughbridge, and in the afternoon to Leeds.

*Wed. 22.*—I spent an hour with Mr. M., and pressed him to make good his assertion that our preaching had done more harm than good.<sup>2</sup> This he did not choose to pursue; but enlarged on the harm it might occasion in succeeding generations. I cannot see the force of this argument. I dare not neglect the doing certain, present good for fear of some probable ill consequences in the succeeding century.

*Thur. 23.*—I preached at Morley and Birstall; on *Friday* at Birstall and Leeds, on *Saturday* at Oulton and Armley.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 26.*—I met the Leeds society at five; preached at seven on 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come'; and at one to an unwieldy multitude, several hundreds of whom soon went away, it being impossible for them to hear. Such another congregation I had at Birstall; yet here I believe my voice reached all that were present.

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<sup>1</sup> He met the first class formed in York itself—in the house of Thomas Stodhart, grandfather of a hymn-tune composer, at one time well known. Stodhart's house was at the bottom of a street—the Bedern (Anglo-Saxon for prayer-place)—with an illustrious

history (Lyth's *Meth. in York*). Thomas Slaton, of Acomb, led the class for one year, and was succeeded by Stodhart himself.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 279.

<sup>3</sup> This paragraph was omitted in ed. of 1774, and in Benson's.

*Mon. 27.*—I preached at Birstall, at Wibsey Moor,<sup>1</sup> and at Bradford, and regulated the societies.

*Tues. 28.*—One of Pudsey would take no denial; so I promised to preach there at eight o'clock. Coming before the hour, we walked to the new House of the Germans.<sup>2</sup> It stands on the side of a hill, commanding all the vale beneath, and the opposite hill. The front is exceeding grand, though plain, being faced with fine, smooth white stone. The Germans suppose it will cost, by that time it is finished, about three thousand pounds: it is well if it be not nearer ten. But that is no concern to the English Brethren; for they are told (and potently believe) that all the money will come from beyond sea.

I preached at eight at the place appointed, and thence rode to Dewsbury, where I was to preach at noon. But first I called on the minister, Mr. Robson<sup>3</sup>; and in an acceptable time. Abundance of little offences had arisen, and been carefully magnified by those who sought such occasions. But we both spoke our minds without reserve, and the snare was presently broken.

After sermon, Mr. R[obson] having sent a note to desire I would call upon him again, I went and passed such an hour as I have not had since I left London. We did not part without tears. Who knows how great a work God can work in a short time?

*Wed. 29.*—I preached at Hightown at one, and at Birstall in the evening.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wibsey Moor was an extensive tract of land in the township of North Bierley, much of which is yet uncultivated. It is known as 'Low Moor.' To this spot removed Betty Firth, of Great Horton, one of the little company who held the prayer-meeting at the dungeon-door in Ivgate, Bradford. She became house-keeper to her uncle, Matthew Sugden, of Wibsey Moor. Though not himself a Methodist, he allowed Nelson to preach once a fortnight in his house. His landlord, Edward R. Leeds, a West Riding magistrate, threatened ejectment. Consenting to hear Nelson for himself,

he became Nelson's friend. For the story of Squire Leeds, of Milford Hall, Farmer Tricket, of Ulleskelf, and the relation of these persons and places to the Methodism of York, Bradford, and the West Riding, see *Methodist Heroes in the Great Haworth Round*; cf. *Nelson's Journal, E.M.P.* vol. i.; *Methodism in Bradford*, pp. 17-19; *Lyth's York Methodism*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> At Fulneck. Cf. *Christian Miscellany*, 1860, p. 161, where a view of the building is given.

<sup>3</sup> See below, April 10, 1752.

<sup>4</sup> Omitted in: 1774 ed. and Benson's.

*Thur.* 30.—I rode to Keighley. The ten persons I joined here are increased to above an hundred; and above a third of them can rejoice in God, and walk as becomes the gospel.

MAY 1, *Fri.*—I read prayers and preached in Haworth<sup>1</sup> church to a numerous congregation. In the evening I preached near Skircoat Green, and baptized Eliz. K[ershaw],<sup>2</sup> late a Quaker.

*Sat.* 2.—I preached at Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation; at noon at Gildersome, and in the evening at Armley.

*Sun.* 3.—At one I preached to a vast congregation at Hunslet; and, about five, to a still larger at Birstall I preached on 'All things are ready; come to the marriage.' And some, I trust, were 'compelled to come in.'

*Mon.* 4.—At his earnest request I began examining those that are called W[illiam] D[arney]'s societies.<sup>3</sup> At three I

<sup>1</sup> This appears to have been his first visit to Haworth.

<sup>2</sup> See *Methodism in Halifax*, pp. 39, 40.

<sup>3</sup> William Darney, it is conjectured, may have been one of the converts in the Scotch Revival (1733 to 1740) under the preaching of the Rev. James Robe, of Kilsyth. A Scot of prodigious size, speaking a broad Scottish dialect, 'terrible to behold.' About 1742 he appeared suddenly in Rossendale, preaching in Heap Barn on a farm of twenty-five acres in the occupation of Abe and Elizabeth Earnshaw, about one and a half miles from Bacup, on the road to Todmorden. In East Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire he founded many societies, which differed little, if at all, from those founded by the Wesleys. Early in his English career he visited Haworth, where William Grimshaw, the rector, fell under his influence. At first meeting secretly in the quarries near the old parsonage, Grimshaw, already passing out of darkness into light, became a fully convinced disciple. He gave out hymns and prayed when Darney preached, and became known to ribald people in the parish as 'Mad Grimshaw, Scotch Will's clerk.' Darney, at all events in these early days, earned his own living as

clogger and pedlar. In a letter to John Wesley, dated 'Ewood, August 20, 1747,' Grimshaw says: 'I called and spent a part of two days with William Darney's societies, particularly those in Todmorden, Shore, Miller-barn, Rossendale, Bacup, Croston, Stoneshawfate, and Grimsworth-Dean.' In another letter to Wesley (Nov. 27, 1747) he names 'Bennet and Nelson,' whom he loves as brothers, and 'Colbeck, the refined and gentle Colbeck.' Incidentally he shows how strong and well organized these societies were. Referring to his evangelist-comrades Grimshaw writes: 'I hope we believe, and profess, and preach one thing—*Jesus* and *Him* crucified. If you know them, you know me. About three weeks since brothers Nelson and Colbeck were all night with me. Before then I accidentally met with brother Bennet at Bank, near Heptonstall, when I went to meet all the Heptonstall parish classes. Last week I met brother Colbeck and all the Keighley parish classes, and about six weeks ago I visited those of Leeds and Birstall; about a month since those of Todmorden, and some of Rossendale.' (*Laycock's Methodist Heroes in the Great Haworth Round*, pp. 39-44, 53-9; Tyerman's *Life of*



preached at Great [Harwood]; in the evening at Roughlee, where there was a large society. But since the men of smooth tongue broke in upon them they are every man afraid of his brother, half of them ringing continually in the ears of the rest, 'No works, no law, no bondage.' However, we gathered above forty of the scattered sheep, who are still minded to stand in the old paths.

*Tues. 5.*—I preached at Roughlee at five; about eleven at Hinden, and about three at Widdop, a little village in the midst of huge, barren mountains, where also there was a society. But Mr. B.<sup>1</sup> had effectually dispersed them, so that I found but three members left.

We rode thence about five miles to Stonesey Gate, which lies in a far more fruitful country. Here was a larger congregation at six o'clock than I had seen since my leaving Birstall. They filled both the yard and the road to a considerable distance; and many were seated on a long wall adjoining, which, being built of loose stones, in the middle of the sermon all fell down at once. I never saw, heard, nor read of such a thing before. The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture. And not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking or of the attention of the hearers.

*Wed. 6.*—I rode to Shore, four miles south from Stonesey, lying about half-way down an huge, steep mountain. Here I preached at twelve to a loving, simple-hearted people. We then climbed up to Todmorden Edge, the brow of a long chain of mountains,<sup>2</sup> where I called a serious people to 'repent and believe the gospel.'

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*Wesley*, vol. i. p. 545; Moore's *Burnley*; Jessop's *Rossendale*; C. Wesley's Journal, Jan. 1747; for Darney see Jacob Stanley, *Meth. Mag.* 1826, p. 796; W.H.S. vol. vii. pp. 80, 88, 89; and for Grimshaw see R. Spence Hardy's *Grimshaw of Haworth*.)

<sup>1</sup> Probably William Batty, who was for many years an active Inghamite preacher

in that locality, and with whom Wesley had had 'much conversation upon religion.' (*Historical Sketches of the Inghamite Churches*, 1814, p. 16.) He and his brother Christopher wrote hymns for Ingham's hymn-book (see Julian, *Dict. of Hymnology*, p. 118).

<sup>2</sup> 'Over the mountain road, by Flower Scar' (Jessop's *Rossendale*).

*Thur. 7.*—We left the mountains, and came down to the fruitful valley of Rossendale.<sup>1</sup> Here I preached to a large congregation of wild men, but it pleased God to hold them in chains; so that even when I had done none offered any rudeness, but all went quietly away.

We came to Manchester between one and two. I had no thought of preaching here till I was informed John Nelson had given public notice that I would preach at one o'clock. I was now in a great strait. Their house<sup>2</sup> would not contain a tenth part of the people; and how the unbroken spirits of so large a town would endure preaching in the street I knew not. Besides that, having rode a swift trot for several hours, and in so sultry a day, I was both faint and weary. But, after considering that I was not going a warfare at my own cost, I walked straight to Salford Cross. A numberless crowd of people partly ran before, partly followed after me. I thought it best not to sing, but, looking round, asked abruptly, 'Why do you look as if you had never seen me before? Many of you have seen me in the neighbouring church,<sup>3</sup> both preaching and administering the sacrament.' I then began, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near.' None interrupted at all, or made any disturbance, till, as I was drawing to a conclusion, a big man thrust in, with three or four more, and bade them bring out the engine. Our friends desired me to remove into a yard just by, which I did, and concluded in peace.<sup>4</sup>

About six we reached Davyhulme, five miles from Manchester, where I was much refreshed both in preaching and meeting the society. Their neighbours here used to disturb

<sup>1</sup> 'Probably at Miller Barn, W. Darney's home.' (Jessop's *Methodism in Rossendale*, p. 65; *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 199.) It was near New Church, in Rossendale (date unknown) that he won John, father of Joseph Butterworth, M.P., first Treasurer of the W.M. Miss. Soc. (See Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, pp. 48-50; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 545.)

<sup>2</sup> For a graphic description of the room taken by a 'few young men' for

the earliest Methodist society and congregation in Manchester see Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, pp. 57-60; *Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 694.

<sup>3</sup> At Salford (Episcopal) chapel; or he may have referred to St. Ann's, where he preached March 19, 1738.

<sup>4</sup> At the close of the service George Pearson, of Macclesfield, pleaded successfully for a visit to his town. (*Meth. in Macclesfield*, p. 27.)

them much ; but a Justice of Peace, who feared God, granting them a warrant for the chief of the rioters, from that time they were in peace.

*Fri.* 8.—I preached at Oldfield Brow<sup>1</sup> to a much larger congregation, though many of them had been hurt by doubtful disputations. But they now began again to take root downward and bear fruit upward.

In the evening I preached at Booth Bank,<sup>2</sup> among a quiet and loving people ; but a famous Anabaptist teacher, Joseph Pickup by name, had lately occasioned some disturbance among them. He had given them a particular account of a conference he had had with me on the road ; what he said, and what I said ; and how he had stopped my mouth with the Seventeenth Article. In the morning I told them the plain fact. I had overtook him on the road, and we rode half a bow-shot together, but did not exchange five sentences till we parted.

About noon I preached at Mr. Anderton's, near Northwich.<sup>3</sup> Several of the gay and rich were there. I continued praying and talking with them till past two ; we were then obliged to take horse for Astbury.

Here likewise I found an open door, though many fine people

<sup>1</sup> About a mile from Altrincham, on the road to Booth Bank. Cf. April 28, 1745, and Aug. 30, 1748. See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> A cluster of cottages on a by-road running parallel to the high road from Manchester to Knutsford. The home of John and Alice Cross became one of the *foci* of Methodist evangelism and church organization in the district. The farm was in the parish of Rostherne, Co. Chester, on the estate of Sir John Chetwode. It was occupied by the Cross family from 1744, when John and Alice entered on their tenancy. Their son Thomas followed in their footsteps for nearly fifty years, and their grandson, John Cross, whose widow occupied the farm in 1843, when W. W. Stamp wrote his sketch of this remarkable

family. See *Meth. Mag.* 1843, pp. 26, 380. See also Tyerman, vol. i. p. 546 ; *Meth. in Macclesfield*, p. 47 ; Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, pp. 63-6 ; *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1899, p. 67.

<sup>3</sup> For the account of early Methodism in Northwich and its persecutions see Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 547 ; also article in *Meth. Rec.* Oct. 22, 1908. Everett (*Manchester*, p. 83) suggests some relationship between Anderton of Northwich and Robert Anderton of Stockport (see Memoir of John Oliver, *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 417, &c.), the leader of an early class at Pithy Carr Hall, Stockport. Thomas Anderton is an early Manchester printer, at the Shakespeare's Head, near the Market Cross, about 1762-3. (*Arpen's Names of Manchester.*)



#### EARLY METHODIST PREACHING-PLACES.

1. SMITH HOUSE, LIGHTCLIFFE, NEAR HALIFAX (*see* PAGE 16).
2. BOOTH BANK, THE COTTAGE OF JOHN AND ALICE CROSS (*see* OPPOSITE).
3. BARLEY HALL, SHEFFIELD (*see* PAGE 25).

*Photo of Booth Bank lent by Mr. A. Mounford, Warrington, and that of Barley Hall by Rev. R. A. Taylor.*





were of the congregation; but they behaved as people fearing God, as seriously as the poor ploughmen.

*Sun.* 10.—I preached at Astbury at five; and at seven proclaimed at Congleton Cross,<sup>1</sup> Jesus Christ, our 'wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' It rained most of the time that I was speaking; but that did not hinder abundance of people from quietly attending. Between twelve and one I preached near Macclesfield,<sup>2</sup> and in the evening at Woodly Green.

*Mon.* 11.—I preached at noon about a mile from Ashton, and in the evening at Stahley Hall.

*Tues.* 12.—I rode to Bangs, and explained to a serious people the parable of the Prodigal Son. In the evening I exhorted them at Chinley 'earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.'

*Wed.* 13.—I preached at noon in the High Peak,<sup>3</sup> and in the evening at Sheffield.

*Thur.* 14.<sup>4</sup>—I rode to Barley Hall. As soon as I had done preaching William Shent told me he was just come from Leeds, where he had left Mr. Perronet in a high fever. I had no time to spare; however, at three in the morning, on *Friday* the 15th, I set out, and between seven and eight came to Leeds. By the blessing of God, he recovered from that hour.

Being willing to redeem the time, I preached at noon, and then hastened back to Barley Hall, where I preached at seven on 'Glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.'

*Sat.* 16.—I spent an hour or two at Nottingham, and then rode on to Markfield.<sup>5</sup> At eight I preached. The church was pretty well filled, and God gave a blessing with His word.

*Sun.* 17.—Desiring to improve the time we had, I preached at eleven in the morning and in the evening.

*Mon.* 18.—I rode to Wednesbury; and, after two or three

<sup>1</sup> For Methodism in Congleton see *Meth. Rec.* April 2, 1908.

<sup>2</sup> In a vale called the Waters. (*Meth. in Macclesfield*, p. 30; *Meth. Rec.* Sept. 1, 1904.)

<sup>3</sup> He preached in the Town Gate at

Bradwell. (*Meth. Rec.* April 10, 1902.)

<sup>4</sup> Letter to Blackwell, *Works*, vol. xii. p. 167.

<sup>5</sup> *Meth. Mag.* 1825, p. 284. The society was formed, it is said, shortly after this visit.

days spent there and at Birmingham, on *Thursday* the 21st came to London.

*Sun.* 31.<sup>1</sup>—I preached at seven in Moorfields to a large and well-behaved congregation. Mr. Bateman<sup>2</sup> desired me to preach a charity sermon at his church, St. Bartholomew the Great, in the afternoon; but it was with much difficulty that I got in—not only the church itself, but all the entrances to it, being so thronged with people ready to tread upon one another. The great noise made me afraid at first that my labour would be in vain; but that fear was soon over, for all was still as soon as the service began. I hope God gave us this day a token for good. If He will work, who shall stay His hand?

*JUNE 4, Thur.*—I reduced the sixteen stewards to seven, to whom were given the following instructions<sup>3</sup>:

1. You are to be men full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, that you may do all things in a manner acceptable to God.

2. You are to be present every Tuesday and Thursday morning, in order to transact the temporal affairs of the society.

3. You are to begin and end every meeting with earnest prayer unto God for a blessing on all your undertakings.

4. You are to produce your accounts the first Tuesday in every month, that they may be transcribed into the ledger.

5. You are to take it in turn, month by month, to be chairman. The chairman is to see that all the rules be punctually observed, and immediately to check him who breaks any of them.

6. You are to do nothing without the consent of the minister, either actually had or reasonably presumed.

7. You are to consider, whenever you meet, 'God is here.' Therefore be deeply serious; utter no trifling word; speak as in His presence, and to the glory of His great name.

8. When anything is debated, let one at once stand up and speak,

<sup>1</sup> On May 30 Grimshaw wrote him a letter. (*W.M. Mag.* 1797, Supp. p. 44.)

<sup>2</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 1186. The text was 1 Pet. iv. 7. For Mr. Bateman see above, vol. ii. p. 117.

<sup>3</sup> The money collected in the London classes was entrusted to the stewards for the relief of the poor. Tyerman says that this practice obtained for forty years. This was true of the weekly pence, but

not, apparently, of the quarterly contributions. See 'Great Queen Street Deeds,' *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1895, p. 31; Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 108, note; *Works*, vol. viii. p. 261. For an account of Wesley's 'Poor House' and his Medical Mission, see *Works*, vol. viii. pp. 264-5; and his *Plain Account*, written in the form of a letter to Vincent Perronet.

the rest giving attention. And let him speak just loud enough to be heard, in love and in the spirit of meekness.

9. You are continually to pray and endeavour that a holy harmony of soul may in all things subsist among you ; that in every step you may 'keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace.'

10. In all debates you are to watch over your spirits, avoiding, as fire, all clamour and contention, being 'swift to hear, slow to speak' ; in honour every man preferring another before himself.

11. If you cannot relieve, do not grieve, the poor. Give them soft words, if nothing else ; abstain from either sour looks or harsh words. Let them be glad to come, even though they should go empty away. Put yourself in the place of every poor man, and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.

These instructions we whose names are under-written (being the present stewards of the society at London) do heartily receive, and earnestly desire to conform to. In witness whereof we have set our hands.

N.B.—If any Steward shall break any of the preceding rules, after having been thrice admonished by the chairman (whereof notice is to be immediately given the minister), he is no longer steward.

*Sat. 6.*<sup>1</sup>—I appointed to speak with those who had applied to us on a physical account. I found there had been about six hundred in about six months. More than three hundred of these came twice or thrice, and we saw no more of them. About twenty of those who had constantly attended did not seem to be either better or worse. Above two hundred were sensibly better, and fifty-one thoroughly cured. The entire expense, from the beginning till this time, was about thirty pounds.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 14.*—I preached at St. Bartholomew's again.<sup>3</sup> I admire the behaviour of this people ; none betrays either lightness or inattention. Surely all the seed sown here will not be lost !

<sup>1</sup> On June 11, whilst in London, he published a reply to the Bishop of London's (Dr. Gibson, who ordained C. Wesley) 'Charge to his Clergy,' in which the bishop had attacked the teaching of Wesley, the Moravians, and Whitefield. See the terrific force and solemnity of the closing sentences. H. Moore says that, by every account, it had great effect on the bishop ; so much so that he was currently reported to have 'turned

Methodist.' (*Works*, vol. viii. p. 481 ; Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 415 ; Green's *Bibliography*, No. 103.)

<sup>2</sup> The preface to *Primitive Physick* is dated 'London, June 11, 1747.' The last edition published during Wesley's life is the twenty-third, 1791. New editions were published up to the 'Thirty-second, London : Mason, 1828.'

<sup>3</sup> He also preached 'in the fields.' See Charles Wesley's *Journal* of same date.



*Mon.* 15.—Our Conference began,<sup>1</sup> and ended on *Saturday* the 20th. The Minutes of all that passed therein were some time after transcribed and published.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 21.—I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's, on the Gospel for the day, the story of Dives and Lazarus. I was constrained to speak very plain and strong words; but God gave the audience ears to hear, so that they appeared as far from anger on the one hand as from sleepiness on the other.<sup>3</sup>

After preaching at the chapel in the afternoon, I set out for Brentford with Robert Swindells. The next day we reached

<sup>1</sup> The Fourth Conference met at the Foundry. On the Monday morning only the following were present: John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Westley Hall, and Charles Manning. The following preachers were brought in: John Jones, Thomas Maxfield, Jonathan Reeves, John Nelson, John Bennet, John Downes, Thomas Crouch, Robert Swindells, and John Maddern. On Tuesday Richard Thomas Bateman, rector of Great St. Bartholomew's, Henry Piers, of Bexley, Howell Harris, and Thomas Hardwick. About 10 o'clock on Wednesday Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, was added. The Conference concerned itself mainly with the 'right of private judgement'; justifying faith as a divine assurance; entire sanctification; schism, a national church, the three orders; field-preaching, respect of persons, visitation of the sick, unworthy communicants, purging the bands, assistants (itinerant and 'in one place'), disciplinary rules and regulations for their journeys, and the plan for watchnights, &c. The spirit in which the Conference met may be inferred from the following interpretation of 'prayer, watching, and self-denial': '(1) While we are in Conference, let us have an especial care to set God always before us. (2) In the intermediate hours let us visit none but the sick, and spend all our time that remains in retirement. (3) Let us then give ourselves to prayer for one another, and for the blessing of God on this our labour.'

<sup>2</sup> In 1749 the first printed Minutes appeared, published by Wesley in Dublin (printed by S. Powell, in Crane Court). They consisted of two pamphlets, of thirty and thirty-two pages respectively, and were known as 'The Doctrinal Minutes' and 'The Disciplinary Minutes.' In the first Wesley has condensed and rearranged all the doctrinal conversations of the Conferences from 1744 to 1747, and in the second the conversations on discipline of the same Conferences and of the one held in 1748. For fifteen years the Minutes of Yearly Conferences were not printed. In the Journal and in manuscript notes by preachers reminiscences of these Conferences have been preserved (*Minutes*, vol. i. 1744-98, pp. 44-7, 708-20). From 1765 the Minutes have been printed and published year by year. They have grown from a small pamphlet to a volume of more than eight hundred pages. It will be convenient here to explain that the 'Large Minutes,' of which six editions were published during Wesley's lifetime, was a digest or compendium of Minutes, printed or unpublished, from 1744 to 1753. An edition published in 1797 was recognized as a 'Code' in 1835 (*Warren v. Burton*) by the Court of Chancery. Until recent years every candidate for the ministry in the Wesleyan Methodist Church was required to read and subscribe to the Large Minutes before ordination.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 1186.

Marlborough, where one in the room beneath us was swearing desperately. Mr. Swindells<sup>1</sup> stepped down and put into his hand the paper entitled, 'Swear not at all.' He thanked him, and promised to swear no more. And he did not while he was in the house.

*Tues. 23.*—We took horse at three, breakfasted at Chippenham, and dined at Kingswood; whence I walked to Bristol. About seven I went to the Old Orchard,<sup>2</sup> where were rich and poor, a great multitude. We had a solemn and a joyful hour. Surely these fields are white unto the harvest!

*Wed. 24.*—We rode to Beer Crocombe, hoping to reach Tavistock the next day. So we set out at three. The rain began at four. We reached Calstock, dropping wet, before seven. The rain ceased while we were in the house, but began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Exeter. While we stayed here to dry our clothes, I took the opportunity of writing *A Word to a Freeholder*.<sup>3</sup> Soon after three we set out; but it was near eight before we could reach Okehampton.

*Fri. 26.*—We came to Tavistock before noon, but, it being market-day, I did not preach till five in the evening. The rain began almost as soon as we began singing, and drove many out of the field. After preaching (leaving Mr. Swindells there) I went on for Plymouth Dock.

Within two miles of Plymouth one overtook and informed us that, the night before, all the Dock was in an uproar; and a constable, endeavouring to keep the peace, was beaten and much hurt. As we were entering the Dock one met us and desired we would go the back way: 'for,' said he, 'there are thousands of people waiting about Mr. Hide's door.' We rode up straight into the midst of them. They saluted us with three huzzas; after which I alighted, took several of them by the hand, and

<sup>1</sup> For this devoted itinerant see Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> The old orchard of the Dominican Friary, in the so-called Quakers Friars. The estate fell to the Penn family through the marriage of William Penn to Hannah Callowhill, daughter of a Bristol Quaker. It began to be built upon about 1750, and is now covered by Penn Street,

Callowhill Street, and Philadelphia Street. (Latimer, *Annals*, p. 318.)

<sup>3</sup> Written on the eve of an election: a 'word' against bribery, and in favour of that 'Parliament man' who loved his God, his king, and his country. In the Conference of 1767 Wesley urged his preachers to 'disperse it, as it were, with both hands.' (*Minutes*, vol. i. p. 74.)

began to talk with them. I would gladly have passed an hour among them; and believe, if I had, there had been an end of the riot. But the day being far spent (for it was past nine o'clock), I was persuaded to go in. The mob then recovered their spirits, and fought valiantly with the doors and windows; but about ten they were weary, and went every man to his own home.

*Sat. 27.*—I preached at four, and then spoke severally to part of the society. As yet I have found only one person among them who knew the love of God before my brother came. No wonder the devil was so still, for his goods were in peace.

About six in the evening I went to the place where I preached the last year.<sup>1</sup> A little before we had ended the hymn came the lieutenant, a famous man, with his retinue of soldiers, drummers, and mob. When the drums ceased a gentleman-barber began to speak; but his voice was quickly drowned in the shouts of the multitude, who grew fiercer and fiercer as their numbers increased. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, perceiving the violence of the rabble still increasing, I walked down into the thickest of them, and took the captain of the mob by the hand. He immediately said, 'Sir, I will see you safe home. Sir, no man shall touch you. Gentlemen, stand off; give back. I will knock the first man down that touches him.' We walked on in great peace, my conductor every now and then stretching out his neck (he was a very tall man) and looking round to see if any behaved rudely, till we came to Mr. Hide's door. We then parted in much love. I stayed in the street near half an hour after he was gone, talking with the people, who had now forgot their anger, and went away in high good humour.

*Sun. 28.*—I preached at five, on the Common, to a well-behaved, earnest congregation; and at eight near the room, on, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.' The congregation was much larger than before, and equally serious and attentive. At ten I went to church. Mr. Barlow preached a useful sermon on 'God be merciful to me, a sinner'; and a thundering one in the afternoon on 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

<sup>1</sup> See p. 256.



At one I preached again near the room, from those words in the Gospel for the day, 'Come, for all things are ready.' And the hearts of all that were round about seemed to bow down before the Lord. I designed to have preached on Stoke's Hill at five, but the rain would not permit. However, before six I went to the head of the town, where we had a large and venerable assembly. The fear of God seemed to spread itself over all, and they received what was spoken as the word of God. Yet once more He hath opened the door, that the gospel may have a free course here also.

*Mon. 29.*—I took horse between three and four, and reached Perranwell, four<sup>1</sup> miles beyond Truro, about six. I preached to a very large congregation at seven; and the word was as the rain on the tender herb.

*Tues. 30.*—We came to St. Ives before morning prayers, and walked to church without so much as one huzza. How strangely has one year changed the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place. What have we done, that the world should be so civil to us?

*JULY 1, Wed.*—I spoke severally to all those who had votes in the ensuing election. I found them such as I desired. Not one would even eat or drink at the expense of him for whom he voted. Five guineas had been given to W. C.,<sup>2</sup> but he returned them immediately. T. M. positively refused to accept anything; and, when he heard that his mother had received money privately, he could not rest until she gave him the three guineas, which he instantly sent back.

*Thursday* the 2nd was the day of election for Parliament-men.<sup>3</sup> It was began and ended without any hurry at all. I had a large congregation in the evening, among whom two or three roared for the disquietness of their heart; as did many at the

<sup>1</sup> In former eds. 'three,' an error corrected in *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> W. C. has not been identified. 'T. M.' may be Capt. Timothy Mayor, Warden of the Quay in 1760, or Thomas Mathews, Warden of the Market-house in 1764. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 189.)

<sup>3</sup> John Bristowe and John Plumtree.

Bristowe's sister was married to Sir John Hobart, first Earl of Buckinghamshire, whose influence in St. Ives was paramount. His son was elected for both St. Ives and Norwich. Preferring Norwich, he offered St. Ives to Plumtree, sometime Treasurer of the Ordnance. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 189.)



meeting which followed, particularly those who had lost their first love.

*Sat. 4.*—About two I preached in the street at Redruth. The congregation was large and deeply attentive: indeed, there are now scarce any in the town (but gentlemen) who are not convinced of the truth.<sup>1</sup>

At seven I preached at Stithians, and at five in the morning, *Sunday* the 5th, we rode thence to St. Agnes. At two I preached to a large multitude of quiet hearers, many of whom seemed deeply affected. Yet soon after I had done some began to divert themselves with throwing dirt and clods. Mr. Shepherd's horse was frightened at this, and, as one of them stooped down, leaped clear over him. The man screamed amain; but, finding himself not hurt, he and his comrades poured a shower of stones after him. Knowing nothing of the matter, I rode soon after through the midst of them, and none lifted up a hand or opened his mouth.<sup>2</sup>

About half-hour after five I began at Gwennap. I was afraid my voice would not suffice for such an immense multitude; but my fear was groundless, as the evening was quite calm, and the people all attention.

It was more difficult to be heard in meeting the society, amidst the cries of those on the one hand who were pierced through as with a sword, and of those on the other who were filled with joy unspeakable.

*Mon. 6.*—I preached, about twelve, at Breay; but neither the house nor the yard would contain the congregation; and all were serious—the scoffers are vanished away. I scarce saw one in the county.

I preached in the evening at Camborne to an equally serious congregation. I looked about for John Rogers, the champion, who had so often sworn I should never more preach in that parish. But it seems he had given up the cause, saying, 'One may as well blow against the wind.'

*Tues. 7.*—I preached at St. Ives; *Wednesday* the 8th at

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Grace Magor, of Redruth, was one of the first members 'in that part of the Kingdom' (1745). She died in 1805. See *Meth. Mag.* 1807, p. 90.

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman, at this point (vol. i. pp. 554-5), tells a story so complete that one desires authority for it. Tyerman's only reference is 'Manuscript.'

Sithney. On *Thursday* the stewards of all the societies met. I now diligently inquired what exhorters there were in each society; whether they had gifts meet for the work; whether their lives were eminently holy; and whether there appeared any fruit of their labour. I found, upon the whole: (1) That there were no less than eighteen exhorters in the county. (2) That three of these had no gifts at all for the work, neither natural nor supernatural. (3) That a fourth had neither gifts nor grace; but was a dull, empty, self-conceited man. (4) That a fifth had considerable gifts, but had evidently made shipwreck of the grace of God. These therefore I determined immediately to set aside, and advise our societies not to hear them. (5) That J. B., A. L., and J. W.<sup>1</sup> had gifts and grace, and had been much blessed in the work. Lastly, that the rest might be helpful when there was no preacher in their own or the neighbouring societies, provided they would take no step without the advice of those who had more experience than themselves.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri.* 10.—I preached at Gulval Cross, in the midway between Penzance and Marazion.

*Sat.* 11.—I examined the classes at St. Just, established and settled in the grace of God.

*Sun.* 12.—At five I preached at St. Just; at twelve to the largest congregation I ever saw at Morvah. I then went to church at Zennor, and, when the service was ended, preached under the churchyard wall.

Hence I rode to Newlyn, a little town on the south sea, about a mile from Penzance. At five I walked to a rising ground,<sup>3</sup> near the seashore, where was a smooth white sand to stand on. An immense multitude of people was gathered together, but their voice was as the roaring of the sea. I began to speak, and the noise died away; but before I had ended

<sup>1</sup> Possibly John Whitford. Cf. below, p. 378.

<sup>2</sup> He seems to have returned from Sithney to St. Ives, where the meeting of stewards was held—a kind of Quarterly Meeting. One of the 'J. Smith' letters is of this date (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 90). In it he names two

wandering preachers, and disowns them: he also describes the disorderly behaviour of two Cornish clergymen near St. Ives.

<sup>3</sup> Probably the wide, open space on which, at a later period, the fishermen used to lay up their boats and spread their nets for repair.

my prayer some poor wretches of Penzance began cursing and swearing and thrusting the people off the bank. In two minutes I was thrown into the midst of them<sup>1</sup>; when one of Newlyn, a bitter opposer till then, turned about and swore, 'None shall meddle with the man: I will lose my life first.' Many others were of his mind; so I walked an hundred yards forward, and finished my sermon without any interruption.

*Mon. 13.*—I preached at Tredinny, in Buryan parish, where was a large and earnest congregation, notwithstanding the wonderful stories which they have frequently heard related in the pulpit for certain truths. In the morning I wrote as follows:

TREDINNY, *July 14, 1747.*

REV. SIR,

I was exceedingly surprised when I was informed yesterday of your affirming publicly in the church, in the face of a whole congregation, 'Now Wesley has sent down for a hundred pounds; and it must be raised directly. Nay, it is true.' Oh, sir, is this possible? Can it be that you should be so totally void (I will not say of conscience, of religion, but) of good-nature, as to credit such a tale? and of good manners and common sense, as *thus* to repeat it?

I must beg that you would either justify or retract this (for it is a point of no small concern) and that I may know what you propose to do before I set out for London.

I am, reverend sir,

Your brother and servant, for Christ's sake.

But he never favoured me with an answer.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat. 25.*—I was welcomed into Port Isaac by more company than I expected. The man who had some time since headed the mob when they left Edward Greenfield<sup>3</sup> for dead, had gathered all his troops, and received us as soon as we entered the first street. They all attended us to Mr. Scantlebury's<sup>4</sup> door, who (Mr. T. informed me) desired I would lodge at his house. I knocked long at the door, but no one answered: at length, the master appeared—an hoary, venerable old man.

<sup>1</sup> Peter Jaco and others rescued him (*Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 542).

<sup>2</sup> On Saturday in this week he wrote a letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 167), one paragraph of which might

be added to the Journal. It is a vivid description of the success Methodism had already achieved in Cornwall.

<sup>3</sup> For Greenfield see above, p. 185.

<sup>4</sup> See below, Aug. 27, 1768.

I asked, 'Pray, is Mr. T. here?' He replied, 'Mr. T. is not here; but, pray what may thy name be?' I answered, 'My name is John Wesley.' He said, 'I have heard of thee.' Perceiving that he had no more to say, I turned back to another house. The mob followed, hallooing and shouting; but none of them offered to strike, or even throw anything. Only their captain, after some hard words, lifted up his stick at me once or twice; but one of his companions interposed. He then went quietly away.

After spending half an hour, we rode on to Camelford. We stopped at a friend's house near the town; and between four and five walked to Mr. M.'s,<sup>1</sup> who had often desired that, if Mr. Wesley came, he would preach either in his house or bowling-green; but word came from the mayor, while I was there, that if I did preach he would prosecute him. Finding no convenient place could be procured, we thought it best to go on to Mr. Bennet's.<sup>2</sup> As I walked through the town we had a large train to attend us. Only one stone struck me on the shoulder. Fifty or a hundred waited upon us about half a mile: we then went on quietly to Tregear.

*Sun. 26.*—I preached at Tamerton church in the morning, Week St. Mary in the afternoon, and St. Gennys in the evening.

*Mon. 27.*—In the evening I preached in Tresmeer church; and at five on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* morning. *Tuesday* evening I preached at Laneast church; on *Wednesday* noon on St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston. Thence we rode to Crockernwell; and on *Thursday*, in the afternoon, came once more to Beer Crocombe.

*Fri. 31.*—About noon I preached at Taunton. Much opposition was expected, and several young gentlemen came, as it seemed, with that design, but they did not put it in execution. From hence we rode to Bridgwater; and even at this dry, barren place God largely watered us with the dew of heaven. After preaching I rode to Middlezoy, intending only to meet the society; but notice had been given that I

<sup>1</sup> Possibly Walter Mallet, who died in November 1747, aged seventy-two (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 189). The mayor

of Camelford was John Rowe, Gent. (*ibid.*).

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 132.



would preach there, so I gave an exhortation to all that were present.

AUG. 1, *Sat.*—I preached here soon after four, about noon at Way Wick, and in the evening at Bristol.

*Sun.* 2.—I preached in Kingswood at eight, in the afternoon at Conham, and at five in the Old Orchard, to the largest congregation which I ever remember to have seen at Bristol. What hath God wrought in this city! And yet perhaps the hundredth part of His work does not now appear.

*Tues.* 4.—I set out for Ireland.<sup>1</sup> We rode that day (but it was hard labour)<sup>2</sup> to Builth, where I preached in the evening on the Prodigal Son.

*Wed.* 5.—Taking horse early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that ever I saw in my life. We rode in a green vale,<sup>3</sup> shaded with rows of trees, which made an harbour for several miles. The river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river the mountain rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular: and yet the tall, straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn. At a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were by way of contrast—

A mountain huge uprear'd  
Its broad, bare back <sup>4</sup>—

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<sup>1</sup> He had received a letter from 'a Mr. Williams, then zealous for God,' who had crossed the Channel, and begun to preach in Dublin, where multitudes flocked to hear. Williams formed a society. William Rossbotham, a boy of fifteen, heard Thomas Williams's first sermon (possibly at Oxmantown Green). Converted shortly after, he remained a Methodist for over seventy years. He became a sergeant in the 5th Dragoon Guards. On retiring from the Army he settled at Turlough, Co. Mayo, where he introduced Methodism.

He died in 1826, a Primitive Wesleyan Methodist. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 68.) For Thomas Williams see above, pp. 144, 154, also Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 506; and for Wesley's first visit to Ireland, Moore, Whitehead, Tyerman, and especially Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Sixty-three miles of mountainous road.

<sup>3</sup> Of Dyfi. For a description of the route followed see D. Young's *Methodism in Wales*, pp. 279–80.

<sup>4</sup> Cader Idris.

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, that seemed to nod portending ruin.

*Thur. 6.*—Between three and four in the afternoon we, with some difficulty, reached Carnarvon. This has the face of a fortified town, having walls (such as they are), and a castle as considerable as that of Cardiff. Here we parted with our guide and interpreter, Mr. Phillips.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Tucker and I set out for Holyhead. We intended to cross over into Anglesey at Moel-y-don Ferry,<sup>2</sup> four miles from Carnarvon; but, not being able to inquire our way (as we spoke no Welsh, and the country people no English), we could not find where the ferry was till we saw the boat coming over.

We went into the boat about sunset, and lodged that night at a little inn by the water-side.

*Fri. 7.*—We made a little stop at Llangefni, seven miles from the ferry. We should have hired a guide to have steered over the sands, but it was quite out of my mind till we came to them; so we went straight across, and came to Holyhead without any stop or hindrance at all.

*Sat. 8.*—Finding one of the packet-boats ready, we<sup>3</sup> went on board about eight o'clock in the morning. It was a dead calm when we rowed out of the harbour; but about two in the afternoon the wind sprung up, and continued till near four on Sunday morning, when we were within sight of the Irish shore.

I could not but observe (1) that, while we were sailing with a fresh gale, there was no wind at all a mile off; but a ship which lay abreast of us was quite becalmed, till we left her out of sight; (2) that a French privateer, which for several

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 76.

<sup>2</sup> In the ferryman's lease the ferry, which crosses the straits at Port Dinorwic, is called by four different names: Moel-y-don, Mol-y-don, Bol-y-don, and Llanwyn. Foel-y-don is also given. A suggested emendation would omit the words 'a little inn by the water-side,' substituting 'Mr. Jenkin Morgan's house.' This, it is contended, is necessary in order to avoid a discrepancy between the text here and at March 3, 1748, and March

25, 1750; but any discrepancy is probably due to the condensed form of narrative. Wesley certainly lodged at Jenkin Morgan's house on the return journey, Aug. 26, and on later journeys.

<sup>3</sup> John Wesley and John Trembath. See Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 15; *Minutes of Conf.* 1746. But William Tucker seems also to have been of the party (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 68). His son Samuel was prominently connected with Donegall Square Church, Belfast.

days had taken every ship which sailed on that coast, was taken and brought into Dublin Bay the very morning we arrived there.

Before ten we came to St. George's Quay. Soon after we landed, hearing the bells ringing for church, I went thither directly. Mr. Lunell<sup>1</sup> came to the Quay just after I was gone, and left word at the house where our things were, he would call again at one. He did so, and took us to his house. About three I wrote a line to the curate of St. Mary's,<sup>2</sup> who sent me word he should be glad of my assistance: so I preached there (another gentleman reading prayers), to as gay and senseless a congregation as ever I saw. After sermon Mr. Roquier thanked me very affectionately, and desired I would favour him with my company in the morning.

*Mon. 10.*—I met the society at five, and at six preached on 'Repent, and believe the gospel.' The room, large as it was, would not contain the people, who all seemed to taste the good word.

Between eight and nine I went to Mr. Roquier, the curate of St. Mary's. He professed abundance of good will, commended my sermon in strong terms, and begged he might see me again the next morning; but, at the same time, he expressed the most rooted prejudice against lay preachers, or preaching out of a church, and said the Archbishop of Dublin<sup>3</sup> was resolved to suffer no such irregularities in his diocese.

I went to our brethren, that we might pour out our souls before God. I then went straight to wait upon the Archbishop myself; but he was gone out of town.

In the afternoon a gentleman desired to speak with me. He was troubled that it was not with him as in times past, when, at the age of fourteen, the power of God came mightily upon him, constraining him to rise out of bed to pour out his prayers and tears from an heart overflowed with love and joy in the

<sup>1</sup> William Lunell, a convert of Thomas Williams, was a Moravian and a banker resident in Francis Street. Lunell & Dickson was the name of this banking house (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 87). For a letter of his see *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 532. Being a Calvinist, if not Antinomian in

his views, he did not retain his connexion with Methodism. See letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 168), for an account of the Lunell home; also *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. p. 151.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Moses Roquier.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Charles Cobbe.

Holy Ghost. For some months he scarce knew whether he was in the body—continually walking and talking with God. He has now an abiding peace, but cannot rest till the love of God again fills his heart.

Between six and seven I went to Marlborough Street.<sup>1</sup> The house wherein we then preached was originally designed for a Lutheran church, and will contain about four hundred people; but four or five times the number may stand in the yard. Many of the rich were there, and many ministers of every denomination. I preached on 'The Scripture hath concluded all under sin,' and spoke closely and strongly; but none at all seemed to be offended. If my brother or I could have been here for a few months, I question if there might not have been a larger society here than even in London itself.

Tues. 11.—I waited on the Archbishop at Newbridge, ten miles from Dublin. I had the favour of conversing with him two or three hours, in which I answered abundance of objections. In the evening I returned to Mr. Lunell's. John Trembath preached at Marlborough Street to a large congregation both of laity and clergy, who behaved with much decency.<sup>2</sup>

Wed. 12.—I purposely delayed examining the classes till I had gone through the Rules of the Society, part of which I explained to them at large, with the reasons of them, every morning.

Thur. 13.—We walked in the afternoon to see two persons that were sick near Phoenix Park. That part of it which joins to the city is sprinkled up and down with trees, not unlike Hyde Park; but about a mile from the town is a thick grove of old, tall oaks, and in the centre of this a round, open green (from which are vistas all four ways), with a handsome stone pillar in the midst, having a phoenix on the top.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For particulars respecting the first Lutheran Church in Dublin, see *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 68, information collated from Whitelaw's *History of Dublin*. At the corner of Marlborough Street and Talbot Street stood the first Methodist preaching-house in Ireland. For a careful examination of evidence respecting early Methodist 'houses' in Dublin, see David B. Bradshaw's article in *Meth.*

*Rec.* Winter No., 1904, pp. 78–81; see also Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> On Sept. 26 in this year Trembath sent an account of the work in Dublin. (*Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 528.)

<sup>3</sup> The monument was erected by Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in 1745. Phoenix here is an anglicized corruption of the Irish word *Fionnuisge* (pronounced



I continued preaching, morning and evening, to many more than the house would contain, and had more and more reason to hope they would not all be unfruitful hearers.

*Fri. 14.*—I procured a genuine account of the great Irish massacre in 1641.<sup>1</sup> Surely never was there such a transaction before, from the beginning of the world! More than two hundred thousand men, women, and children butchered within a few months, in cool blood, and with such circumstances of cruelty as make one's blood run cold! It is well if God has not a controversy with the nation, on this very account, to this day.

*Sat. 15.*—I stayed at home, and spoke to all that came; but I found scarce any Irish among them. At least ninety-nine in an hundred of the native Irish remain in the religion of their forefathers. The Protestants, whether in Dublin or elsewhere, are almost all transplanted lately from England. Nor is it any wonder that those who are born Papists generally live and die such, when the Protestants can find no better ways to convert them than Penal Laws and Acts of Parliament.

*Sun. 16.*—We went to St. James's Church in the morning (there being no service at St. Patrick's), and in the afternoon to Christ Church. When I came out of the choir I could not but observe wellnigh the whole congregation drawn up in rows in the body of the church, from the one end to the other. I walked through the midst of them, and they stared their fill, but scarce one spoke either good or bad.

In the evening I had a large number of them in Marlborough Street, both within doors and without.

*Mon. 17.*—I began examining the society, which I finished the next day. It contained about two hundred and four score members, many of whom appeared to be strong in faith. The people in general are of a more teachable spirit than in most parts of England; but, on that very account, they must be watched over with the more care, being equally susceptible of good and ill impressions.

finniske), 'a spring of clear water.' The 'open green' was known in Wesley's day as 'The Ring.' On this day he wrote the letter to Blackwell referred to above. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 168.)

<sup>1</sup> Referred to again July 24, 1760. This account was by Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, and was published in London in 1646. Another edition was issued in 1679.

*Tues. 18.*—I was informed that Mr. La Trobe,<sup>1</sup> the Moravian preacher, had read in his pulpit part of the *Short View of the Difference between the Moravians* and us, with the addition of many bitter words.<sup>2</sup> Herein he did us, unawares, a signal favour, giving an authentic proof that we have nothing to do with them.<sup>3</sup>

*Fri. 21.*—I was desired to see the town and the college. The town has scarce any public building, except the Parliament-house, which is at all remarkable. The churches are poor and mean, both within and without. St. Stephen's Green might be made a beautiful place, being abundantly larger than Lincoln's Inn Square; but the houses round about it (besides that some are low and bad) are quite irregular, and unlike each other; and little care is taken of the Green itself, which is as rough and uneven as a common.<sup>4</sup>

The college contains two little quadrangles, and one about as large as that of New College in Oxford. There is likewise a bowling-green, a small garden, and a little park, and a new-built, handsome library.<sup>5</sup>

I expected we should have sailed on *Saturday* the 22nd; but no packet-boat was come in. In order to make the best of our time, I preached this day at noon, as well as in the

<sup>1</sup> A year earlier James Hutton received a letter 'from one Mr. La Trobe, at Dublin, who writeth an epistle concerning his whole life.' In a footnote Benham says: 'This was the well-known and faithful Br. Benjamin La Trobe, a Baptist, who, when student of theology, had established a Religious Society in Dublin, according to the plan of the Methodists.' He is described as having prepared the way in Ireland for J. Cennick, who now had finally settled in Moravianism. Like Cennick, he found a congenial sphere in the *Unitas Fratrum*, serving as pastor, writer, and President of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel. He died, 'sincerely lamented,' in 1786, and was buried at Chelsea. James Hutton published, in *The London Chronicle*, an

estimate of his friend's character. (*Memoirs of James Hutton*, p. 545.)

<sup>2</sup> Of this *Short View* three editions appear to have been printed. The first, dated 1741, has disappeared. A copy, seen by Mr. C. D. Hardcastle, was in the possession of Dr. George Morley. It seems to have been superseded by the larger tract published in 1745. 'An extract' from this tract appears as No. 10 in the collected publications issued in 1758, and entitled, *A Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion*. (See *Works*, vol. x. p. 201.)

<sup>3</sup> On Aug. 20 Grimshaw wrote to Wesley. (*Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 474.)

<sup>4</sup> 'It was so then' (Wesley).

<sup>5</sup> There is an unpublished letter by Wesley, under date Sept. 27, 1777, in the College Library.

evening. It was not for nothing that our passage was delayed. Who knows what a day may bring forth?

*Sun. 23.*—The room was so crowded in the morning that I thought it best to begin before the usual time in the evening. Yet were a multitude of people got together, in the house, yard, and street, far more than my voice could reach. I cried aloud to as many of them as could hear, 'All things are ready: come ye to the marriage.' I had then delivered my message: so before ten we took boat, and about eleven reached the ship.<sup>1</sup>

The wind was right ahead. Then succeeded a dead calm, so that we did not get out of the bay till Monday evening, nor within sight of Wales till *Wednesday* the 26th. By this means we had an opportunity of talking largely both with our fellow passengers and the sailors, many of whom received our words with gladness. About two in the afternoon we landed at Holyhead. Between three and four we took horse, and came in the evening to Thomas Thomas's, near Rhyd-y-Spardyn. He had before desired Jonathan Reeves<sup>2</sup> to call there in his return; but we were at a great loss, none in the house understanding English, and none of us understanding Welsh; till Mr. Morgan,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For the persecution which followed see Crookshank, vol. i. p. 17. Charles Wesley, by appointment, waited at Garth for his brother's return from Ireland. For the story of his courtship and marriage with Miss Sally Gwynne, of Garth, an event curiously interwoven with the history of the planting of Methodism in Ireland, see Telford's *Life of C. Wesley*, pp. 171–83. It was arranged at Garth that Charles Wesley should pay a prolonged visit to Ireland. He arrived in Dublin on Sept. 9, 1747, and began his work the same evening in the 'shattered house at Marlborough Street.' During his visit a house near Dolphin's Barn was taken, now 104 Cork Street. The ground floor, 42 feet long and 24 broad, was the preaching-room. In the rooms above the preachers were accommodated. In a letter to his brother, dated Oct. 9, he gives a graphic description of the inconveniences which he and Charles Perronet had to endure until they

migrated to Dolphin's Barn (*Whitehead*, vol. i. p. 299. See also *Charles Wesley's Journal*, Sept. 9, 1747, to March 20, 1748). For the ex-Moravian chapel in Skinners Alley, which came into Methodist hands early in 1748, see D. B. Bradshaw's account (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1904, p. 78; also *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 49).

<sup>2</sup> Who was in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> He and Thomas Thomas, of Rhyd-y-Spardyn, were neighbours. Mr. Jenkin Morgan, described as a 'schoolmaster,' was the first Nonconformist minister in Anglesey. A native of Glamorganshire, a Presbyterian, he came to North Wales in 1739, was ordained in 1746 at Watford, and in 1748 bought the farm Tyn-yreithnen, near which Rhosymewch chapel was erected—the first Nonconformist chapel in Anglesey. He was on very friendly terms with Wesley, whom he frequently entertained, and who (March 24, 1750) describes his house as half-way between the Ferry (Moel-y-don) and Holyhead. (*W.H.S.* vol. vi. pp. 60, 118.)



a neighbouring schoolmaster, came, who took us to his own house, and in the morning, *Thursday* the 27th, rode with us to the Passage.

We reached Carnarvon before ten, Tan-y-bwlch in the evening, and Llanidloes, *Friday* the 28th.

*Sat.* 29.—About noon we came to Builth. At three I preached in the main street,<sup>1</sup> and at Garth in the evening, where I met my brother going to Ireland.

*Sun.* 30.—He preached at Builth about nine.<sup>2</sup> Thence we went to Maesmynys Church; but it would not near contain the congregation, so that I was constrained to preach in the churchyard. Thence I rode to Llansaintffraid. Here also, the church not being large enough to hold the people, I came out to a large tombstone, under a shady tree, and proclaimed the ‘grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.’

One of the audience pressed me much to preach at Clyro, telling me Mr. J. had often said I should be welcome to his pulpit.

*Mon.* 31.—I rode thither, and called on Mr. J.; but (as I supposed it would) his heart failed. I preached on a large, smooth meadow, Christ our ‘wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption’; and a multitude of people were gathered from all parts, though on so short a warning.

We set out early, SEPT. 1, and, after a short stop near Crughowell,<sup>3</sup> aimed at the nearest way over the mountains, to Cardiff; but it was near four in the afternoon before we could reach a little village at the foot of the hills, called Risca. The people at the inn here were civil above measure; particularly a young, genteel man, who was son to the woman of the house, and lived at a small distance from it. He rode with us two miles, to show us the nearest way; and desired, if we came again, we would lodge at his house. The reason of all this kindness was that, a year or two ago, he had heard me preach at Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> Probably then, and on all subsequent occasions, on a stone at the corner of the Market House. See *Meth. Rec.* June 6, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> On a tombstone, and again the same

day on the same spot. Cf. C. Wesley’s *Journal* of this date, and throughout this visit.

<sup>3</sup> See Young’s *Methodism in Wales*, p. 57.



I reached Cardiff between seven and eight, and immediately went to the room. My strength just lasted till I had done preaching. I was then quite ready to lie down and rest.

*Wed. 2.*—I spent some time with T. Prosser, who had filled the society with vain janglings. I found the fault lay in his head, rather than his heart. He is an honest, well-meaning man; but no more qualified, either by nature or grace, to expound Scripture than to read lectures in logic or algebra.

Yet even men of sense have taken this dull, mystical man to be far deeper than he is; and it is very natural so to do. If we look into a dark pit it seems deep; but the darkness only makes it seem so. Bring the light, and we shall see it is very shallow.

In the evening I preached at Fonmon; but, the congregation being larger than the chapel would contain, I was obliged to preach in the court.<sup>1</sup> I was myself much comforted in comforting the weary and heavy laden.

*Fri. 4.*—There was a very large congregation at Cardiff Castle-yard in the evening. I afterwards met the society, spoke plain to them, and left them once more in peace.

*Sat. 5.*—In my road to Bristol I read over Q. Curtius,<sup>2</sup> a fine writer, both as to thought and language. But what an hero does he describe! whose murder of his old friend and companion Clitus (though not done of a sudden, as is commonly supposed, but deliberately, after some hours' consideration) was a virtuous act in comparison of his butchering poor Philotas and his good old father, Parmenio. Yet even this was a little thing compared to the thousands and ten thousands he slaughtered, both in battle and in and after taking cities, for no other crime than defending their wives and children. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in hell as Alexander the Great.

*Thur. 10.*—I preached at Bath about noon, and in the evening at Bearfield.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Of the castle. The chapel was the dining-room, suitably fitted up for preaching. (Charles Wesley's Journal, Aug. 25, 1741.)

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Alexander the Great.* See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 51.

<sup>3</sup> Near Bradford-on-Avon.

*Fri. 11.*<sup>1</sup>—We rode to Reading. Mr. Richards, a tradesman in the town, came to our inn, and entreated me to preach at a room which he had built for that purpose. I did so, at six in the morning, and then rode on. It rained all the way till we came to London.

*Sat. 19.*—Mrs. Baddily desired me to go up to her son, who had been out of order for some days. For one or two years he was a pattern to all the family, till he began to converse more with good sort of men. He then grew cooler and cooler in the ways of God, and, in a few months, quitted the society, resolving, he said, to keep to his Church and live a sober life, and that was enough. That was too much in a little time. He grew tired of his Church too, and dropped that and sobriety together. He was now, his mother informed me, dead as a stone to all the things of God. I spake a few words, and went to prayer, and God broke his heart. He continued weeping and praying all the day and all the night, and, at six in the morning, fell asleep.

*Tues. 22.*—I rode to Shoreham, where I preached every morning in the house,<sup>2</sup> and every evening in the church. But the season of fruit is not yet.

*Sun. 27.*—I preached in Moorfields, morning and evening, and continued so to do till November. I know no church in London (that in West Street excepted) where there is so serious a congregation.

*Mon. 28.*—I talked with one who, a little time before, was so overwhelmed with affliction that she went out one night to put an end to it all by throwing herself into the New River. As she went by the Foundery (it being a watch-night) she heard some people singing. She stopped and went in; she listened a while, and God spoke to her heart. She had no more desire to put an end to her life, but to die to sin, and live to God.

*Tues. 29.*—I retired to Mrs. Sparrow's, at Lewisham,<sup>3</sup> where also I preached every evening.

OCT. 3, *Sat.*—I returned to London. In the evening I

<sup>1</sup> On this date Whitefield wrote him an affectionate letter from Philadelphia. (Whitefield's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 126.)

<sup>2</sup> In the society preaching-house.

<sup>3</sup> See Charles Wesley's *Journal*, *passim*, and above, vol. ii. p. 422.

buried a young man who had but lately known God ; but from that time he had lived much in a little space. His soul was clouded at the beginning of his illness, but the clouds soon vanished away, and he continued in the calm joy of faith till his spirit returned to God.

*Fri. 9.*—We had a watch-night at the chapel.<sup>1</sup> Being weak in body, I was afraid I could not go through it ; but the longer I spoke, the more strength I had, insomuch that at twelve o'clock all my weariness and weakness were gone, and I was as one refreshed with wine.

The former part of the next week, and of some others, I spent at Newington and Lewisham in writing.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri. 16.*—I went with two or three friends to see what are called the electrical experiments. How must these also confound those poor half-thinkers who will believe nothing but what they can comprehend ! Who can comprehend how fire lives in water, and passes through it more freely than through air ? How flame issues out of my finger, real flame, such as sets fire to spirits of wine ? How these, and many more as strange

<sup>1</sup> West Street.

<sup>2</sup> This note probably covers several weeks at the close of 1747 and the beginning of 1748. These weeks, spent for the most part in London, whilst Charles was in Ireland, involved the care of all the societies in and around London—at the Foundery, West Street, Southwark, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Westminster, Windsor, Brentford, and other places ; preaching twice every day ; meeting and pastorally examining all the classes ; visiting in wide areas ; excursions to Salisbury, Bristol, and elsewhere ; and a not inconsiderable amount of literary work and correspondence. For the latter he accepted the hospitality of his friends—the Perronets at Shoreham, Mrs. Sparrow at Lewisham, and perhaps the Clarks at Newington. Probably he wrote a large number of letters in these quiet retreats. Strange to say, only one has been preserved. Dr. Whitehead published it as an example of the advices he at this time addressed to his assistants

and helpers. It is dated November 1747 :

In public preaching, speak not one word against opinions of any kind. We are not to fight against notions, but sins. Least of all should I advise you once to open your lips against *Predestination*. It would do more mischief than you are aware of. Keep to our one point, present inward salvation by faith, by the divine evidence of sins forgiven. (Whitehead, vol. ii. p. 239.)

There can be no doubt he maintained a vigorous correspondence during these weeks with his brother in Ireland, with the Orphan House in Newcastle, the New Room in Bristol, and other important centres. One volume of first-class importance belongs to this period, namely, the Twelve Sermons (nine of them on the Sermon on the Mount), afterwards transferred without alteration to the Standard Four Volumes. They represent the ethical teaching of Methodism, and were published as an antidote to the Antinomian teaching which at this time so largely prevailed.

phenomena, arise from the turning round a glass globe? It is all mystery; if haply by any means God may hide pride from man!

*Tues. 20.*—I read Dr. Doddridge's *Account of Colonel Gardiner*.<sup>1</sup> And what matters it whether his soul was set at liberty by a fever or a Lochaber axe, seeing he has gone to God?

*Thur. 29.*—T. C., who had been with the Brethren some years, desired to speak with me. He said he could find no rest anywhere else, and was constrained to return where he was first called. I believe he obeyed that conviction for a month. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'

NOV. 2, *Mon.*—I preached at Windsor at noon, and in the afternoon rode to Reading. Mr. J. Richards had just sent his brother word that he had hired a mob to pull down his preaching-house that night. In the evening Mr. S. Richards overtook a large company of bargemen walking towards it, whom he immediately accosted, and asked if they would go with him and hear a good sermon; telling them, 'I will make room for you, if you were as many more.' They said they would go with all their hearts. 'But, neighbours,' said he, 'would it not be as well to leave those clubs behind you? Perhaps some of the women may be frightened at them.' They threw them all away, and walked quietly with him to the house, where he set them in a pew.

In the conclusion of my sermon one of them, who used to be their captain, being the head taller than his fellows, rose up, and, looking round the congregation, said, 'The gentleman says nothing but what is good: I say so; and there is not a man here that shall dare to say otherwise.'

*Thur. 5.*—I began examining the classes, and every person severally, touching the bane of religion, evil-speaking, as well as touching their manner of life before they heard this preaching; and, by comparing what they were with what they are now, we found more abundant cause to praise God.

*Fri. 20.*—I was informed of a remarkable providence. One going home the last watch-night, met a woman in Blackfriars, who inquired which was the way to the water-side. She said, 'It is so late I doubt you will get no boat.' The woman answered, 'I don't want one.' On this she stopped and began

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 51; also below, p. 523.



to question her more closely what she was going to do. After a while, she confessed she was going to drown herself, being under heavy affliction ; but she was soon brought to a better mind, and seemed resolved to cast her care on Him who had so signally cared for her.

*Sun. 22.*—I spent an hour with Mary Cheesebrook, a strange monument of the mercy of God. About six years ago she was without God in the world, being a kept mistress. An acquaintance brought her one evening to the chapel in West Street, where God gave her a new heart. She shed abundance of tears, she plucked out the right eye and cast it from her ; and from that time procured for herself, by hard labour, what was needful for life and godliness. She missed no opportunity of coming to the preaching ; often after a hard day's work at Mayfair, she came to the Foundery in the evening, running the greater part of the way. Every Saturday, after paying her little debts, she gave away all the money that remained, leaving the morrow to take thought for the things of itself.

Two years ago she caught a violent cold, which she neglected, till it settled upon her lungs. I knew nothing of her illness till it was past cure, she being then worn to a skeleton. Upon my mentioning her case to Mrs. —, she sent her half a guinea. Molly immediately sent for a poor man, a baker, of whom she had lately taken her bread. She owed him about ten shillings ; but an earnest dispute arose between them, for the man would not take the money, saying she wanted it more than he. But at length she prevailed, saying she could not die in peace if she owed any man anything.

But I found something still lay upon her mind. Upon my pressing her to speak freely, she told me it was concern for her child, a girl about eight years old, who, after she was gone, would have no friend to take care either of her soul or body. I replied, 'Be at rest in this thing also ; I will take care of the child.' From that time she lay (two or three weeks) quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

*Fri. 27.*<sup>1</sup>—Poor Mr. Simpson<sup>2</sup> spent an hour with me,

<sup>1</sup> Grimshaw wrote to him on this date (*Meth. Mag.* 1797, Suppl. p. 46).

<sup>2</sup> John Simpson. See above, vol. ii.

p. 463. He left the Moravians, and sought to return to the Church of England.

distressed on every side; drawn up to London by fair and specious promises; and then left to perish unless he would promise never more to preach out of a church. Alas! what a method of conversion is this! I love the Church too, but I would no more starve men into the Church than burn them into it.

Sat. 28.—Mr. H.,<sup>1</sup> one of the first ten who met in band with my brother and me, desired to speak with me. I had not exchanged a word with him before, since we parted at Fetter Lane. He said, about six years ago the Brethren told him it was the will of the Lamb that he should give himself to the public work, quitting all secular business. He obeyed, discharged his men, sold his goods, parted with his house. From that time, he not only preached, but was employed in places of the greatest trust.

About two years ago, having many doubts upon his mind concerning their method of proceeding, he wrote a long letter to the Count, who seemed to take it well; and he continued labouring, as before, both in preaching and in the government of the Church. But about a month ago, he was ordered to leave off preaching and return to his trade. Having learned not to dispute, but obey, he hired an house and set up a sign. Nevertheless, he could not be easy; he mused much and prayed much, and at last resolved to come to me. He seemed to tell me all his heart, both at this and our following interviews. If he only seemed, let him look to it. *Ego in portu navigo.*<sup>2</sup>

Sun. 29.—About six in the morning, Mrs. Witham<sup>3</sup> slept in the Lord. A mother in Israel hast thou also been, and thy works shall praise thee in the gates. Some years ago, before Mr. Witham died, she seemed to stand on the brink of eternity; but God renewed her strength, till she had finished the work which He had given her to do. She was an eminent pattern of

<sup>1</sup> Probably William Holland, who 'left the congregation in 1747.' Cf. above, vol. i. p. 475, and *Wesley Studies*, pp. 86-7.

<sup>2</sup> Literally '*I*' (emphatic by contrast) ride in harbour.' In Terence, *Andria*, III. i. 22, the whole line reads: 'Nunc hujus periculo fit; ego in portu navigo.

'Now the matter is at his own risk; *I* am quite safe.' See March 16, 1758, where also the quotation is used, and, as here, with reference to a wavering Moravian about whose perfect sincerity Wesley could not be quite sure.

<sup>3</sup> C. Wesley's Journal, June 12, 1745; April 13, 1747; and Elegy on her death.

calm boldness for the truth, of simplicity and godly sincerity ; of unwearied constancy in attending all the ordinances of God ; of zeal for God and for all good works ; and of self-denial in every kind. Blessed is the dead that hath thus lived and died in the Lord ! for she rests from her labours, and her works follow her.

*Mon. 30.*—I set out early, and called on Mr. H. at Brentford, who rode on with me to Basingstoke that night. We were thoroughly wet with the heavy rain, which intermitted in the night, but began again before we took horse in the morning.

*DEC. 1, Tues.*—About noon we reached Stockbridge. The rain then changed into snow. Seeing no prospect of fair weather, after resting a while we set out in the midst of the storm. It blew such a hurricane as I have scarce known in England, and that full in our teeth, so that our horses reeled to and fro, and had much ado to keep their feet. The snow likewise drove so vehemently in our faces, in riding over the open downs, where, for several miles, there was neither house nor tree nor shrub to shelter, that it was hard labour to get forward. But in about an hour the sky cleared up, and we rode on comfortably to Salisbury.

From the concurring account of many witnesses, who spoke no more than they personally knew, I now learned as much as is hitherto brought to light concerning the fall of poor Mr. [Westley] Hall.<sup>1</sup>

Twelve years ago he was, without all question, filled with faith and the love of God. He was a pattern of humility, meekness, seriousness, and, above all, of self-denial ; so that, in all England, I knew not his fellow.

It were easy to point out the several steps whereby he fell from his steadfastness ; even till he fell into a course of adultery, yea, and avowed it in the face of the sun !

*Thur. 3.*—I took my leave of this uncomfortable place, and set out for Bristol. But the heavy rains, together with the melting snow, had made the lower parts of the road scarce passable. However, we made a shift to reach Norton St. Philips that night, and Bristol the next day. We found fresh proof, every day,

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<sup>1</sup> Tyerman gives the facts of this infamous case, and quotes a letter which

was published in the *Gent.'s Mag.* 'Salisbury, Oct. 30, 1747.'

that God had brought us hither both to give and to receive a blessing.

*Mon. 14.*—We had a glorious hour with a few that know the Lord. We then rode to Bearfield, where I preached at noon with a deep sense of His presence. Some who were laughing when I began hid their faces soon, being ashamed to be seen in tears. We rode on in the afternoon, and came the next evening, thoroughly weary and wet, to Reading.

*Wed. 16.*—I preached in Datchet at noon, and at London in the evening.

*Mon. 21.*—I went to Newington. Here, in the intervals of writing, I read the deaths of some of the Order de la Trappe. I am amazed at the allowance which God makes for invincible ignorance. Notwithstanding the mixture of superstition which appears in every one of these, yet what a strong vein of piety runs through all! What deep experience of the inward work of God; of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

Being not convinced that I had yet delivered my own soul with regard to that unhappy man, on *Tuesday* the 22nd I wrote once more to Mr. Westley Hall as follows:

LONDON, *Dec. 22, 1747.*

DEAR BROTHER,

1. When you was at Oxford with me, fourteen or fifteen years ago, you was holy and unblamable in all manner of conversation. I greatly rejoiced in the grace of God which was given unto you, which was often a blessing to my own soul. Yet even then you had frequently starts of thought which were not of God, though they at first appeared so to be. But you was humble and teachable; you was easily convinced, and those imaginations vanished away.

2. More than twelve years ago, you told me God had revealed it to you that you should marry my youngest sister.<sup>1</sup> I was much surprised, being well assured that you was able to receive our Lord's saying (so you had continually testified) and to be an 'eunuch for the kingdom of heaven's sake.' But you vehemently affirmed the thing was of God; you was certain it was His will. God had made it plain to you that you must marry, and that she was the very person. You asked and gained her consent, and fixed the circumstances relating thereto.

3. Hence I date your fall. Here were several faults in one. You leaned altogether to your own understanding, not consulting either me,

<sup>1</sup> Kezia Wesley.



who was then the guide of your soul, or the parents of your intended wife, till you had settled the whole affair ; and, while you followed the voice of nature, you said it was the voice of God.

4. In a few days you had a counter-revelation that you was not to marry her, but her sister.<sup>1</sup> This last error was far worse than the first. But you was now quite above conviction. So, in spite of her poor, astonished parent, of her brothers, of all your vows and promises, you shortly after jilted the younger and married the elder sister.<sup>2</sup> The other, who had honoured you as an angel from heaven, and still loved you much too well (for you had stole her heart from the God of her youth), refused to be comforted. She fell into a lingering illness, which terminated in her death. And doth not her blood still cry unto God from the earth ? Surely it is upon *your* head.

5. Till this time you was a pattern of lowliness, meekness, seriousness, and continual advertence to the presence of God ; and, above all, of self-denial in every kind, and of suffering all things with joyfulness. But there was now a worm at the root of the gourd. Yet it did not presently wither away, but for two years or more after your marriage you behaved nearly the same as before.

Then anger and surliness began to appear, particularly towards your wife. But it was not long before you was sensible of this, and you seemed to have conquered it.

6. You went up to London ten years ago. After this you began to speak on any head ; not with your usual diffidence and self-abasement, but with a kind of confidence in your own judgement and an air of self-sufficiency. A natural consequence was, the treating with more sharpness and contempt those who opposed either your judgement or practice.

7. You came to live at London. You then, for a season, appeared to gain ground again. You acted in concert with my brother and me ; heard our advice, and sometimes followed it. But this continued only till you contracted a fresh acquaintance with some of the Brethren of Fetter Lane. Thenceforward you was quite shut up to us ; we had no manner of influence over you ; you was more and more prejudiced against us, and would receive nothing which we said.

8. About six years ago you removed to Salisbury, and began a society there. For a year or two you went with them to the church and sacrament, and simply preached faith working by love. God was with

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<sup>1</sup> Martha.

<sup>2</sup> Before his proposal to Kezia at Epworth, he had entered into an engagement with Martha in London ! This he concealed from Kezia, and John Wesley

at the date of this letter had not heard of it. Nor did Kezia, as he supposed, die of a broken heart. She lived with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, as also did her mother, for some time.

you, and they increased both in number and in the knowledge and love of God.

About four years since you broke off all friendship with us; you would not so much as make use of our hymns, either in public or private, but laid them quite aside, and took the German hymn-book in their stead.

You would not willingly suffer any of your people to read anything which we wrote. You angrily caught one of my sermons out of your servant's hand, saying you would have no such books read in your house. In much the same manner you spoke to Mrs. Whitemarsh, when you found her reading one of the *Appeals*. So that, as far as in you lay, you fixed a great gulf between us and you, which remains to this day, notwithstanding a few steps lately made towards a reunion.

About the same time you left off going to church, as well as to the sacrament. Your followers very soon trod in your steps, and, not content with neglecting the ordinances of God, they began, after your example, to *despise* them, and all that continued to use them: speaking with equal contempt of the public service, of private prayer, of baptism, and of the Lord's Supper.

From this time also you began to espouse and teach many uncommon opinions: as, that there is no resurrection of the body; that there is no general judgement to come; and that there is no hell, no worm that never dieth, no fire that never shall be quenched.

9. Your seriousness and advertence to the presence of God now declined daily. You could talk on anything or nothing, just as others did. You could break a jest, or laugh at it heartily; and as for fasting, abstinence, and self-denial, you, with the Moravians, trampled it underfoot.<sup>1</sup>

In the following paragraphs I recited to him the things he had done with regard to more than one, or two, or three women, concluding thus:

And now you know not that you have done anything amiss! You can eat and drink and be merry. You are every day engaged with variety of company, and frequent the coffee-houses! Alas, my brother, what is this? How are you above measure hardened by the deceitfulness of sin! Do you remember the story of Santon Barsisa?<sup>2</sup> I pray God your last end may not be like his! Oh how have you grieved the Spirit of God! Return to Him with weeping, fasting, and

<sup>1</sup> In the 1st ed., 'You began also, very frequently, to kiss the women of the society.' This was omitted in the 1774 and subsequent editions.

<sup>2</sup> The history of Santon Barsisa, taken by Steele out of the *Turkish Tales*, forms No. 148 of *The Guardian*, Aug. 31, 1718.

mourning. You are in the very belly of hell ; only the pit hath not yet shut its mouth upon you. Arise, thou sleeper, and call upon thy God ! Perhaps He may yet be found. Because He still bears with me, I cannot despair for you. But you have not a moment to lose. May God this instant strike you to the heart, that you may feel His wrath abiding on you, and have no rest in your bones, by reason of your sin, till all your iniquities are done away !

*Fri. 25.*—We met at four, and solemnly rejoiced in God our Saviour. I found much revival in my own soul this day ; and so did many others also. Both this and the following days I strongly urged the wholly giving up ourselves to God, and renewing in every point our covenant that the Lord should be our God.

*Sat. 26.*—I called on one with whose mother I had prayed a little before her death. I knew not till now how she came to desire *me*, of all persons, to pray with her. It seems her daughter, who was of a lion-like spirit, came to me some time before, and told me she had just been quarrelling with her aunt on my account, and was so angry that she struck her. I told her, ‘Then go and ask her pardon.’ She went home, ran to her aunt, and asked her pardon. While they were hanging upon each other, both in tears, her mother came in, being afraid they were fighting. She cried out, ‘Sister, what is Sally doing to you?’ She replied, ‘She has just been asking me pardon.’ ‘I never knew her to do such a thing since she was born,’ said her mother. ‘Sally, who taught you that?’ ‘My minister,’ said Sally. All were struck ; and their enmity was at an end.

1748. JAN. 1, *Fri.*—We began the year at four in the morning, with joy and thanksgiving. The same spirit was in the midst of us both at noon and in the evening. Surely we shall at length present ourselves ‘a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.’

*Wed. 6.*—I conversed an hour with Councillor G[lanville], many years eminent for an utter disregard of all religion. He had lately contracted an acquaintance with Mr. R., in consequence of which he soon set upon his wife. She told him, ‘Sir, here is a fuller answer to your objections than I am able

to give,' and desired him seriously to read the *Earnest Appeal*. He did so, and was thoroughly convinced that there is reality in religion.

I believe he told me all that was in his heart. He stayed till the watch-night service was ended, and appeared much affected. Let but a little seed be sown, and God is able to give it an increase.

*Sat. 16.*—Upon reviewing the account of the sick, we found great reason to praise God. Within the year three hundred persons had received medicines occasionally. About one hundred had regularly taken them, and submitted to a proper regimen; more than ninety of these were entirely cured of diseases they had long laboured under. And the expense of medicines for the entire year amounted to some shillings above forty pounds.

*Sun. 17.*—I made a public collection towards a lending-stock for the poor.<sup>1</sup> Our rule is to lend only twenty shillings at once, which is repaid weekly within three months. I began this about a year and a half ago; thirty pounds sixteen shillings were then collected; and, out of this, no less than two hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved in eighteen months. Dr. W.,<sup>2</sup> hearing of this design, sent a guinea toward it; as did an eminent Deist the next morning.

*Mon. 25.*—I preached at four, and afterwards set out for Brentford. Thence I rode to Windsor, and preached about noon. We lodged at Murrel Green, and came to Fisherton<sup>3</sup> on *Tuesday*, about two o'clock.

Mr. Westley Hall, having heard I was coming, had given strict orders that no one should be let in. The inner door he had locked himself, and (I suppose) taken away the key. Yet when I knocked at the outer gate, which was locked also, William Sims opened the wicket. I walked straight in. A girl stood in the gateway, but turned as soon as she saw me. I followed close at her heels, and went in after her, at a back door. I asked the maid, 'Where is Mr. Hall?' She said, 'In the parlour,' and went in to him. I followed her, and found him sitting with my sister; but he presently rose and went upstairs.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> Near Salisbury.

<sup>3</sup> Possibly Wathen. See April 4, 1739.



He then sent William Sims down, and bid him 'Tell my brother he has no business in my house.' After a few minutes I went to a house in the town, and my sister came to me. In about an hour she returned home, but he sent word to the gate she might go to the place whence she came.

I met a little company,<sup>1</sup> gathered up out of the wreck, both in the evening and at five in the morning, and exhorted them to go on in the Bible way, and not to be wise above that is written.

*Thur.* 28.—I commended them to the grace of God, and set out for Longbridge Deverill. About ten o'clock we were met by a loaded wagon, in a deep, hollow way. There was a narrow path between the road and the bank; I stepped into this, and John Trembath<sup>2</sup> followed me. When the wagon came near my horse began to rear, and to attempt climbing up the bank. This frightened the horse which was close behind, and made him prance and throw his head to and fro, till the bit of the bridle caught hold of the cape of my great-coat and pulled me backward off my horse. I fell as exact on the path, between the wagon and the bank, as if one had taken me in his arms and laid me down there. Both our horses stood stock still, one just behind me, the other before; so, by the blessing of God, I rose unhurt, mounted again, and rode on.

At twelve I preached at Deverill, in the evening at Bearfield; and on *Friday* the 29th came to Bristol.<sup>3</sup>

*FEB. 1, Mon.*—I received an account of Mr. Towers, of Leeds, who had even prayed that he might *not know* his sins forgiven, as believing it was the highest presumption; but, notwithstanding this, as he lay one night upon his bed, he did receive the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, and he

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<sup>1</sup> Which held together, notwithstanding this heavy blow, and met at a place called Quidhampton. After that they took possession of a shop in Greencroft Street, Salisbury, and in 1750 opened their first chapel. (*Methodism in the Isle of Wight*, pp. 23-4.)

<sup>2</sup> For his sad history and happy recovery see, fully, Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. iii. p. 385, and below, Sept. 2, 1782.

<sup>3</sup> On Feb. 2, whilst still in Bristol, he

wrote to E. Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 169), who had evidently sent him a contribution towards the enlargement of the Old Room. He refers approvingly to Mrs. Dewal, reports the Westley Hall episode at Salisbury, and the daily increase of 'the work of our Lord' in Ireland and many parts of England. 'At Leeds only, the society, from an hundred and fourscore, is increased to above five hundred persons.'

declared it boldly to the confusion, at least, if not conviction, of those who denied the truth.

*Sat. 6.*—I preached at eight in the morning at Bath, and in the evening at Coleford. The colliers of this place were 'darkness' indeed; but now they are 'light in the Lord.'

*Tues. 9.*—I met about sixty of the society in Bristol, to consult about enlarging the Room, and indeed securing it, for there was no small danger of its falling upon our heads. In two or three days two hundred and thirty pounds were subscribed. We immediately procured experienced builders to make an estimate of the expense: and I appointed five stewards (besides those of the society) to superintend the work.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 12.*—After preaching at Oakhill about noon, I rode to Shepton [Mallet], and found them all under a strange consternation. A mob, they said, was hired, prepared, and made sufficiently drunk in order to do all manner of mischief. I began preaching between four and five: none hindered or interrupted at all. We had a blessed opportunity, and the hearts of many were exceedingly comforted. I wondered what was become of the mob; but we were quickly informed they mistook the place, imagining I should alight (as I used to do) at William Stone's house, and had summoned, by drum, all their forces together to meet me at my coming; but, Mr. Swindells innocently carrying me to the other end of the town, they did not find their mistake till I had done preaching, so that the hindering this, which was one of their designs, was utterly disappointed.

However, they attended us from the preaching-house to William Stone's, throwing dirt, stones, and clods in abundance; but they could not hurt us; only Mr. Swindells had a little dirt on his coat, and I a few specks on my hat.

After we were gone into the house they began throwing great stones, in order to break the door; but, perceiving this would require some time, they dropped that design for the present. They first broke all the tiles on the pent-house over the door, and then poured in a shower of stones at the windows. One of their captains, in his great zeal, had followed us into the house, and was now shut in with us. He did not like this, and would fain have got out; but it was not possible, so he

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. 376.

kept as close to me as he could, thinking himself safe when he was near me : but, staying a little behind—when I went up two pair of stairs, and stood close on one side, where we were a little sheltered—a large stone struck him on the forehead, and the blood spouted out like a stream. He cried out, ‘O sir, are we to die to-night? What must I do? What must I do?’ I said, ‘Pray to God. He is able to deliver you from all danger.’ He took my advice, and began praying in such a manner as he had scarce done ever since he was born.

Mr. Swindells and I then went to prayer ; after which I told him, ‘We must not stay here ; we must go down immediately.’ He said, ‘Sir, we cannot stir ; you see how the stones fly about.’ I walked straight through the room, and down the stairs ; and not a stone came in, till we were at the bottom. The mob had just broke open the door when we came into the lower room ; and, exactly while they burst in at one door, we walked out at the other. Nor did one man take any notice of us, though we were within five yards of each other.

They filled the house at once, and proposed setting it on fire ; but one of them, happening to remember that his own house was next, with much ado persuaded them not to do it. Hearing one of them cry out, ‘They are gone over the grounds,’ I thought the advice was good ; so we went over the grounds to the farther end of the town, where Abraham Jenkins<sup>1</sup> waited, and undertook to guide us to Oakhill.

I was riding on in Shepstone Lane, it being now quite dark, when he cried out, ‘Come down ; come down from the bank.’ I did as I was bid ; but, the bank being high, and the side very near perpendicular, I came down all at once, my horse and I tumbling one over another. But we both rose unhurt. In less than an hour we came to Oakhill, and the next morning to Bristol.

*Sun. 14.*<sup>2</sup>—At seven I preached at Bedminster. At Kingswood I began between eight and nine, at Conham about two (where I read prayers also<sup>3</sup>), and in Bristol at five. After the

<sup>1</sup> See *Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 228.

<sup>2</sup> For a letter written on this date to Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon, see *W.M. Mag.* 1875, p. 635. The letter is dated the

12th, but R. Green suggests that this is an error for the 14th.

<sup>3</sup> Probably in ‘Mr. Wane’s chapel,’ several times mentioned by Charle



society was the lovefeast, at which my soul was refreshed ; but my body was worn out, so that I could hardly speak to be heard ; nor did I recover my voice for several days.

*Mon. 15.*—I set out for Ireland. We came to the New Passage at ten. After waiting about five hours we found (which they did not care to confess) that the boatmen did not dare to venture out. It blew a storm. We then rode to the Old Passage ; but the boat was just gone off.

*Tues. 16.*—They talked of passing early ; but the storm was too high. I then walked to Aust,<sup>1</sup> where I preached about ten to a small, serious congregation. Between four and five, the wind somewhat abating, a boat ventured out and carried us over. We passed through Chepstow soon after sunset, and pushed on ; though it grew dark, and the untracked snow lay thick upon the ground. About eight we reached the Star, a good though small inn, five long miles from Chepstow.

It snowed all night. On *Wednesday* the 17th we set out before day ; but found it bad travelling, there being no path to be seen, neither footstep of man or beast. However, in four or five hours we reached Abergavenny, and Brecknock before three in the afternoon.

Our landlady here almost forced us to take a guide. And it was extremely well she did, for the snow had so entirely covered the roads that our guide himself mistook the way more than once ; so that if he had not been with us we should, without doubt, have lodged upon the mountains.

I preached in the evening at Builth, and at noon the next day ; at Garth in the evening, and twice on *Friday*.

*Sat. 20.*—I preached in Maesmynys church in the afternoon ; at Garth morning and evening.

*Sun. 21.*—I preached in the morning in Llansaintffraid

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Wesley (Journal, March 31, 1745). 'A small chapel attached to a property adjoining Conham Hall, and endowed by Sir Abraham Ellison's (or Ellis's) will, 1727, with an annual payment of £10, which was chargeable upon the property. Sir Abraham had built the chapel for the workmen in the copper works of Messrs. Elton & Waynes at Conham.'

(Latimer, p. 67, Ellacombe MSS. &c.)

<sup>1</sup> About one mile inland from the Old Passage, and about three miles north of Redwick (at the New Passage), where for many years there has been a Methodist chapel. On Cary's map Aust House at the Old Passage is marked. Whether Wesley preached here or in Aust church is not indicated ; probably the former.



Church. The service at Builth was not over till past two; I then began in the churchyard, notwithstanding the north-east wind, to call sinners to repentance. More than all the town were gathered together in that pleasant vale, and made the woods and mountains echo while they sung:

Ye mountains and vales, In praises abound;  
Ye hills and ye dales, Continue the sound;  
Break forth into singing, Ye trees of the wood;  
For Jesus is bringing Lost sinners to God.<sup>1</sup>

In the evening I preached again at Garth, and on *Monday* the 22nd at five in the morning. A little before sunrise we took horse, it being a clear, sharp frost. We had waited four days in hopes the snow would melt, fearing the drifts of it would lie deep upon the mountains, particularly as we journeyed northward; but, quite contrary to our expectation, the farther northward we went the less snow we found, so that it scarce hindered us after the first day. About eleven we came to Llanidloes. At the earnest request of one who lived there, I preached at noon, in the market-place, to such a congregation as no one could expect at an hour's warning.<sup>2</sup>

It was as much as we could do to reach Machynlleth that night. It snowed again from about midnight till morning, so that no path was to be seen for several miles. However, we found our way to Tan-y-bwlch, and passed the sands in the afternoon, being determined to reach Carnarvon, if possible. And so we did, notwithstanding my horse's losing a shoe; but not till between nine and ten at night.

*Wed. 24.*—We hastened on to Holyhead; but all the ships were on the other side.

*Thur. 25.*—No packet-boat being come, I gave notice of

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<sup>1</sup> This was one of the favourite verses that lingered, long after its origin was forgotten, in many parts of England and Wales. It was first published as the second of five verses in No. XXI. of *Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption*. Charles wrote these hymns in the hey-day of his evangelistic success—many of them in tempests of fierce persecution. The little volume—it con-

tained only fifty-two hymns, and was sold for sixpence—holds 'the highest place amongst the group of hymn-pamphlets.' John Wesley selected twenty-four of them for his *Large Hymn-Book*, and many of them still remain in the *Methodist Hymn-book*. Lampe composed twenty-four tunes for this series of hymns.

<sup>2</sup> The stone on which he stood may still be seen.

preaching in the evening. The hearers were many more than the room would contain, and they all behaved with decency.

*Fri. 26.*—I preached again in the evening. Mr. Ellis, the minister, came in towards the close. He was speaking warmly to our landlord when Mr. Swindells went to him and spoke a few mild words. Mr. Ellis asked him to step with him to his lodgings, where they had a long and friendly conversation.

*Sat. 27.*—Mr. Swindells informed me that Mr. Ellis would take it a favour if I would write some little thing to advise the Methodists not to leave the Church, and not to rail at their ministers. I sat down immediately and wrote *A Word to a Methodist*, which Mr. Ellis translated into Welsh, and printed.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 28.*—In the evening I read prayers at our inn, and preached to a large and serious audience. I did the same on *Monday* and *Tuesday* evenings. Perhaps our stay here may not be in vain.

I never knew men make such poor, lame excuses as these captains did for not sailing. It put me in mind of the epigram:

There are, if rightly I methink,  
Five causes why a man should drink;

which, with a little alteration, would just suit them:

There are, unless my memory fail,  
Five causes why we should not sail:  
The fog is thick; the wind is high;  
It rains; or may do by-and-by;  
Or—any other reason why.<sup>2</sup>

MARCH 2, *Wed.*—Finding no more probability of sailing now than the first day we came to Holyhead, we rode into the country to see for Mr. William Jones,<sup>3</sup> who had some acquaintance with my brother. We procured a guide to show us the way to his house; but all we learned there was that he was not at home. We lodged at the Bull's Head.<sup>4</sup> All

<sup>1</sup> See Wesley's letter to Howell Harris (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 160), written the day following. All trace of this pamphlet and of the edition printed in Dublin (1751) is lost.

<sup>2</sup> Dean Aldrich. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 74; vol. v. p. 114.

<sup>3</sup> Of Trefollwyn. See Charles Wesley's *Journal*, 1748, March 22 and 23.

<sup>4</sup> There is a Bull's Head at Llangefni.

the family came up to prayers, and we had a quiet and comfortable night.

*Thur. 3.*—Mr. Holloway,<sup>1</sup> a neighbouring exciseman, invited us to breakfast with him. He once began to run well, and now resolved to set out afresh; I trust we were sent to him for good.

His wife bitterly opposed this way till, one day, as she was sitting in her house, a flash of lightning killed a cat which sat just by her, and struck her to the earth, scorching her flesh in many parts, and yet not at all singeing her clothes. When she came to herself she could not but acknowledge the loud call of God. But her seriousness did not continue long; her acquaintance soon laughed her out of it.

Yet God called her again, in dreams and visions of the night. She thought she was standing in the open air, when one appeared in the clouds exceeding glorious, above the brightness of the sun. She soon after saw a second, and then a third. One had a kind of spear in his hand; the second a besom, wherewith he was going to sweep the earth; the third, an hour-glass, as though the time was short. This so deeply affected her that she began from that time to seek God with her whole heart.

At noon we went to Mr. Jenkin Morgan's, where I lodged in August last. About two we met Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams, a clergyman from South Wales, at Rhyd-y-Spardyn.<sup>2</sup> After Mr. Williams had preached in Welsh, I preached in English. Many understood me, and felt the power of God.

*Fri. 4.*—We went to Llanddaniel, a mile or two from Moel-y-don Ferry. Here again Mr. Williams preached in Welsh, and I in English. I was much pleased with this loving, artless people, and readily complied with their request of preaching again in the afternoon.

*Sat. 5.*—At two I preached at Rhyd-y-Spardyn, to a little earnest company, who were ready to devour every word. We spent the evening very agreeably with Mr. Jones at Trefollwyn.

*Sun. 6.*—We went to Llangefni church, though we understood little of what we heard. Oh what a heavy curse was the Confusion of Tongues! And how grievous are the effects of

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 60; vol. vii. p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 316.

it! All the birds of the air, all the beasts of the field, understand the language of their own species. Man only is a *barbarian* to man, unintelligible to his own brethren!

In the afternoon I preached at Llanfihangel,<sup>1</sup> about six miles south-west of Llangefni. I have not seen a people so deeply affected since we came into Anglesey; their cries and tears continued a long time without any intermission. Oh that we could declare to them, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God!

In the evening I preached at Glanygors. When I had done Mr. Jones repeated in Welsh (as he likewise did in the afternoon) the substance of what I had said. The next morning we returned to Holyhead, and found there all the packet-boats which we had left.

I was determined not to stay another day at an inn, so in the afternoon I took a lodging in a private house, not a bow-shot distant from the town, and removed thither without delay.

My congregation this evening was larger than ever, and several of the gentry agreed to come the next; but it was a little too late, for at midnight the wind became fair, and before one we sailed out of the harbour.

*Tues. 8.*—Having a gentle gale, it soon lulled me fast asleep. I was waked before five by a violent storm. This continued two or three hours longer, and left us within sight of Howth, with a small breeze which brought us to the Black Rock about four in the afternoon.<sup>2</sup>

We hired horses here, and rode to Dublin, Mr. Meriton, Swindells, and I. We came to our house<sup>3</sup> in Cork Street (vulgarly called Dolphin's Barn Lane), while my brother was meeting the society; but it was some time before my voice could be heard for the noise of the people, shouting and praising God. The remaining days of the week I dispatched all the business I could, and settled with my brother all things relating to the work.

*Sun. 13.*—My brother preached both morning and evening, expecting to sail at night; but before night the wind turned full east, and so continued all the week.

<sup>1</sup> *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> See Crookshank, vol. i. p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 316; Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133, note.



*Mon.* 14.—I began preaching at five in the morning—an unheard-of thing in Ireland. I expounded part of the first chapter of the Acts, which I purpose, God willing, to go through in order.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed.* 16.—I inquired into the state of the society. Most pompous accounts had been sent me, from time to time, of the great numbers that were added to it; so that I confidently expected to find therein six or seven hundred members. And how is the real fact? I left three hundred and ninety-four members, and I doubt if there are now three hundred and ninety-six!

Let this be a warning to us all how we give in to that hateful custom of painting things beyond the life. Let us make a conscience of magnifying or exaggerating anything. Let us rather speak under than above the truth. We, of all men, should be punctual in all we say, that none of our words may fall to the ground.

*Sun.* 20.—I preached at eight, on Oxmantown Green. We expected noise, but there was none; the whole congregation was as quiet and still as that in Bristol or London.

In the afternoon my brother embarked. I preached about three in Marlborough Street, and in the evening at our own house in Cork Street.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed.* 23.—I talked with a warm man, who was always very zealous for the Church when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out the Irish proverb, 'No gown, no crown.' He was quickly convinced that, whatever we were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him full of good resolutions, which held several days.

I preached at Newgate at three, but found no stirring at all among the dry bones.

*Fri.* 25.—I preached in Marlborough Street at five, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in a morning. At two I began in Ship Street, where were many of the rich and genteel. I was exceeding weak in body, having been examining classes

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<sup>1</sup> On March 15 he wrote to Blackwell. (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 169.)

<sup>2</sup> On March 22 he wrote again to

'John Smith.' This closed the correspondence. See Moore's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 475; *Works*, vol. xii. p. 98.

all the day ; but I felt it not after I had spoke two sentences. I was strengthened both in body and soul.

I finished the classes the next day, and found them just as I expected. I left three hundred and ninety-four persons united together in August ; I had now admitted between twenty and thirty, who had offered themselves since my return to Dublin ; and the whole number was neither more nor less than three hundred and ninety-six.

*Sun. 27.*—It rained most of the day, so that I was constrained to preach in the house only—viz. at our own house, morning and evening, and at Marlborough Street in the afternoon.

*Tues. 29.*—[After a long contest (the nature of which clearly appears from the letters now in my hands)], I preached in Skinners Alley,<sup>1</sup> at five, to a large and quiet congregation. I preached in Newgate at two, in the Common Hall, the jailer refusing us the room where we used to preach. But that is not the worst [I am afraid our Lord refuses His blessing to this place ; all the seed seems to fall by the wayside]—I see no fruit of our labour.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 30.*—I rode to Philipstown, the shire-town of the King's County. I was obliged to go into the street, which was soon filled with those who flocked from every side, to whom I declared Jesus Christ, our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

*Thur. 31.*—One would have dissuaded me from preaching at five, being sure none would rise so soon ; but I kept my hour, and had a large and serious congregation. After preaching I spoke severally to those of the society, of whom forty were troopers. At noon I preached to (I think) the largest congregation I had seen since I came from Builth. God did then make a clear offer of eternal life to all the inhabitants of Philipstown ; but how few retained these good impressions one week, or would effectually come to Him that they might have life !

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, to most of the

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 316, and *Meth. Rec.* paragraph are from the 1st ed. See Winter No., 1904, p. 78. *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> The two sentences added in this

inhabitants of the town. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning ; but 'he that endureth to the end shall be saved.'

APRIL 1, *Fri.*—I preached at Clara, to a vast number of well-behaved people, although some of them came in their coaches, and were (I was informed) of the best quality in the country. How few of these would have returned empty if they had heard the word of God, not out of curiosity merely, but from a real desire to know and do His will !

In the evening I preached at Templemacateer,<sup>1</sup> and again at five in the morning. About one (*Saturday* the 2nd) we came to Moate—the pleasantest town I have yet seen in Ireland. Here I preached to an handful of serious people, and then hastened on to Athlone. At six I preached from the window of an unfinished house, opposite to the Market-house (which would not have contained one-half of the congregation) on 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' I scarce ever saw a better-behaved or more attentive congregation. Indeed, so civil a people as the Irish in general I never saw, either in Europe or America.

*Sun.* 3.—I preached at five to at least three hundred hearers. I walked from thence to see a poor woman that was sick, about a mile from the town. About an hundred and fifty people ran after me. After I had prayed with the sick person, being unwilling so many people should go empty away, I chose a smooth, grassy place, near the road, where we all kneeled down to prayer ; after which we sung a psalm, and I gave them a short exhortation. At eleven we went to church, and heard a plain, useful sermon. At two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, where there are only (they informed me) five or six families of Protestants. Such a company of people (many said) had never before been seen at Athlone, many coming from all the country round, and, for the present, receiving the word with joy. I preached again at six in the same place, and to nearly the same (only a little larger) congregation ; the greater part whereof, notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests, I afterwards found were Papists.

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<sup>1</sup> The residence of Jonathan Handy. See below, April 5.

*Mon. 4.*<sup>1</sup>—I preached once more at five, and a great part of the congregation was in tears. Indeed almost all the town appeared to be moved, full of good-will and desires of salvation. But the waters spread too wide to be deep. I found not one under any strong conviction, much less had any one attained the knowledge of salvation, in hearing above thirty sermons. So that, as yet, no judgement could be formed of the future work of God in this place.

I took horse at ten, and about twelve preached at Moate, to a little larger congregation than before. I could not but [smile at] the zeal of these young disciples, they were [so above measure offended] at a man's throwing a cabbage-stalk [over the house, which fell at some distance from me.] Let them keep their courage till they see such a sight as that at Walsall or Shepton [Mallet.]

[In the afternoon, after dining at Templemacateer, we rode on to Tyrrell's Pass.<sup>2</sup> In preaching here on Jer. viii. 22, I] found great enlargement of heart; but when the society met, I was quite exhausted, so that I dismissed them after a short exhortation and prayer.

*Tues. 5.*—Our room was filled at five. After preaching I examined the classes. I found a surprising openness among them. When I asked one in particular how he had lived in time past, he spread abroad his hands, and said, with many tears, 'Here I stand, a grey-headed monster of all manner of wickedness'; which, I verily believe, had it been desired, he would have explained before them all. Much in the same

<sup>1</sup> In the R. Thursfield Smith collection of Wesley MSS., &c., there is a document partly in the handwriting, it is believed, of the Rev. John Meriton, at this time one of Wesley's travelling companions, and partly in Wesley's handwriting. It has been folded letter-wise and addressed on the plain side, in Wesley's handwriting, 'To the Rev. Mr. Wesley'; and on the inner part of the plain side Wesley has written—'Mr. Meriton will transcribe and send the letters *next* week.' The document has been labelled in Charles Wesley's writing in shorthand—'Journal, April 10th, 1748.'

There can be no doubt that this is a portion of that larger Journal from which Wesley made 'Extracts' for publication. R. Green, who copied the document (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. pp. 42-6), compares it with the larger Georgia Journal (1736); but a more exact parallel may be found in the Ingham version of the Voyage Journal, 1735-6 (see above, vol. i.). In the text all the additional matter drawn from this Meriton version is printed within square brackets.

<sup>2</sup> Here he was the guest of Mr. Stephen Fouace, brother-in-law of Jonathan and Samuel Handy.



manner spoke one [a woman], who came from Connaught; but with huge affliction and dismay. We determined to wrestle with God in her behalf, which we did for above an hour; and He heard the prayer, so that her soul was filled with joy unspeakable. Mr. Jonathan Handy, [before sorrowing almost without hope, was also enabled mightily to praise God;] and four other persons [young women] were cut to the heart, [so that I trust they will not sleep any more] crying aloud to Him that is mighty to save. [I preached in the evening on 'He healeth those that are broken in heart.' Most of the neighbouring gentry were present and desired to stay at the society, where we rejoiced together in the God of our salvation.]

*Wed. 6.*—[We had more at the preaching this morning than yesterday, among whom was Mrs. Wade, above ninety-two years of age, but of as perfect understanding as when she was fifty. The society now consists of about an hundred members; nine of whom were Papists, and several Quakers: seven of them, at their earnest desire, I baptized this day; not without a blessing from God, who greatly comforted our hearts, so that we hardly knew how to part. In the afternoon we rode to Philipstown, the most stupid, senseless place I have seen in all Ireland. They care for none of these things. The congregations, evening, as well as in the morn and at noon the next day, consisted almost entirely of soldiers and country people. I know not whether there were ten of the townsmen present. They neither meddle nor make. I do not wonder that Satan was sorely unwilling I should go out of this place. The moment I mounted my horse, without any visible cause, he began to boggle and snort and drew backward, and from one side to the other, as if there were a stone wall just before him. Brother Williams whipped him behind and I before, but it was lost labour. He leaped from side to side, till he came to a gateway, into which he then ran backwards and tumbled head over heels. My foot was under him, but I arose unhurt. He then went on as quiet as any horse in the world. Thus far only could Satan go.]

At Tullamore, in the evening, wellnigh all the town, rich and poor, were gathered together. I used great plainness of

speech in applying those words, ['There is no difference ; for] all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.' [Yet I did not find that any were offended ; no, not even the minister of the parish.] The next day, being *Good Friday*, I preached at five to a large and serious congregation [on 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I afterwards spoke to those who desired to be united together in a society. Between forty and fifty gave in their names this morning ; but unto none of them yet is the arm of the Lord revealed.] Between one and two I preached at Clara, and then rode to Athlone ; [but, before we could reach the town, a whole troop both of horse and foot came to meet us. We slipped into a little house at the town end, and let the bulk of the company pass by ; after which we walked pretty quiet to Mr. Alder's.] I preached at six on 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and after that to enter into His glory ?' So general a [love] I never knew among any people ; so that, as yet, none [dare even to seem] to oppose the truth. [A gentleman of £700 or £800 a year only kept his hat on during the preaching ; and our Dragoons were so affronted that they could not be pacified till one of them got to him and took it off. And not long after, upon his breaking an innocent jest, the whole congregation was up in arms, so that they talked of nothing less (till I calmed them with much ado) than throwing him over the bridge into the Shannon. We had an hour's conversation in the evening with a clergyman living in the town, a sensible and candid man. He seemed exceeding willing to know the whole truth of God, and not to be far from the kingdom of heaven.]

*Sat. 9.*—I preached in Connaught, a few miles from Athlone. Many heard ; but, I doubt, felt nothing. [About one I preached at a lone house (one Mr. Wright's) where were several gentlemen who lived in the neighbourhood. They all heard with calm, stupid attention, but did not appear to feel anything ; so that I question whether the time is come for preaching in this place.]

The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe. It is here ten or twelve miles over, though [without any tide]

scarce thirty miles from its fountain-head.<sup>1</sup> There are many islands in it, once well inhabited, but now mostly desolate. In almost every one is the ruins of a church ; in one the remains of no less than seven. [I never saw so many ruinous buildings in any country as in all parts of Ireland.] I fear God hath still a controversy with this land, because it is defiled with blood. [In the evening, while I was preaching on Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dead bones, there was a little shaking among them ; but still they are very dry, and there is no breath in them.]

*Sun. 10 (Easter Day).*—[We had a solemn meeting at five, and my heart was enlarged amongst them.] Never was such a congregation seen before at the sacrament in Athlone. I preached at three. Abundance of Papists flocked to hear, so that the [poor] priest, seeing his command did not avail [seeing he profited nothing] came in person at six, and drove them away before him like a flock of sheep. [The captain of the Dragoons was so enraged at this that, on a word spoken, he would have laid him in irons, and his soldiers were full as warm as himself when, about the middle of the sermon, an egg was thrown, as it was supposed, out of a window. It was some time before I could quiet them, the whole congregation being just on the point of pulling down the house. In conversing afterwards with ten or twelve people of fashion who were full of zeal and good-will, I was amazed to find them just as dead and unawakened as if they had never heard me open my mouth. How shall I find a way into the heart of the people? Hitherto they like all, and feel nothing.]

*Mon. 11.*—I preached, at five, the terrors of the Lord in the strongest manner I was able [as terribly as I could, on 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear?']; but still they who are ready to eat up every word do not appear to digest any part of it. [The society now consists of about 110 members. We spent an hour with them after sermon, and God began to break the rocks in pieces. A voice was heard ; lamentation and weeping and mourning. Many were cut to the heart, and roared aloud ; particularly one grey-

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<sup>1</sup> This is Lough Ree, an expansion of the river. The 'remains' referred to in the text are probably the seven churches

of Clonmacnoise, a few miles below Athlone. See *W.M. Mag.* 1911, p. 143.

headed sinner, between seventy and eighty years of age, who seems just entering into the kingdom.]

In the evening there appeared more emotion in the congregation than ever I had seen before [while I enforced 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship must worship Him in spirit and in truth']; but it was in a manner I never saw; not in one here and there, but in all. Perhaps God is working here in a way we have not known, going on with a slow and even motion through the whole body of the people, that they may all remember themselves and be turned unto the Lord. [There are four clergymen in Athlone. With one of them we conversed largely and closed (? closely) on Good Friday, and with his wife on Sunday. The wife of another invited me to her house this evening, where we met the two others, with their wives, and spent two hours in friendly conversation. Who would not follow that direction of the apostle, even upon principles of reason, 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men' ?]

*Tues. 12.*—[I preached on Heb. xiii. 20, and took my leave of the loving people, the like to whom I have never seen either in Europe or America. I believe more than an hundred followed me on foot above a mile to the top of the hill, and horsemen in abundance. We stopped here and sang the parting hymn, men, women, and children being in tears. Fourteen of the horsemen would needs go on to Clara, nine Irish miles farther. If the people of Athlone did but love God as they do me, they would be the praise of the whole earth.] I rode to Clara, where I was quickly informed that there was to begin, in an hour's time, a famous cockfight, to which almost all the country was coming from every side. Hoping to engage some part of them in a better employ, I began preaching in the street, as soon as possible. One or two hundred stopped and listened a while, and pulled off their hats, and forgot their diversion.

The congregation at Tullamore in the evening was larger than ever before, and deep attention sat on every face. Toward the latter end of the sermon there began a violent storm of hail. I desired the people to cover their heads, but the greater part of them would not; nor did any one go away till I concluded my discourse.



*Wed. 13.*—I preached in the evening at Tyrrell's Pass. The congregation here also was larger than ever, and the word of God seemed to take deeper root here than in any other part of this country.

*Thur. 14.*—The house was full at five. In the evening many of the neighbouring gentlemen were present, but none mocked. That is not the custom here; all attend to what is spoken in the name of God. They do not understand the making sport with sacred things; so that, whether they approve or no, they behave with seriousness.

*Fri. 15.*—I rode to Edenderry. Abundance of people were quickly gathered together. Having been disturbed in the night by Mr. Swindells, who lay with me, and had a kind of epileptic fit, I was not at all well about noon, when I began to preach, in a large walk, on one side of the town, and the sun shone hot upon my head, which had been aching all the day; but I forgot this before I had spoken long; and, when I had finished my discourse, I left all my weariness and pain behind, and rode on, in perfect health, to Dublin.

*Sat. 16.*—I found great reason to praise God for the work wrought among the people in my absence. But still there is no such work as I look for. I see nothing yet but drops before a shower.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 17.*—I preached at Skinners Alley, both morning and evening. About four I went to St. Luke's Church, being very near us. When I came out I had a large attendance, even in the churchyard, hallooing and calling names. I am much mistaken if many of the warmest zealots for the Church would ever come within the doors, if they were thus to run the gauntlet

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<sup>1</sup> The Journal-document in Meriton's handwriting ends with the following letter in John Wesley's handwriting:

DUBLIN, Saturday, April 16, 1748.

DEAR BROTHER,

We returned hither last night. But I must (as you observe) make another journey into the country. Our societies there already consist of 350 members; but they are most of them raw, undisciplined soldiers, and, without great care, will desert to their old master.

The Conference must be in London this year, in order to the meeting of the stewards from all the societies. I hope to be there about Wednesday in Whitsun week.

Skinners Alley House is now, as it ever was, a millstone [millstone] about my neck. I shall shake it off as soon as possible, and do as I would be done to. I can never get over, 'We laid out so much money and have not had a penny returned.'

T. Alsop is not equal to Reading, nor can John Jones ride long journeys. I am glad you are returned.

(Letter imperfect.)

every time they came. Would they not rather sleep in a whole skin?

*Wed. 20.*—I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Miller,<sup>1</sup> the Lutheran minister. From him I learned that the earnest religion which I found in so many parts of Germany is but of late date, having taken its rise from one man, August Hermann Francke! So can God, if it pleaseth Him, enable one man to revive His work throughout a whole nation.

*Sat. 23.*—I read, some hours, an extremely dull book, Sir James Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland*.<sup>2</sup> By the vast number of ruins which are seen in all parts, I had always suspected what he shows at large, namely, that in ancient times it was more populous, tenfold, than it is now, many that were large cities being now ruinous heaps, many shrunk into inconsiderable villages.

I visited one in the afternoon who was ill of a fever, and lay in a very close room. While I was near him, I found myself not well. After my return home, I felt my stomach out of order; but I imagined it was not worth any notice, and would pass off before the morning.

*Sun. 24.*—I preached at Skinners Alley at five, and on Ox-mantown Green at eight. I was weak in body, but was greatly revived by the seriousness and earnestness of the congregation. Resolving to improve the opportunity, I gave notice of preaching there again in the afternoon; which I did to a congregation much more numerous, and equally attentive. As I came home I was glad to lie down, having a quinsy, attended with a fever. However, when the society met I made a shift to creep in among them. Immediately my voice was restored. I spoke without pain, for near an hour together. And great was our rejoicing over each other, knowing that God would order all things well.

*Mon. 25.*—Finding my fever greatly increased, I judged it would be best to keep my bed, and to live a while on apples and

<sup>1</sup> See letter to E. Blackwell, *Works*, vol. xii. p. 170. Charles Wesley spells the name Millar, and characterizes him 'a simple, loving man, but not so courageous as Martin Luther' (C. Wesley's *Journal*, Sept. 17, 1747). For Francke

see *Meth. Mag.* 1813, p. 506; also article by Dr. Tasker in *W.M. Mag.* 1903, p. 474.

<sup>2</sup> Published as *The Antiquities and History of Ireland* in 1705. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 74.

apple-tea. On *Tuesday* I was quite well, and should have preached, but that Dr. Ruddy<sup>1</sup> (who had been with me twice) insisted on my resting for a time.

I read to-day what is accounted the most correct history of St. Patrick that is extant<sup>2</sup>; and, on the maturest consideration, I was much inclined to believe that St. Patrick and St. George were of one family. The whole story smells strong of romance. To touch only on a few particulars: I object to his first setting out. The Bishop of Rome had no such power in the beginning of the fifth century as this account supposes; nor would his uncle, the Bishop of Tours, have sent him in that age to Rome for a commission to convert Ireland, having himself as much authority over that land as any Italian Bishop whatever. Again, if God had sent him thither, he would not so long have buried his talent in the earth. I never heard before of an apostle sleeping thirty-five years, and beginning to preach at three-score. But his success staggers me the most of all. No blood of the martyrs is here; no reproach, no scandal of the cross; no persecution to those that will live godly. Nothing is to be heard of, from the beginning to the end, but kings, nobles, warriors, bowing down before him. Thousands are converted, without any opposition at all; twelve thousand at one sermon. If these things were so, either there was then no devil in the world, or St. Patrick did not preach the gospel of Christ.

*Wed. 27.*—In the evening I read the letters; my voice being weak, but I believe audible. As I was reading one from S. G., a young woman dropped down, and cried out exceedingly; but in a few minutes her sorrow was turned into joy, and her mourning into praise.

*Thursday* the 28th was the day fixed for my going into the country; but all about me began to cry out, 'Sure, you will not go to-day? See how the rain pours down!' I told them, 'I must keep my word, if possible.' But before five, the man of whom I had bespoke an horse sent word his horse should not go out in such a day. I sent one who brought him to a better mind. So about six I took horse. About nine I called at

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<sup>1</sup> See April 6, 1775; also *W.H.S.* vol. v. pp. 71, 72; vol. vii. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 74.

Kilcock. The old landlord was ill of the gout, and his wife of a complication of distempers; but when I told her, 'The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth, and all these are tokens of His love,' she burst out, 'O Lord, I offer Thee all my sufferings, my pain, my sickness! If Thou lovest me, it is enough. Here I am; take me, and do with me what Thou wilt.'

Between one and two we came to Kinnegad. My strength was now pretty well exhausted; so that when we mounted again, after resting an hour, it was as much as I could do to sit my horse. We had near eleven Irish (measured) miles to ride, which are equal to fourteen English. I got over them pretty well in three hours, and by six reached Tyrrell's Pass.

At seven I recovered my strength, so as to preach and meet the society; which began now to be at a stand, with regard to number, but not with regard to the grace of God.

*Fri. 29.*—I rode to Templemacateer, and thence toward Athlone. We came at least an hour before we were expected. Nevertheless we were met by many of our brethren. The first I saw, about two miles from the town, were a dozen little boys running with all their might, some bare-headed, some bare-footed and bare-legged; so they had their desire of speaking to me first, the others being still behind.

*Sat. 30.*—I found the roaring lion began to shake himself here also. Some Papists, and two or three good Protestant families, were cordially joined together to oppose the work of God; but they durst not yet do it openly, the stream running so strong against them.

*MAY 1, Sun.*—Great part of the town was present at five, and, I found, began to feel what was spoken. Yet still the impression is not made, as in other places, on one here and there only; but the main body of the hearers seem to go on together with an even pace.

About two I preached, on the Connaught side of the bridge, to an attentive multitude both of Protestants and Papists, whose priest, perceiving he profited nothing, at five came himself. I preached on, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' and could not help applying to the Papists in particular. I am satisfied many of them were almost persuaded to give themselves up to the great Physician of souls.



*Tues. 3.*—I rode to Birr,<sup>1</sup> twenty miles from Athlone, and, the key of the session-house not being to be found, declared 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ' in the street, to a dull, rude, senseless multitude. Many laughed the greater part of the time. Some went away just in the middle of a sentence. And yet when one cried out (a Carmelite friar, clerk to the priest), 'You lie! you lie!' the zealous Protestants cried out, 'Knock him down,' and it was no sooner said than done. I saw some bustle, but knew not what was the matter, till the whole was over.

In the evening we rode to Ballyboy. There being no house that could contain the congregation, I preached here also in the street. I was afraid, in a new place, there would be but few in the morning; but there was a considerable number, and such a blessing as I had scarce found since I landed in Ireland.

*Wed. 4.*<sup>2</sup>—I rode to Clara, and preached to a small company who were not afraid of a stormy day. I spent half an hour after sermon with a few serious people, and then rode to Tullamore.

One who looks on the common Irish cabins might imagine Saturn still reigned here :

Cum frigida parvas  
Praeberet spelunca domos ; ignemque laremque,  
Et pecus et dominos, communi clauderet umbra.<sup>3</sup>

*Communi umbra* indeed ; for no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole ; which is both window, chimney, and door.

In the evening I preached to a large, quiet congregation, though not so large as the last.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards called Parsonstown.

<sup>2</sup> On this day he wrote *A Letter to a Clergyman* (Dublin : Printed by S. Powell, Crane Lane, 1748), 12mo, pp. 8. Its occasion was a conversation with an unnamed clergyman on the preaching of persons untrained at a university and unauthorized. It is a defence of lay preaching owned by the conversion of souls. It lays down the axiom : 'Every Christian, if he is able to do it, has

authority to save a dying soul.' The letter will be found in *Works*, vol. ix. p. 182.

<sup>3</sup> The narrow cave a cold retreat affords,  
And beasts and men screens with one  
common shade.

'When a cold cave furnished scanty houses, and enclosed in one common shade both fire and hearth, both cattle and owners.'—*Juv. Sat.* vi. 2-4. (*W.H.S.* vol. v. pp. 29, 64.)

*Thur. 5.*—Though my flux continually increased (which was caused by my eating a bad egg at Birr), yet I was unwilling to break my word, and so made shift to ride in the afternoon to Mountmellick. I had not seen such a congregation before since I set out from Dublin; and the greater part did not stand like stocks and stones, but seemed to understand what I spake of worshipping God 'in spirit and in truth.'

*Fri. 6.*—More people came at five than I had seen at that hour in any part of Ireland; and I found my heart so moved towards them that, in spite of weakness and pain, I enforced for more than an hour those solemn words, 'The kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

Hence I rode to Philipstown—a poor, dry, barren place. I pray God the first may not be last.

*Sat. 7.*—I set out in the morning, and, after resting two hours at Tullamore, and two or three more at Moate, I rode on to Athlone, and preached at six on 'He healeth them that are broken in heart.' I felt no weariness or pain till I had done speaking; but then found I could not meet the society, being ill able to walk the length of the room. But God gave me refreshing sleep.

*Sun. 8.*—I preached at five, though I could not well stand. I then set out for Aughrim, in the county of Galway,<sup>1</sup> thirteen Connaught (that is, Yorkshire) miles from Athlone. The morning prayers (so called) began about twelve, after which we had a warm sermon against enthusiasts. I could not have come at a better time; for I began immediately after, and all that were in the church, high and low, rich and poor, stopped to hear me. In explaining the inward kingdom of God, I had a fair occasion to consider what we had just heard; and God renewed my strength, and, I trust, applied His word to the hearts of most of the hearers.

Mr. S[amuel Simpson], a neighbouring Justice of Peace,<sup>2</sup> as soon as I had done, desired me to dine with him. After dinner I hastened back to Athlone, and began preaching about six.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Wade joined the society here, and David Wakefield. (Crookshank, vol. i. pp. 34, 43.)

<sup>2</sup> Of Oatfield. He built, at his own

cost, the first Methodist chapel in Athlone. He is again referred to below, pp. 398 and 469. (Crookshank, vol. i. p. 50.)

Five clergymen were of the audience, and abundance of Romanists. Such an opportunity I never had before in these parts.

*Mon. 9.*—Having not had an hour's sound sleep from the time I lay down till I rose, I was in doubt whether I could preach or not. However, I went to the market-place as usual, and found no want of strength till I had fully declared 'the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.' I had designed afterwards to settle the society thoroughly; but I was not able to sit up so long.

Many advised me not to go out at night, the wind being extremely cold and blustering. But I could in no wise consent to spare myself at such a time as this. I preached on 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.' And I found myself at least as well when I had done as I was before I begun.

*Tues. 10.*—With much difficulty I broke away from this immeasurably loving people; and not so soon as I imagined neither; for when we drew near to the turnpike, about a mile from the town, a multitude waited for us at the top of the hill. They fell back on each side, to make us way, and then joined and closed us in. After singing two or three verses, I put forward, when, on a sudden, I was a little surprised by such a cry of men, women, and children as I never heard before. Yet a little while, and we shall meet to part no more; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

Instead of going straight to Tullamore, I could not be easy without going round by Coolalough. I knew not why; for I did not know then that Mr. Handy's wife,<sup>1</sup> who had been brought to bed a few days, had an earnest desire to see me once more before I left the kingdom. She could not avoid praying for it, though her sister checked her again and again, telling her it could not be. Before the debate was concluded, I came in. So they wondered, and praised God.

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, and at five in the morning. I was then glad to lie down. In the afternoon, *Wednesday* the 11th, I rode once more to Mountmellick. The congregation, both in the evening and the next morning, was larger than before.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Samuel Handy.

After preaching, a grey-headed man came to me, bitterly lamenting that he had lived many years without knowing that he had need of a Physician. Immediately came another, who had been a harmless man as any in the town; he would have spoke, but could not. I then spoke to him; but not two minutes before he sunk to the ground. So I perceived I had not spent my little strength here 'as one that beateth the air.'

I took the straight road from hence to Dublin. Here likewise I observed abundance of ruined buildings; but I observed also that some of them were never finished, and some had been pulled down by those who built them. Such is the amazing fickleness of this people. Almost every one who has his fortune in his own hands *diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*,<sup>1</sup> and leaves those monuments of his folly to all succeeding generations.

I reached Dublin in the evening, faint and weary; but the two next days I rested.

*Sun. 15.*—Finding my strength greatly restored, I preached at five, and at eight on Oxmantown Green. I expected to sail as soon as I had done; but the captain putting it off (as their manner is), gave me an opportunity of declaring the gospel of peace to a still larger congregation in the evening. One of them, after listening some time, cried out, shaking his head, 'Aye, he is a Jesuit; that's plain.' To which a Popish priest, who happened to be near, replied aloud, 'No, he is not; I would to God he was.'

*Mon. 16.*—Observing a large congregation in the evening, and many strangers among them, I preached more roughly than ever I had done in Dublin on those awful words, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

*Tues. 17.*—I spoke strong and plain words again, both in the morning and evening; and should not have regretted my being detained, had it been only for the blessings of this day.

*Wed. 18.*—We took ship. The wind was small in the afternoon, but exceeding high towards night. About eight I laid me down on the quarter-deck. I was soon wet from head to foot,

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<sup>1</sup> 'Pulls down, builds up, changes square things into round' (Horace, *Epist.* 1. i. 100; imitated by Pope in his 'Epistle to Bolingbroke').



but I took no cold at all. About four in the morning we landed at Holyhead, and in the evening reached Carnarvon.

*Fri. 20.*—I rode with Mr. C. Perronet to Machynlleth, and the next day, *Saturday* the 21st, to Builth. I had no desire to go further, as it rained hard; but Mr. Phillips<sup>1</sup> pressed us to go on to Garth. We came thither just as they were singing before family prayer; so I took the book, and preached on those words, 'Behold, to fear the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'<sup>2</sup>

*Sun. 22.*—At eight I preached at Garth, afterwards in Maesmynys church, and at Builth in the afternoon. We proposed going this evening to John Price's at Merthyr<sup>3</sup>; but fearing he might be at the society (two miles from his house), we went round that way, and came while the exhorter was in the midst of his sermon. I preached when he had done. About eight we came to Merthyr, and slept in peace.

*Mon. 23.*—We were on horseback at four o'clock; and at four in the afternoon came to Cardiff. The rain obliged me to preach in the room.

*Tues. 24.*—I breakfasted at Fonmon, dined at Wenvoe, and preached at Cardiff in the evening.

*Wed. 25.*—We set out after preaching, and in the afternoon came to Bristol.

*Whit Sunday 29.*—Our first service began about four, at the Weavers' Hall. At seven I preached in the Old Orchard. At ten I began in Kingswood, where, at two (the house being too small for the congregation), I preached under the sycamore-tree.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 76, 311.

<sup>2</sup> Whitehead (vol. ii. p. 242) quotes a letter to 'a friend,' written about this time, in which is repeated, almost in the same words, the description of a design formed some years earlier for publishing a 'Christian Library,' which he had already submitted to Blackwell and some others—fourscore or a hundred volumes 'on a fine paper and large letter . . . cast for the purpose; selected, abridged, corrected, where necessary explained, from the most valuable stores of English theology.' He intended purchasing a

printing-press, types, and paper. For food and clothing John Downes was willing to do the work. Of each volume only one hundred copies were to be issued. Doddridge assisted by sending a carefully selected list of books. Eventually the scheme bore fruit in the fifty duodecimo volumes of the *Christian Library*.

<sup>3</sup> See Memoir of William Smith, an original trustee of Merthyr Tydvil chapel. (*Meth. Mag.* 1829, p. 281.)

<sup>4</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 228.

At five I preached in the Old Orchard, and then rode to Kingswood, where we concluded the day with a lovefeast.

*Mon. 30.*—I preached at three in the Old Orchard, and in the evening at Bath.

*Tues. 31.*—In the evening I preached at Reading, and *Wednesday, JUNE 1,* I reached London.<sup>1</sup>

We had an exceeding solemn meeting of the bands this evening, and of the society the next.

*Sat. 4.*—I was sent for by Captain H., one who had been strongly prejudiced against us; but the arrows of the Almighty now constrained him to cry out, 'Lord, send by whom Thou wilt send!'

*Sun. 5.*—I preached in Moorfields both morning and evening. There had been much tumult there the last Sunday; but all was quiet now, and the power of God seemed even to compel sinners to come in.

*Sun. 12.*—I designed preaching in the fields at seven; but the thunder and lightning and rain prevented. At eleven I preached in St. Bartholomew's Church. Deep attention sat on every face while I explained, and by the grace of God pressed home, those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

*Mon. 13.*—I spent an hour or two with Dr. Pepusch.<sup>2</sup> He asserted that the art of music is lost; that the ancients only understood it in its perfection; that it was revived a little in the reign of King Henry VIII by Tallis and his contemporaries; as also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was a judge and

<sup>1</sup> He makes no reference, nor does his brother Charles, to the main purpose of their meeting in London. From the Bennet Minutes we learn that a Conference met June 2, 3, 4. and 6. The membership varied from day to day. It included six clergymen, three stewards, and twelve preachers, or more. Howell Harris and James Erskine were present part of the time. On the first day, June 2, the Conference met at the Chapel House, Tower Street. On Monday, June 6, the Foundry was the place of meeting. Two subjects were discussed: (1) 'Discipline,'

and (2) 'All things relating to the School which is now to be begun at Kingswood.' (*W.H.S. : John Bennet's Copy of the Minutes, &c. ; Minutes of Methodist Conferences*, vol. i. (London, John Mason, 1862); Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1898, p. 248, for a sketch of this pedantic musician. Charles Wesley and Mrs. Rich called at the Charterhouse on April 29, 1748, and were much entertained with the doctor's music, and still more with his conversation. Probably the interview above also took place at the Charterhouse.

patroness of it ; that, after her reign, it sunk for sixty or seventy years, till Purcell made some attempts to restore it ; but that ever since the true, ancient art, depending on nature and mathematical principles, had gained no ground, the present masters having no fixed principles at all.

*Wed. 15.*—I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's.<sup>1</sup> How strangely is the scene changed ! What laughter and tumult was there, among the best of the parish, when we preached in a London church ten years ago ! And now all are calm and quietly attentive, from the least even to the greatest.

*Sun. 19.*—The congregation in Moorfields was greatly increased, both morning and afternoon ; and their seriousness increased with their number ; so that it was comfortable even to see them. In the evening, to ease me a little in my journey, as I had not yet recovered my strength, Colonel Gumley<sup>2</sup> carried me in his chair to Brentford.

*Mon. 20.*—I preached at Reading at noon to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the afternoon rode to Hungerford.

*Tues. 21.*—I preached in the Old Orchard at Bristol, on 'Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.'<sup>3</sup>

*Friday the 24th*, the day we had appointed for opening the school at Kingswood,<sup>4</sup> I preached there on 'Train up a child in the way that he should go ; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' My brother and I administered the Lord's Supper to many who came from far. We then agreed on the general rules of the school, which we published presently after.

<sup>1</sup> The text was Phil. i. 21 (*W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 1187).

<sup>2</sup> This officer, described as 'a second Col. Gardiner' by Lady Huntingdon, was converted April 1748 ; he died at Spa in 1763. See Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 249.

<sup>3</sup> On this day he comforted John Haime, saving him from despair, as he often did, by a wonderful little letter (*Works*, vol. xiii. p. 161 ; *E.M.P.* vol. i. p. 302).

<sup>4</sup> For a full account of Kingswood School, through all the phases of its history, see *The History of Kingswood*

*School*, by Three Old Boys (London, C. H. Kelly, 1898). See also above, vol. ii. p. 228 ; *W.H.S., Bennet Minutes*, 1748 ; Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 7-11, and elsewhere. In a letter to his brother Charles (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 123) he says : 'I bought the ground before Kingswood School of Margaret Ward, and paid for it with my own money.' The school for colliers' children continued for sixty years after the 'enlargement' in 1748, and was supported by the subscriptions of the Kingswood society (Myles, *Chronological History*, p. 464). See also *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 283-302.







*Mon. 27.*<sup>1</sup>—I rode to Wallbridge, near Stroud, and preached at one, to a lively congregation. About two we set out for Stanley.<sup>2</sup> I scarce ever felt the sun so scorching hot in England. I began preaching in Farmer Finch's orchard (there not being room in the house), between seven and eight, and the poor earnest people devoured every word.

*Tues. 28.*—I rode to Evesham, and exhorted them to 'strengthen the things that remained, which were ready to die.'

*Wed. 29.*—We took horse at four, and, calling at Studley, found a woman of a broken heart, mourning continually after God, and scarce able to speak without tears. About one I began preaching in the open air at Birmingham.<sup>3</sup> At the same time it began raining violently, which continued about a quarter of an hour; but did not disturb either me or the congregation.

At half an hour after six I preached at Wednesbury to an exceeding large congregation; and every man, woman, and child behaved in a manner becoming the gospel.

*Thur. 30.*—We set out between three and four, and reached Nottingham in the afternoon.

JULY 1, *Fri.*—I rode to Sheffield, and preached in the evening, at the end of the house,<sup>4</sup> to a quiet congregation.

*Sat. 2.*—I rode to Epworth, and preached to a large congregation, many of them established in the grace of God.

*Sun. 3.*—I preached in the room at five, but at nine on my usual stand, at the Cross. The clouds came just in time (it being a warm, sunshiny morning) to shade me and the congregation; but at the same time both the light and power of the Most High were upon many of their souls.

I was quite surprised when I heard Mr. Romley preach. That soft, smooth, tuneful voice which he so often employed to blaspheme the work of God was lost, without hope of recovery.

<sup>1</sup> On the 27th Lunell wrote to Wesley (*Arm. Mag.* 1778, p. 532).

<sup>2</sup> Near Winchcombe; not the Stanley close to Stroud.

<sup>3</sup> About this time Dr. Thomas Walker, who had known Wesley at Oxford, welcomed him at his house in Steelhouse Lane, and found a room for the society. Shortly after (before 1750) a permanent

room was acquired off that street. (*Early Methodism in Birmingham*, pp. 12-14.)

<sup>4</sup> That in Pinstone Lane had been destroyed in Feb. 1746 by the mob and magistrates acting in concert. The society brought an action against the magistrates at the York Assizes. They were compelled to rebuild the room. See below, April 13, 1752,

All means had been tried, but none took place. He now spoke in a manner shocking to hear, and impossible to be heard distinctly by one quarter of the congregation.

Mr. Hay,<sup>1</sup> the rector, reading prayers, I had once more the comfort of receiving the Lord's Supper at Epworth. After the evening service I preached at the Cross again, to almost the whole town. I see plainly we have often judged amiss when we have measured the increase of the work of God, in this and other places, by the increase of the society only. The society here is not large ; but God has wrought upon the whole place. Sabbath-breaking and drunkenness are no more seen in these streets ; cursing and swearing are rarely heard. Wickedness hides its head already. Who knows but, by-and-by, God may utterly take it away ?

I was peculiarly pleased with the deep seriousness of the congregation at church, both morning and evening ; and all the way, as we walked down the Church Lane, after the sermon was ended, I scarce saw one person look on either side, or speak one word to another.

*Mon. 4.*—I rode to Hainton. The congregation here was but small, which was chiefly owing to the miserable diligence of the poor rector. Art thou also to die, and to give an account to God of every word and work ?

*Tues. 5.*—We rode to Coningsby, on the edge of the Fens. Mr. B.,<sup>2</sup> a Baptist minister, had wrote to me at London, begging me to lodge with him whenever I came to Coningsby ; but he was gone out of town that very morning. However, one rode after him, and brought him back in the afternoon. I was scarce set down in his house before he fell upon the point of baptism. I waived the dispute for some time ; but, finding there was no remedy, I came close to the question, and we kept to it for about an hour and half. From that time we let the matter rest, and confirmed our love towards each other.

At seven I preached in the street, to one of the largest

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<sup>1</sup> The Hon. and Rev. John Hay (*W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 203).

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Gilbert Boyce, who was minister at Coningsby for sixty-two years. He died in 1800, beloved by all the General

Baptist Churches. The present minister (the Rev. Thomas Holehouse) says that Boyce's 'grave may still be seen in our little burying-ground adjoining the chapel.'

congregations I had seen in Lincolnshire. In the morning, *Wednesday* the 6th, we had another quiet and comfortable opportunity. We thence rode to Ludborough, where I preached at eleven, and in the afternoon to Grimsby.

At seven I preached in the large room<sup>1</sup>; but it was not near large enough to contain the congregation. Many stood on the stairs and in the adjoining rooms, and many below in the street. The fear of God has lately spread in an uncommon degree among this people also.<sup>2</sup> Nor has Mr. Prince been able to prevent it, though he bitterly curses us in the name of the Lord.

*Thur. 7.*—Immediately after preaching I rode to Laceby, and preached at seven to a small, earnest congregation. We stopped no more till we came to Epworth, where we had a joyful meeting in the evening.

*Fri. 8.*—I took horse immediately after preaching, and rode to Mr. Stovin's, of Crowle.<sup>3</sup> I began preaching soon after eight; but so wild a congregation I had not lately seen. However, as I stood within the Justice's garden, they did not make any disturbance.

About noon I preached at Sykehouse. The little society here also seemed to partake of the general revival.<sup>4</sup> We took horse at ten, and soon after eight came to Boroughbridge.

*Sat. 9.*—Setting out between two and three, we reached Newcastle about three in the afternoon.

*Sun. 10.*—I began exhorting all that loved their own souls solemnly to renew their covenant with God; the nature of which I explained at large on the mornings of the ensuing week.

I had designed preaching between eight and nine in Sandgate; but the rain drove us into the room. In the afternoon I preached on the First Lesson, David's conquest of Goliath; but the house would in no wise contain the people, so that many were forced to go away.

On *Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday* I examined the

<sup>1</sup> Over the old town-hall.

<sup>2</sup> George Story was converted, among others. See Everett's *Sheffield*, p. 75.

<sup>3</sup> 'Mr. Prince' was the Rev. Samuel Prince,

the vicar. See *Wesley's Veterans*, iii. 87.

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 20.

<sup>5</sup> See Everett's *Methodism in Sheffield*, pp. 75, 76.



classes, and found not only an increase of number, but likewise more of the life and power of religion among them than ever I had found before.

The same thing I observed in all the country societies, among which I spent one or more nights every week.

*Sun.* 17.—We had a glorious hour in the morning. At half-hour past eight I preached in the Castle Garth, and again at four in the afternoon to a vast multitude of people.

*Mon.* 18.—I began my journey northward, having appointed to preach in Morpeth at noon. As soon as I had sung a few verses at the Cross, a young man appeared at the head of his troop, and told me, very plainly and roughly, 'You shall not preach there.' I went on; upon which he gave the signal to his companions, who prepared to force me into better manners; but they quickly fell out among themselves. Meantime I began my sermon, and went on without any considerable interruption, the congregation softening more and more, till, toward the close, the far greater part appeared exceeding serious and attentive.

In the afternoon we rode to Widdrington, which belonged to the Lord Widdrington till the Rebellion in 1715. The people flocked in from all parts, so that the congregation here was larger than at Morpeth. It was a delightful evening, and a delightful place, under the shade of tall trees. And every man hung upon the word; none stirred his head or hand, or looked to the right or left, while I declared, in strong terms, 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Tues.* 19.—We rode to Alnmouth, a small seaport town, famous for all kinds of wickedness. The people here are sinners convict; they have nothing to pay, but plead guilty before God. Therefore, I preached to them without delay Jesus Christ, for 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

After dinner we rode to Alnwick,<sup>1</sup> one of the largest inland towns in the county of Northumberland. At seven I preached at the Cross to as large a congregation as at Newcastle on

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<sup>1</sup> John Trembath was the first Methodist preacher to visit Alnwick. Edward Stanley, father of Jacob Stanley (A) heard

him. See *Meth. Mag.* 1826, p. 794; also, for early Methodism in Alnwick, *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 63-9.

Sunday evening. This place seemed much to resemble Athlone ; all were moved a little, but none very much. The waters spread wide, but not deep ; but let the Lord work as it seemeth Him good.

*Wed. 20.*—We took horse between eight and nine, and a little before two came to Berwick. I sent to the commander of the garrison to desire the use of a green place near his house, which he readily granted. I preached at seven to (it was judged) two thousand people. I found the generality of them just such as I expected : serious and decent, but not easy to be convinced of anything. For who can tell them what they did not know before ?

*Thur. 21.*—After preaching we walked round the walls, which they were repairing and rebuilding. I could not but observe to-day how different the face of things was from what it appeared yesterday, especially after I had preached at noon. Yesterday we were hallooed all along the streets ; to-day none opened his mouth as we went along—the very children were all silent. The grown people pulled off their hats on every side, so that we might even have fancied ourselves at Newcastle. Oh, well is it that honour is balanced with dishonour, and good report with evil report !

At seven I preached to a far larger congregation than before. And now the word of God was as a fire and an hammer. I began again and again, after I thought I had done ; and the latter words were still stronger than the former ; so that I was not surprised at the number which attended in the morning, when we had another joyful, solemn hour. Here was the loud call to the people of Berwick, if haply they would know the day of their visitation.

*Fri. 22.*—I preached about noon at Tuggal, a village about three miles from Bamborough, and then went on to Alnwick, where, at seven, was such a congregation as one would not have thought the whole town could afford ; and I was enabled to deal faithfully with them in explaining ‘Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.’ I was constrained to speak twice as long as usual ; but none offered to go away, and I believe the most general call of God to the people of Alnwick was at this hour.

classes, and found not only an increase of number, but likewise more of the life and power of religion among them than ever I had found before.

The same thing I observed in all the country societies, among which I spent one or more nights every week.

*Sun.* 17.—We had a glorious hour in the morning. At half-hour past eight I preached in the Castle Garth, and again at four in the afternoon to a vast multitude of people.

*Mon.* 18.—I began my journey northward, having appointed to preach in Morpeth at noon. As soon as I had sung a few verses at the Cross, a young man appeared at the head of his troop, and told me, very plainly and roughly, 'You shall not preach there.' I went on; upon which he gave the signal to his companions, who prepared to force me into better manners; but they quickly fell out among themselves. Meantime I began my sermon, and went on without any considerable interruption, the congregation softening more and more, till, toward the close, the far greater part appeared exceeding serious and attentive.

In the afternoon we rode to Widdrington, which belonged to the Lord Widdrington till the Rebellion in 1715. The people flocked in from all parts, so that the congregation here was larger than at Morpeth. It was a delightful evening, and a delightful place, under the shade of tall trees. And every man hung upon the word; none stirred his head or hand, or looked to the right or left, while I declared, in strong terms, 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Tues.* 19.—We rode to Alnmouth, a small seaport town, famous for all kinds of wickedness. The people here are sinners convict; they have nothing to pay, but plead guilty before God. Therefore, I preached to them without delay Jesus Christ, for 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

After dinner we rode to Alnwick,<sup>1</sup> one of the largest inland towns in the county of Northumberland. At seven I preached at the Cross to as large a congregation as at Newcastle on

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<sup>1</sup> John Trembath was the first Methodist preacher to visit Alnwick. Edward Stanley, father of Jacob Stanley (A) heard

him. See *Meth. Mag.* 1826, p. 794; also, for early Methodism in Alnwick, *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 63-9.

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*Sat. 23.*—I preached at noon at Long Horsley. The minister here was of a truly moderate spirit. He said, 'I have done all I can for this people; and I can do them no good. Now let others try. If they can do any, I will thank them with all my heart.'

*Sun. 24.*—I preached at five in the Newcastle [Orphan] House; at half-hour past eight in the Castle Garth, and at four in the afternoon. I was weary and faint when I began to speak, but my strength was quickly renewed. Thence we went to the society. I had designed to read the Rules, but I could not get forward. As we began, so we went on till eight o'clock, singing and rejoicing and praising God.

*Wed. 27.*—I rode to Blanchland, intending to preach there; but, at the desire of Mr. W., the steward of the lead-mines, I went about a mile further, to a house<sup>1</sup> where he was paying the miners, it being one of their general pay-days. I preached to a large congregation of serious people, and rode on to Hindley Hill, in Allendale.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur. 28.*—We rode over the moors to Nenthead, a village south-west from Allendale, where I preached at eight. We then went on to Alston, a small market-town in Cumberland. At noon I preached at the Cross, to a quiet, staring people, who seemed to be little concerned, one way or the other. In the evening I preached at Hindley Hill again, and we praised God with joyful lips.

*Fri. 29.*—At noon I went to the Cross in Allendale Town,<sup>3</sup> where Mr. Topping, with a company of the better sort, waited for us. I soon found it was but a vain attempt to dispute or reason with him. He skipped so from one point to another, that it was not possible to keep up with him; so, after a few minutes, I removed about an hundred yards, and preached in peace to a very large congregation; it being the general pay-day, which is but once in six months.

*Sat. 30.*—At noon I preached at Newlands; about three near Tanfield Cross, and at Newcastle in the evening.

*Sun. 31.*—At eight I preached in the street at Sunderland,

<sup>1</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1872, pp. 713-14.

<sup>2</sup> At Baybridge. A chapel was afterwards built on the spot where Wesley

stood. (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1893, p. 17.)

<sup>3</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1872, p. 714.

and at one in the afternoon. I rode thence straight to the Castle Garth, and found abundance of people gathered together. Many were in tears all round, while those comfortable words were opened and applied, 'He healeth them that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal their sickness.'

AUG. 1, *Mon.*—One of my old companions returned—my headache, which I never had while I abstained from animal food. But I regarded it not, supposing it would go off in a day or two of itself.

*Tues. 2.*—I preached about noon at Biddick, and at Pelton in the evening. I intended to have given an exhortation to the society; but as soon as we met the spirit of supplication fell upon us, so that I could hardly do anything but pray and give thanks, till it was time for us to part.

*Wed. 3.*—I found it absolutely necessary to publish the following advertisement:

WHEREAS one Thomas Moor, *alias* Smith, has lately appeared in Cumberland and other parts of England, preaching (as he calls it) in a clergyman's habit, and then collecting money of his hearers: This is to certify whom it may concern that the said Moor is no clergyman, but a cheat and impostor; and that no preacher in connexion with me either directly or indirectly asks money of any one.

JOHN WESLEY.

*Thur. 4.*—I preached in the evening at Spen; *Friday* the 5th, about noon, at Horsley. As I rode home I found my headache increase much. But as many people were come from all parts (it being the monthly watch-night), I could not be content to send them empty away. I almost forgot my pain while I was speaking, but was obliged to go to bed as soon as I had done.

*Sat. 6.*—The pain was much worse than before. I then applied cloths dipped in cold water. Immediately my head was easy, but I was exceeding sick. When I laid down the pain returned, and the sickness ceased; when I sat up the pain ceased, and the sickness returned. In the evening I took ten grains of ipecacuanha. It wrought for about ten minutes. The moment it had done I was in perfect health, and felt no more either of pain or sickness.

*Sun. 7.*—I preached as usual at five, and at half-hour after

eight. In the afternoon all the street was full of people, come from all parts to see the Judges; but a good part of them followed me into the Castle Garth and found something else to do. This put a zealous man that came by quite out of patience, so that I had hardly named my text when he began to scold and scream, and curse and swear, to the utmost extent of his throat. But there was not one of the whole multitude, rich or poor, that regarded him at all.

*Mon. 8.*—I set out once more for the north. At noon I preached at the Cross, in Morpeth; in the evening at Alnwick, where many now began to fear God and tremble at His word.<sup>1</sup>

*Tues. 9.*—I preached about noon at Tuggal, and between six and seven in the evening at Berwick. More of the gentry were there than ever before; and I think but three went away.

*Wed. 10.*—The congregation was nearly doubled, and the word seemed to sink into their hearts. It was with great difficulty that I afterwards met the society; so many crowded after me (though without the least incivility), and knew not how to go away.

*Thur. 11.*—Abundance of them were with us in the morning. We took horse as soon as we could after preaching, and before twelve reached Alnmouth, where all the publicans and sinners drew near to hear: nay, and all the gentry; the chief of whom invited us to dinner, where we spent two hours in agreeable and useful conversation.

In the evening I preached to the earnest congregation at Widdrington. There is always a blessing among this people.

*Fri. 12.*—In riding to Newcastle I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man, to write with such strength of thought and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed as are shocking to the last degree.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> During August of this year a revival amongst the children at Kingswood took place (*Arm. Mag.* 1778, pp. 533, 583-4).

<sup>2</sup> On August 14 he wrote a letter to

Blackwell in which he described his project for a 'Christian Library' (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 171). For another letter on this subject, see above, p. 354.

What excuse can any man of common sense make for

His scolding heroes and his wounded gods?

Nay, does he not introduce even his 'Father of gods and men' one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his sister and wife, the empress of heaven, with such language as a carman might be ashamed of? And what can be said for a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles how often he had given him wine, when he was a child and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it up on his clothes? Are these some of those 'divine boldnesses which naturally provoke short-sightedness and ignorance to show themselves'?

*Tues. 16.*—We<sup>1</sup> left Newcastle. In riding to Leeds, I read Dr. Hodge's *Account of the Plague in London*.<sup>2</sup> I was surprised (1) that he did not learn, even from the symptoms related by himself, that the part first seized by the infection was the stomach; and (2) that he so obstinately persevered in the hot regimen, though he continually saw the ill success of it—a majority of the patients dying under his hands.

Soon after twelve I preached near the market-place in Stockton to a very large and very rude congregation; but they grew calmer and calmer, so that long before I had done they were quiet and serious. Some gentlemen of Yarm<sup>3</sup> earnestly desired that I would preach there in the afternoon. I refused for some time, being weak and tired; so that I thought preaching thrice in the day, and riding upwards of fifty miles, would be work enough. But they would take no denial; so I went with them about two o'clock, and preached at three in the market-place there to a great multitude of people gathered together at a few minutes' warning. About seven I preached in the street at Osmotherley. It rained almost all the time; but none went away. We took horse about five, *Wednesday* the 17th, and in the afternoon came to Leeds.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I preached at the neighbouring towns.

<sup>1</sup> Grace Murray and Mr. Mackford, of Newcastle, accompanied him on this journey.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 75, 115.

<sup>3</sup> It is thought that Mr. George Merryweather, a leading merchant in Yarm and Squire Waldy were of the number (*Meth. Rec.* Nov. 21, 1901).



Sat. 20.—At the earnest desire of the little society, I went to Wakefield.<sup>1</sup> I knew the madness of the people there; but I knew also they were in God's hand. At eight I would have preached in Francis Scott's yard<sup>2</sup>; but the landlord would not suffer it, saying the mob would do more hurt to his houses than ever we should do him good; so I went, perforce, into the main street, and proclaimed pardon for sinners. None interrupted, or made the least disturbance, from the beginning to the end.

About one I preached at Oulton, where likewise all is now calm, after a violent storm of several weeks, wherein many were beaten and wounded, and outraged various ways; but none moved from their steadfastness. In the evening I preached at Armley to many who want a storm, being quite unnerved by constant sunshine.

Sun. 21.—I preached, as usual, at Leeds and Birstall.

Mon. 22.—After preaching at Heaton, I rode to Skircoat Green.<sup>3</sup> Our brethren here were much divided in their judgement. Many thought I ought to preach at Halifax Cross:<sup>4</sup> others judged it to be impracticable, the very mention of it as a possible thing having set all the town in an uproar. However, to the Cross I went. There was an immense number of people, roaring like the waves of the sea. But the far greater part of them were still as soon as I began to speak. They seemed more and more attentive and composed; till a gentleman got some of the rabble together, and began to throw money among

<sup>1</sup> For sketches of Methodism in Wakefield, see *Meth. Rec.* January 11, 1900; March 28, 1907.

<sup>2</sup> See *Meth. Mag.* 1838, p. 555. Francis Scott, who was a local preacher, part of whose joiner's shop was used as a preaching-room, was his host. The fullest account of the Scotts—there were two brothers, Francis and John—is in Dr. Smith's *History of Meth.*, vol. i. p. 220. See letter of Mrs. Bate above, p. 221. Scott's preaching awakened Thomas Hanson. (*E.M.P.* vol. vi. p. 202.)

<sup>3</sup> See Everett's *Manchester*, p. 92.

<sup>4</sup> *Meth. in Halifax*, p. 65. Walker, the writer of this local history, had special sources of information. He says: 'Mr.

Wesley was besmeared with dirt thrown upon him by the mob, and one of the exasperated party aimed a stone with such precision as to hit Mr. Wesley on the cheek, making a deep incision thereby, and from which the blood trickled down his face.' He then led the congregation to a meadow near Salterhebble. It was at the Cross that James Riley, of Bradshaw, was first convinced. Converted the following Sunday in Haworth Church, he drew John Bates, Jonas Varley, and Luke Shaw to Grimshaw's ministry, turned his own house at Bradshaw into a preaching-house for Grimshaw and the lay preachers, and himself led a class in John Bates's house.

them, which occasioned much hurry and confusion. Finding my voice could not be heard, I made signs to the people that I would remove to another place. I believe nine in ten followed me to a meadow about half a mile from the town, where we spent so solemn an hour as I have seldom known, rejoicing and praising God.

*Tues. 23.*—The congregation was larger at five in the morning than it was in the evening when I preached here before. About one I preached at Baildon, and in the evening at Bradford; where none behaved indecently but the curate of the parish.

*Wed. 24.*—At eight I preached at Eccleshill, and about one at Keighley. At five Mr. Grimshaw read the prayers and I preached at Haworth, to more than the church could contain. We began the service in the morning at five; and even then the church was nearly filled.

*Thur. 25.*—I rode with Mr. Grimshaw to Roughlee, where T. Colbeck,<sup>1</sup> of Keighley, was to meet us. We were stopped again and again, and begged not to go on; for a large mob from Colne was gone before us. Coming a little farther, we understood they had not yet reached Roughlee. So we hastened on, that we might be there before them. All was quiet when we came. I was a little afraid for Mr. Grimshaw, but it needed not; he was ready to go to prison or death for Christ's sake.<sup>2</sup>

At half-hour after twelve I began to preach. I had about half finished my discourse when the mob came pouring down the hill like a torrent. After exchanging a few words with their captain, to prevent any contest, I went with him as he required. When we came to Barrowford, two miles off, the

<sup>1</sup> A grocer, and at this time twenty-five years of age. He was one of Grimshaw's travelling companions, and a faithful and laborious local preacher. By him Methodism was introduced into not a few of the villages. His house was Wesley's home. He was one of six who signed the accounts of the Haworth Round. (Moore's *Burnley*, p. 19; see *Meth. Mag.* 1801, p. 432.)

<sup>2</sup> See for full account, Laycock's *Methodist Heroes of the Great Haworth*

*Round*, pp. 60–65. Mr. Laycock gives a careful description of the scene of this outrage 'under the shadow of Pendle Hill.' Traditions of the story linger in old cottages and farm-houses—the 'place where Wesley stood,' the upper rooms in which Wesley and the early preachers long conducted service, the exact place at Barrowfield where the Methodists were thrown into the river. See also *Methodism in Burnley*, p. 19; and throughout Everett's *Manchester*.

whole army drew up in battle-array before the house<sup>1</sup> into which I was carried, with two or three of my friends. After I had been detained above an hour, their captain went out and I followed him, and desired him to conduct me whence I came. He said he would; but the mob soon followed after, at which he was so enraged that he must needs turn back to fight them, and so left me alone.

A farther account is contained in the following letter,<sup>2</sup> which I wrote the next morning :

WIDDOP, Aug. 26, 1748.

SIR,

Yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, while I was speaking to some quiet people, without any noise or tumult, a drunken rabble came, with clubs and staves, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, the captain of whom, Richard B[annister] by name,<sup>3</sup> said he was a deputy-constable, and that he was come to bring me to you. I went with him; but I had scarce gone ten yards when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might; quickly after another threw his stick at my head. I then made a little stand; but another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out, 'Bring him away!'

With such a convoy I walked to Barrowford, where they informed me you was, their drummer going before, to draw all the rabble together from all quarters.

When your deputy had brought me into the house, he permitted Mr. Grimshaw, the minister of Haworth, Mr. Colbeck, of Keighley, and one more,<sup>4</sup> to be with me, promising that none should hurt them. Soon after you and your friends came in, and required me to promise I would come to Roughlee no more. I told you I would sooner cut off my hand than make any such promise; neither would I promise that none of my friends should come. After abundance of rambling dis-

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to have been the 'White Bear,' still standing, bearing the date 1615, formerly the home of a family named Hargreaves, who owned considerable landed property in the neighbourhood.

<sup>2</sup> Addressed to the Rev. George White, curate of Colne (*Methodism in Burnley*, pp. 13-19). Grimshaw administered a severe chastisement to White in a sermon which he published in 1749—the only sermon or pamphlet Grimshaw is known to have published. In it he replied to

a sermon preached by White at Colne, July 24, 1748, repeated at Marsden, August 7, and published, with a dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury, November 7, 1748, a rare copy of which is now in the Allan Library. Laycock gives a long quotation from Grimshaw's reply. On White, see also below, June 8, 1752; and *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 53.

<sup>3</sup> Moore's *Burnley*, p. 15. His sons were converted and lived at Barrowford.

<sup>4</sup> The 'one more' was William Batty, one of Ingham's preachers. See p. 294.



course (for I could keep none of you long to any one point) from about one o'clock till between three and four (in which one of you frankly said, 'No; we will not be like Gamaliel, we will proceed like the Jews'), you seemed a little satisfied with my saying, 'I will not preach at Roughlee at this time.' You then undertook to quiet the mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased. I then walked out with you at the back-door.

I should have mentioned that I had several times before desired you to let me go, but in vain; and that when I attempted to go with Richard B[annister], the mob immediately followed, with oaths, curses, and stones; that one of them beat me down to the ground; and, when I rose again, the whole body came about me like lions, and forced me back into the house.

While you and I went out at one door, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Colbeck went out at the other. The mob immediately closed them in, tossed them to and fro with the utmost violence, threw Mr. Grimshaw down, and loaded them both with dirt and mire of every kind; not one of your friends offering to call off your blood-hounds from the pursuit.

The other quiet, harmless people who followed me at a distance, to see what the end would be, they treated still worse, not only by the connivance, but by the express order of your deputy. They made them run for their lives, amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Some of them they trampled in the mire and dragged by the hair, particularly Mr. Mackford,<sup>1</sup> who came with me from Newcastle. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down (or they would have thrown him headlong) from a rock, ten or twelve feet high, into the river. And when he crawled out, wet and bruised, they swore they would throw him in again, which they were hardly persuaded not to do. All this time you sat well pleased close to the place, not attempting in the least to hinder them.<sup>2</sup>

And all this time you was talking of justice and law! Alas, sir, suppose we were Dissenters (which I deny), suppose we were Jews or Turks, are we not to have the benefit of the laws of our country? Proceed against us by the law, if you can or dare; but not by lawless violence; not by making a drunken, cursing, swearing, riotous mob, both judge, jury, and executioner. This is flat rebellion against God and the king, as you may possibly find to your cost.

Between four and five we<sup>3</sup> set out from Roughlee; but,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Mackford, 'of highly respectable character, who occasionally accompanied Mr. Wesley on his journeys.' (Dr. W. W. Stamp's *Orohan House*, p. 115.)

<sup>2</sup> Grace Murray describes the scene in her *Diary* (see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1902).

<sup>3</sup> Grimshaw, Mackford, John Bennet, and Grace Murray.



observing several parties of men upon the hills, and suspecting their design, we put on and passed the lane they were making for before they came. One of our brothers, not riding so fast was intercepted by them. They immediately knocked him down, and how it was that he got from amongst them he knew not.

Before seven we reached Widdop. The news of what had passed at Barrowford made us all friends. The person in whose house Mr. B——<sup>1</sup> preached sent and begged I would preach there; which I did at eight,<sup>2</sup> to such a congregation as none could have expected on so short a warning. He invited us also to lodge at his house, and all jealousies vanished away.

*Fri. 26.*—I preached at five to much the same congregation. At twelve we came to Heptonstall Bank. The house stands on the side of a steep mountain, and commands all the vale below. The place in which I preached was an oval spot<sup>3</sup> of ground, surrounded with spreading trees, scooped out, as it were, in the side of the hill, which rose round like a theatre. The congregation was equal to that at Leeds; but such serious and earnest attention! It lifted up my hands, so that I preached as I scarce ever did in my life.

About four I preached again to nearly the same congregation, and God again caused the power of His love to be known. Thence we rode to Midgley. Many flocked from all parts, to whom I preached till near an hour after sunset. The calmness of the evening agreed well with the seriousness of the people, every one of whom seemed to drink in the word of God as a thirsty land the refreshing showers.

*Sat. 27.*—I preached once more at seven to the earnest people at the Bank, and then rode to Todmorden Edge.<sup>4</sup> Here several prisoners were set at liberty, as was Mr. Mackford the day before. At five I preached at Miller's Barn, in Rossendale.<sup>5</sup> There were a few rude people, but they kept at a distance;

<sup>1</sup> William Batty or John Bennet.

<sup>2</sup> Moore (*Methodism in Burnley*) says 'at noon . . . on a stone on which the late Mr. Peter Phillips engraved, "August 26th, 1748."'

<sup>3</sup> Known as Dickey Brown Hey, between Hebden Bridge and Heptonstall (*Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1897, p. 27).

See also *Christian Miscellany*, 1860, pp. 321, 353.

<sup>4</sup> *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1902, pp. 29, 30, 31. See above, p. 294.

<sup>5</sup> Bennet found Wesley at Miller's Barn, Darney's old house (his manuscript Diary).

and it was well they did, or the unawakened hearers would have been apt to handle them roughly. I observed here what I had not then seen but at one single place in England: when I had finished my discourse, and even pronounced the blessing, not one person offered to go away, but every man, woman, and child stayed just where they were till I myself went away first.

*Sun.* 28.—I was invited by Mr. U., the minister of Codshaw,<sup>1</sup> to preach in his church. I began reading prayers at seven; but, perceiving the church would scarce contain half of the congregation, after prayers I went out, and, standing on the churchyard wall, in a place shaded from the sun, explained and enforced those words in the Second Lesson, ‘Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.’

I wonder at those who still talk so loud of the indecency of field-preaching. The highest indecency is in St. Paul’s Church,<sup>2</sup> when a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in a churchyard or field, when the whole congregation behave and look as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard Him speaking from heaven.

At one I went to the Cross in Bolton.<sup>3</sup> There was a vast number of people, but many of them utterly wild. As soon as I began speaking they began thrusting to and fro, endeavouring to throw me down from the steps on which I stood. They did so once or twice; but I went up again, and continued my discourse. They then began to throw stones; at the same time some got upon the Cross behind me to push me down, on which I could not but observe how God overrules even the minutest circumstances. One man was bawling just at my ear when a stone struck him on the cheek, and he was still. A

<sup>1</sup> The residence of the Butterworths. See *Methodism in Rossendale*, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Cathedral.

<sup>3</sup> Tyerman (*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 18) adds details from MSS. See memoir of George Escrick, an early member and Wesley’s usual host in Bolton (*Meth. Mag.* 1808, p. 126). He heard John Bennet at the Cross, and in

later life became a zealous promoter of and worker in the Sunday school at Bolton, ‘the first in Lancashire.’ See his rough words to Wesley (*ibid.* p. 130). ‘At last a man who is head of the county for fighting, seeing us thus used, came of his own accord to defend us. He stood on the top of the Cross and by main force restrained the people.’

second was forcing his way down to me, till another stone hit him on the forehead; it bounded back, the blood ran down, and he came no farther. The third, being close to me, stretched out his hand, and in the instant a sharp stone came upon the joints of his fingers; he shook his hand, and was very quiet till I concluded my discourse and went away.

We came to Shackerley, six miles farther, before five in the evening.<sup>1</sup> Abundance of people were gathered before six, many of whom were disciples of Dr. Taylor, laughing at Original Sin, and, consequently, at the whole frame of scriptural Christianity. Oh what a providence is it which has brought us here also, among these silver-tongued Antichrists! Surely a few, at least, will recover out of the snare, and know Jesus Christ as their wisdom and righteousness!

*Mon.* 29.—I preached at Davy Hulme.<sup>2</sup> I had heard a surprising account concerning a young woman of Manchester, which I now received from her own mouth. She said: 'On Friday, the 4th of last March, I was sitting in the house while one read the Passion Hymn.<sup>3</sup> I had always before thought myself good enough, having constantly gone to church and said my prayers, nor had I ever heard any of the Methodist preachers. On a sudden I saw our Saviour on the cross, as plain as if it had been with my bodily eyes; and I felt it was *my* sins for which He died. I cried out, and had no strength left in me. Whether my eyes were open or shut, He was still before me hanging on the cross; and I could do nothing but weep and mourn day and night. This lasted till Monday in the afternoon. Then I saw, as it were, heaven open, and God sitting upon His throne in the midst of ten thousand of His saints; and I saw a large book in which all my sins were written; and He blotted them all out, and my heart was filled with peace, and joy, and love, which I have never lost to this hour.'

In the evening I preached at Booth Bank. *Tuesday* the 30th I preached about one at Oldfield Brow.<sup>4</sup> We rode in the

<sup>1</sup> Wesley preached from 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God' (Bennet's manuscript Diary; Wesley's *Sermon Register*, Colman Collection).

<sup>2</sup> From John xiv. 22.

<sup>3</sup> No. 24 in the pre-1875 Hymn-book,

'Ye that pass by, behold the Man,' is called 'A Passion Hymn' in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (Green's *Bibliog.* No. 40).

<sup>4</sup> See above, p. 296. Isa. i. 2 was his text. Bennet says Wesley called at Stockport on his way to Woodley.

afternoon to Woodley. We saw by the way many marks of the late flood, of which John Bennet,<sup>1</sup> who was then upon the place, gave us the following account :

On Saturday, the 23rd of July last, there fell for about three hours, in and about Hayfield, in Derbyshire, so heavy a rain as caused such a flood as had not been seen by any now living in those parts.

The rocks were loosened from the mountains. One field was covered with huge stones from side to side.

Several water-mills were clean swept away, without leaving any remains.

The trees were torn up by the roots, and whirled away like stubble.

Two women of a loose character were swept away from their own door and drowned. One of them was found near the place ; the other was carried seven or eight miles.

Hayfield churchyard was all torn up, and the dead bodies swept out of their graves. When the flood abated they were found in several places. Some were hanging on trees ; others left in meadows or grounds ; some partly eaten by dogs, or wanting one or more of their members.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John Bennet was the son of staunch Nonconformists. Born at Chinley, in Derbyshire, he was educated for one of the learned professions. In early youth he turned first towards divinity, and later to the law. Books and sport were his hobbies. Visiting Sheffield to enter a horse for the races, he went with a friend to hear David Taylor preach. He went to laugh, but was sufficiently impressed to invite Taylor to his father's house. Converted under Taylor, he began to preach, and became one of the most successful of the north-country evangelists. Lady Huntingdon introduced him to Wesley in 1743. Like Ingham, Darney, and Grimshaw, he created a 'Round.' It consisted of Methodist societies in Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire. He was a member of the early Conferences, and his 'Minutes' are the recognized authority for Methodist history during one of the most momentous periods of its development. His correspondence with Wesley, both before and after his marriage, shows on what terms of equality and affection he was regarded. During

a long illness in the Orphan House, John Bennet learned to love Grace Murray. That she should have been attracted by a lover of about her own age—a gentleman of fortune, education, high character, and widespread Methodist influence—was not surprising. Nothing in the very painful events of the time would justify the belief that Bennet, Wesley, or indeed Grace Murray, acted a deceitful or unbecoming part. With whatever lack of personal discretion, they were all alike the victims of strong emotion, mental indecision, and, it must be added, of Charles Wesley's inveterate prejudices, unreasoning fears, and temperamental impetuosity. Wesley and Bennet, as we shall find, were ultimately divided ; but the marriage at Newcastle had no relation to the act of separation. Wesley was a Churchman and an Evangelical Arminian ; Bennet a Calvinist, and, at root, a Nonconformist. See also above, p. 142 ; and below, pp. 417-40.

<sup>2</sup> See, for this flood, *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 71.



*Wed. 31.*—John Bennet showed me the house of a gentleman<sup>1</sup> who was, a few years since, utterly without God in the world. But two or three years ago, God laid His hand both upon his body and soul. His sins dropped off. He lived holy and unblamable in all things. And, not being able to go about doing good, he resolved to do what good he could do at home. To this end he invited his neighbours to his house, every Sunday morning and evening (not being near any church), to whom he read the prayers of the Church and a sermon. Sometimes he had an hundred and fifty or two hundred of them at once. At Bangs I received an invitation from him; so John Bennet and I rode down together, and found him rejoicing under the hand of God, and praising Him for all his pain and weakness.

In the evening I preached at Chinley<sup>2</sup>; *Thursday, SEPTEMBER 1*, near Finny Green at noon<sup>3</sup>; and in the evening near Astbury.<sup>4</sup>

*Fri. 2.*—I preached at Wednesbury in the afternoon, and thence rode to Meriden. Riding long stages the next day, we reached St. Albans, and the Foundery on *Sunday* morning.

In the following week I examined the classes, and settled all the business which had called me to London.

*Mon. 12.*—I preached at Reading, and rode on to Hungerford.

*Tues. 13.*—I preached in the new-built Room at Bristol.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Probably Squire Law, mentioned in Bennet's letter to Wesley.

<sup>2</sup> John Bennet's home.

<sup>3</sup> On Sept. 1 Whitefield wrote a letter suggesting the possibility of a reunion (Tyerman, vol. ii. p. 19; Whitefield's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 169).

<sup>4</sup> At Astbury a lawless mob, headed by 'Drummer Jack,' surrounded the preaching-house. Tradition brings the ringleader to a tragic end, on the scene of his violence. See *Meth. in Congleton*, p. 38, and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 29.

<sup>5</sup> See above, p. 331. Dr. Simon (*Meth. Rec.* Oct. 27, Nov. 3, 1898) holds that the present Welsh chapel is not the same room as that built in the Horsefair

in 1739 (see description, *Works*, vol. xii. p. 157); but the Rev. H. J. Foster had strong reason for thinking that the shell of the earlier building forms the main part of the north end of the present chapel. Roque's Maps of Bristol, 1742 and 1748, show that Wesley's first Room was smaller than that of 1748, and stood at right angles to it. It was like the Old Kingswood Chapel or the Newcastle Orphan House. The debt on this building was extinguished by Oct. 15, 1743 (see above, p. 97, and vol. ii. p. 528). The conveyance to trustees had been completed on March 5, 1747. The counter-part conveyance, still preserved in private hands in Bristol, 'Ind<sup>re</sup> of lease

*Thur.* 15.—I rode to Beer Crocombe, where, between six and seven, I preached to a serious congregation. At three, *Friday* the 16th, we took horse and came in the evening to Liston, near Launceston.

One who removed from Camelford hither received us gladly. I had not been well all the day, so that I was not sorry they had had no notice of my coming. Being much better in the morning, I preached at seven in the street, to a listening multitude, on 'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.'

After preaching I rode on to Mr. Bennet's. In the evening I read prayers and preached in Tresmeer Church.

*Sun.* 18.—I rode to St. Gennys. Mr. Bennet read prayers, and I preached on 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' I question if there were more than two persons in the congregation who did not take it to themselves. Old Mrs. T[hompson] did, who was in tears during a great part of the sermon. And so did Mr. B[ennet], who afterwards spoke of himself in such a manner as I rejoiced to hear.

Between three and four we reached Tresmeer, where a large congregation waited for us. There was no need of speaking terrible things to these, a people ready prepared for the Lord; so I began immediately after prayers, 'All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself.'

A little before six I preached again near St. Stephen's Down. The whole multitude were silent while I was speaking. Not a whisper was heard; but, the moment I had done, the chain fell off their tongues. I was really surprised. Surely never was such a cackling made on the banks of Cayster<sup>1</sup> or the Common of Sedgemoor.

*Mon.* 19.—I rode to Camelford, and preached about noon, none now offering to interrupt. Thence I went to Port Isaac, and preached in the street at five to near the whole

and release . . . between William Lyne of the one part and the Rev. John Wesley of the other part,' is dated '28 and 29 of June, 1739.' The policy of insurance for this Room, dated May 16, 1740, is still preserved. The policy for Dec. 21, 1748, speaks of the building as 'their new Room, in the Horsefair . . . commonly known by

the name of the meeting belonging to John Wesley, Clerk; with a Dwelling-house over it.' The amount insured was now raised from £300 to £500. The present chapel is generally regarded as the original room greatly changed; but Dr. Simon's argument on the other side is given in *W.M. Mag.* July 1911, p. 513.

<sup>1</sup> See Pope's *Iliad*, Bk. ii. l. 538.

town, none speaking an unkind word. It rained most of the time, but I believe not five persons went away.

*Tues. 20.*—The room was full at four. I breakfasted about seven, at Wadebridge, with Dr. W., who was for many years a steady, rational infidel. But it pleased God to touch his heart in reading the *Appeal*; and he is now labouring to be altogether a Christian.

After preaching at one at St. Agnes, I went on to St. Ives. The lives of this society have convinced most of the town that what we preach is the very truth of the gospel.

*Fri. 23.*—I preached at St. Ives, Ludgvan, and Gulval; *Saturday* the 24th at St. Just. I rejoiced over the society here; their hearts are so simple and right toward God. And, out of one hundred and fifty persons, more than a hundred walk in the light of His countenance.

*Sun. 25.*—Believing my strength would not allow of preaching five times in the day, I desired John Whitford<sup>1</sup> to preach at five. At eight I preached at Morvah, near the village of Trembath. Hence I rode to Zennor. Mr. Simmonds came soon after, and preached a close, awakening sermon, which I endeavoured to enforce by earnestly applying those words, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

I reached Newlyn a little after four. Here was a congregation of quite a different sort—a rude, gaping, staring rabble—some or other of whom were throwing dirt or stones continually. But before I had done, all were quiet and still; and some looked as if they felt what was spoken. We came to St. Ives about seven. The room would nothing near contain the congregation; but they stood in the orchard all round, and could hear perfectly well. I found to-night that God *can* wound by the gospel as well as by the law, although the instances of this are exceeding rare, nor have we any Scripture ground to expect them. While I was enforcing 'We pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God,' a young woman, till then quite unawakened, was cut to the heart, and sunk to the ground, though she could not give a clear, rational account of the manner how the conviction seized upon her.

<sup>1</sup> Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 57, 187; C. Wesley's Journal, Sept. 24 and Oct. 15–20, 1756.

*Mon. 26.*—I took my leave of St. Ives ; about noon preached at Sithney, and at six in the evening at Crowan.

*Tues. 27.*—At one I preached in Penryn, in a convenient place, encompassed with houses. Many of the hearers were at first like those of Newlyn ; but they soon softened into attention.

[About four I came to —, examined the leaders of the classes for two hours, preached to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall, met the society and earnestly charged them to beware of covetousness. All this time I was not asked either to eat or drink. After the society some bread and cheese were set before me. I think verily — will not be ruined by entertaining me once a year !]<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 28.*—I took horse between three and four, and came to St. Mewan at eight. It rained all the time I was walking to the Green, which was the usual place of preaching ; but, the moment I began to speak, the rain ceased and did not begin again till I had done speaking. It rained with little intermission all the day after, which made the roads so bad that it was pretty dark when we came within two miles of Crimble Passage.<sup>2</sup> We were in doubt whether the tide would allow us to ride along the sands, as we do at low water. However, it being much the shortest way, we tried. The water was still rising ; and at one step our foremost man plunged in, above the top of his boots. Upon inquiry we found his horse had stumbled on a little rock, which lay under water. So we rode on, reached the passage about seven, and the Dock a little before eight.

We found great part of the congregation still waiting for us. They attended again at four in the morning. At five we took horse, and, by easy riding, soon after eight came to Tavistock. After I had preached we hasted on, rested an hour at Oakhampton, and soon after sunset came to Crediton.

We could willingly have stayed here, but John Slocomb<sup>3</sup> had

<sup>1</sup> A paragraph from the original edition is here restored. This may have been omitted in the later editions during Wesley's lifetime because of a desire to avoid offence.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 189. Many persons lost their lives here.

<sup>3</sup> See Crookshank, vol. i. p. 308. The story of John Slocomb is told by Charles Wesley in his *Journal*, July 13, 1744.



appointed to meet us at Cullompton. Soon after we set out it was exceeding dark, there being neither moon nor stars. The rain also made it darker still, particularly in the deep, narrow lanes. In one of these we heard the sound of horses coming toward us, and presently a hoarse voice cried, 'What have you got?' Richard Moss understood him better than me, and replied, 'We have no panniers.' Upon which he answered, 'Sir, I ask your pardon,' and went by very quietly.

There were abundance of turnings in the road, so that we could not easily have found our way at noonday. But we always turned right; nor do I know that we were out of the way once. Before eight the moon rose. We then rode cheerfully on, and before ten reached Cullompton.

*Fri.* 30.—I preached at eleven in Taunton; at three in Bridgwater; at seven in Middlezoy.

*OCT. 1, Sat.*—I preached at Way Wick about one, and then rode quietly on to Bristol.

I examined the society the following week, leaving out every careless person, and every one who wilfully and obstinately refused to meet his brethren weekly. By this means their number was reduced from nine hundred to about seven hundred and thirty.

*Sun.* 9.—I began examining the classes in Kingswood; and was never before so fully convinced of the device of Satan, which has often made our hands hang down and our minds evil affected to our brethren. Now, as ten times before, a cry was gone forth, 'What a scandal do these people bring upon the gospel! What a society is this! With all these drunkards and tale-bearers and evil-speakers in it!' I expected, therefore, that I should find a heavy task upon my hands; and, that none of *these scandalous people* might be concealed, I first met all the leaders, and inquired particularly of each person in every class. I repeated this inquiry when the classes themselves met. And what was the ground of all this outcry? Why, *two* persons had relapsed into drunkenness within three months' time; and *one* woman was proved to have made, or at least related, an idle story concerning another. I should rather have expected *two-and-twenty* instances of the former, and *one hundred* of the latter kind.

*Thur.* 13.—I preached in Bath at noon to many more than the room would contain. In the evening I preached in the street at Westbury, under Salisbury Plain. The whole congregation behaved well, though it was a town noted for rough and turbulent people.

*Fri.* 14.—I preached at Reading, and on *Saturday* the 15th rode to London.

*Sat.* 22.—I spent an hour in observing the various works of God in the Physic Garden at Chelsea.<sup>1</sup> It would be a noble improvement of the design if some able and industrious person were to make a full and accurate inquiry into the use and virtues of all these plants. Without this, what end does the heaping them thus together answer, but the gratifying an idle curiosity?

*Nov.* 1, *Tues.*—Being All Saints' Day, we had a solemn assembly at the chapel, as I cannot but observe we have had on this very day for several years. Surely, 'right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints'!

*Sun.* 13.—Sarah Peters,<sup>2</sup> a lover of souls, a mother in Israel, went to rest. During a close observation of several years, I never saw her, upon the most trying occasions, in any degree ruffled or discomposed, but she was always loving, always happy. It was her peculiar gift, and her continual care, to seek and save that which was lost; to support the weak, to comfort the feeble-minded, to bring back what had been turned out of the way. And, in doing this, God endued her above her fellows with the love that 'believeth, hopeth, endureth all things.'

'For these four years last past,' says one who was intimately acquainted with her, 'we used once or twice a week to unbosom ourselves to each other. I never knew her to have one doubt concerning her own salvation. Her soul was always filled with the holy flame of love, and ran after Christ as the "chariots of Amminadib." She used to say, "I think I am all spirit; I must be always moving: I cannot rest day or night, any longer than I am gathering in souls to God." Yet she would often complain of her weakness and imperfections; and cry out, "I am an unprofitable servant." I was sometimes jealous that she carried her charity too far, not allowing herself what was needful. But

<sup>1</sup> Originated by Sir Hans Sloane, and handed over by him in 1721 to the Apothecaries' Company. It is situated close to the Chelsea Embankment, and

is still preserved, as the Botanical Gardens, by the Society of Apothecaries.

<sup>2</sup> The following account was reprinted in the *Arm. Mag.* 1782, p. 128.

she would answer, "I can live upon one meal a day, so that I may have to give to them that have none."<sup>1</sup>

On Sunday, October 9, she went, with one more,<sup>1</sup> to see the condemned malefactors in Newgate. They inquired for John Lancaster, in particular, who had sent to desire their coming. He asked them to go into his cell, which they willingly did, although some dissuaded them from it, because the jail distemper (a kind of pestilential fever) raged much among the prisoners. They desired he would call together as many of the prisoners as were willing to come. Six or seven of those who were under sentence of death came. They sung a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. Their little audience were all in tears. Most of them appeared deeply convinced of their lost estate. From this time her labours were unwearied among them, praying with them and for them night and day.

John Lancaster said: 'When I used to come to the Foundry every morning, which I continued to do for some time, I little thought of ever coming to this place. I then often felt the love of God, and thought I should never commit sin more. But, after a while, I left off coming to the preaching; then my good desires died away. I fell again into the diversions I had laid aside, and the company I had left off. As I was one day playing at skittles with some of these, a young man, with whom I was now much acquainted, gave me a part of the money which he had just been receiving for some stolen goods. This, with his frequent persuasion, so wrought upon me, that at last I agreed to go partners with him. Yet I had often strong convictions; but I stifled them as well as I could.

'We continued in this course till August last. As we were then going home from Bartholomew Fair, one morning about two o'clock, it came into my mind to go and steal the branches<sup>2</sup> out of the Foundry. I climbed over the wall, and brought two of them away; though I trembled and shook, and made so great a noise, that I thought all the family must be dead, or else they could not but hear me. Within a few days after, I stole the velvet<sup>3</sup>; for which I was taken up, tried, and condemned.'

Some being of opinion it would not be difficult to procure a pardon for him, S. Peters, though she never mentioned this to him, resolved to leave no means unattempted. She procured several petitions to be drawn, and went herself to Westminster, to Kensington, and to every part of the town where any one lived who might possibly assist therein. In the meantime she went constantly to Newgate, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two others, visited all that were condemned in

<sup>1</sup> This was Silas Told.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. which carried the candles.

<sup>3</sup> Nineteen yards, from Mr. Powell  
(*Lond. Mag.* 1748, p. 426).



their cells, exhorted them, prayed with them, and had the comfort of finding them, every time, more athirst for God than before, and of being followed, whenever she went away, with abundance of prayers and blessings.

After a time she and her companions believed it would be of use to examine each closely as to the state of his soul. They spoke to John Lancaster first. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and, after pausing a while, said, 'I thank God, I do feel that He has forgiven me my sins : I do know it.' They asked how and when he knew it first. He replied, 'I was in great fear and heaviness, till the very morning you came hither first. That morning I was in earnest prayer ; and, just as St. Paul's clock struck five, the Lord poured into my soul such peace as I had never felt, so that I was scarce able to bear it. From that hour I have never been afraid to die ; for I know, and am sure, as soon as my soul departs from the body, the Lord Jesus will stand ready to carry it into glory.'

The next who was spoken to was Thomas Atkins, nineteen years of age. When he was asked (after many other questions, in answering which he expressed the clearest and deepest conviction of all his sins, as well as that for which he was condemned) if he was not afraid to die, he fixed his eyes upward and said, in the most earnest and solemn manner, 'I bless God, I am not afraid to die ; for I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus.' And to the last moment of his life he gave all reason to believe that these were not vain words.

Thomas Thompson, the next, was quite an ignorant man, scarce able to express himself on common occasions ; yet some of his expressions were intelligible enough. 'I don't know,' said he, 'how it is : I used to have nothing but bad and wicked thoughts in me, and now they are all gone ; and I know God loves me, and He has forgiven my sins.' He persisted in this testimony till death, and in a behaviour suitable thereto.

When John Roberts came first into John L[ancaster]'s cell he was utterly careless and sullen ; but it was not long before his countenance changed : the tears ran down his cheeks, and he continued, from that hour, earnestly and steadily seeking repentance and remission of sins. There did not pass many days before he likewise declared that the burden of sin was gone, that the fear of death was utterly taken away, and it returned no more.

William Gardiner, from the time that he was condemned, was very ill of the jail distemper. She visited him in his own cell till he was able to come abroad. He was a man of exceeding few words, but of a broken and contrite spirit. Some time after he expressed great readiness to die, yet with the utmost diffidence of himself. One of his expressions to a person accompanying him to the place of execution



was, 'O sir, I have nothing to trust to but the blood of Christ! If that won't do, I am undone for ever.'

As soon as Sarah Cunningham was told that the warrant was come down for her execution she fell raving mad. She had but few intervals of reason till the morning of her execution. She was then sensible, but spoke little, till, being told, 'Christ will have pity upon you, if you ask Him,' she broke out, 'Pity upon me! Will Christ have pity upon *me*? Then I *will* ask Him; indeed I will'; which she did in the best manner she could, till her soul was required of her.

Samuel Chapman appeared to be quite hardened; he seemed to fear neither God nor devil. But when, after some time, Sarah Peters talked with him, God struck him down at one stroke. He felt himself a sinner, and cried aloud for mercy. The jail distemper then seized upon him, and confined him to his bed till he was carried out to die. She visited him frequently in his cell. He wept much, and prayed much, but never appeared to have any clear assurance of his acceptance with God.

It was the earnest desire of them all that they whom God had made so helpful to them might spend the last night with them. Accordingly she came to Newgate at ten o'clock, but could not be admitted on any terms. However, so far they were indulged that six of them were suffered to be in one cell. They spent the night wrestling with God in prayer. She was admitted about six in the morning.<sup>1</sup> As soon as the cell was opened they sprang out, several of them crying, with a transport not to be expressed, 'Oh what a happy night have we had! What a blessed morning is this! Oh when will the hour come that we long for, that our souls shall be set at liberty!' The turnkey said, 'I never saw such people before.' When the bellman came at twelve o'clock to tell them (as usual), 'Remember you are to die to-day,' they cried out, 'Welcome news! Welcome news!'

John Lancaster was the first who was called out to have his irons knocked off. When he came to the block (at which this is done) he said, 'Blessed be the day I came into this place! Oh what a glorious work hath the Lord carried on in my soul since I came hither!' Then he said to those near him, 'Oh my dear friends, join in praise with me, a sinner! Oh for a tongue to praise Him as I ought! My heart is like fire in a close vessel. I am ready to burst for want of vent. Oh that I could tell the thousandth part of the joys I feel!' One saying, 'I am sorry to see you in that condition,' he answered, 'I would not change it for ten thousand worlds.' From the press-yard he was removed into a large room, where he exhorted all the officers to re-

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<sup>1</sup> 'Sarah Peters and myself were early at the cell, in order to render them all the service we could' (*Life of Silas Told*).

penitance, till Thomas Atkins was brought in, whom he immediately asked, 'How is it between God and your soul?' He answered, 'Blessed be God, I am ready.' An officer asking about this time, 'What is it o'clock?' was answered, 'Near nine.' On which Lancaster said, 'By one I shall be in Paradise, safely resting in Abraham's bosom.' To another prisoner coming in he said, 'Cannot you see Jesus? I see Him by faith, standing at the right hand of God, with open arms to receive our souls.' One asking, 'Which is Lancaster?' he answered, 'Here I am. Come, see a Christian triumphing over death.' A by-stander said, 'Be steadfast to the end.' He replied, 'I am, by the grace of God, as steadfast as the rock I am built upon, and that rock is Christ.' Then he said to the people, 'Cry to the Lord for mercy, and you will surely find it. I have found it; therefore none should despair. When I came first to this place my heart was as hard as my cell-walls, and as black as hell. But now I am washed, now I am made clean by the blood of Christ.'

When William Gardiner came in he said, 'Well, my dear man, how are you?' He answered, 'I am happy, and think the moments long; for I want to die, that I may be with Him whom my soul loves.' Lancaster asked, 'Had we not a sweet night?' He said, 'I was as it were in heaven. Oh, if a foretaste be so sweet, what must the full enjoyment be?' Then came in Thomas Thompson, who with great power witnessed the same confession. The people round, the meantime, were in tears, and the officers stood like men affrighted.

Then Lancaster exhorted one in doubt never to rest till he had found rest in Christ. After this he brake out into strong prayer (mingled with praise and thanksgiving) that the true gospel of Christ might spread to every corner of the habitable earth; that the congregation at the Foundery might abound more and more in the knowledge and love of God; that He would, in a particular manner, bless all those who had taken care of his dying soul; and that God would bless and keep [the] Mr. W[esleys], that neither men nor devils ever hurt them, but that they might, as a ripe shock of corn, be gathered into the garner of God.

When the last prisoner came into the room he said, 'Here is another of our little flock.' An officer said tenderly, he thought it was too large. He said, 'Not too large for heaven: thither we are going.'

He said to Mr. M., 'O sir, be not faint in your mind. Be not weary of well-doing. You serve a glorious Master; and, if you go on, you will have a glorious reward.'

When the officers told them it was time to go, they rose with inexpressible joy and embraced each other, commending each other's soul to the care of Him who had so cared for them. Lancaster then

earnestly prayed that all there present might, like him, be found of God, though they sought Him not.

Coming into the press-yard, he saw Sarah Peters. He stepped to her, kissed her, and earnestly said, 'I am going to Paradise to-day; and you will follow me soon.'

The crowd being great, they could not readily get through. So he had another opportunity of declaring the goodness of God. And to one in heaviness he said, 'Cry unto the Lord, and He will be found. My soul for thine, He will have mercy upon thee.' Then he said to all, 'Remember Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils. So rely ye on Him for mercy, and you will surely find it.'

As they were preparing to go into the cart he said, 'Come, my dear friends, let us go on joyfully; for the Lord is making ready to receive us into everlasting habitations.' Then, turning to the spectators, he said, 'My friends, God be your guide. God direct you in the right way to eternal glory. It is but a short time, and we shall be "where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Turn from the evil of your ways; and you also, with us, shall stand with the innumerable company on Mount Zion.'

As they went along he frequently spoke to the people, exhorting them to repentance. To some he said, 'Ye poor creatures, you do not know where I am going. See that you love Christ; see that you follow Christ; and then you will come here too.' He likewise gave out and sung several hymns; particularly that with which he was always deeply affected:

Lamb of God, whose bleeding love  
We still recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find.

Think on us, who think on Thee,  
And every struggling soul release:  
O remember Calvary;  
And let us go in peace!

All the people who saw them seemed to be amazed; but much more when they came to the place of execution. A solemn awe overwhelmed the whole multitude. As soon as the executioner had done his part with Lancaster and the two that were with him, he called for a hymn-book, and gave out a hymn with a clear, strong voice. And after the Ordinary had prayed, he gave out and sung the fifty-first psalm. He then took leave of his fellow sufferers with all possible marks of the most tender affection. He blessed the persons who had attended him, and commended his own soul to God.

Even a little circumstance that followed seems worth observing. His body was carried away by a company hired of the surgeons; but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother; by which means it was decently interred, in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf.

One thing which occasioned some amazement was, that even after death there were no marks of violence upon him. His face was not at all bloated or disfigured; no, nor even changed from its natural colour; but he lay with a calm, smiling countenance, as one in a sweet sleep.

He died on Friday, October 28, and was buried on Sunday, the 30th.<sup>1</sup>

S. Peters, having now finished her work, felt the body sink apace. On Wednesday, November 2, she took to her bed, having the symptoms of a malignant fever. She praised God in the fires for ten days, continually witnessing the good confession, 'I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; I am going to receive the crown.' And a little after midnight, on Sunday the 13th, her spirit also returned to God.

*Mon. 14.*—I rode to Windsor, and, after preaching, examined the members of the society. The same I did at Reading in the evening; at Wycombe on *Tuesday*; and on *Wednesday* at Brentford. In the afternoon I preached to a little company at Wandsworth,<sup>2</sup> who had just begun to seek God; but they had a rough setting-out, the rabble gathering from every side whenever they met together, throwing dirt and stones, and abusing both men and women in the grossest manner. They complained of this to a neighbouring magistrate, and he promised to do them justice; but Mr. C.<sup>3</sup> walked over to his house, and spoke so much in favour of the rioters that they were all discharged. It is strange that a mild, humane man could be persuaded, by speaking quite contrary to the truth (means as bad as the end), to encourage a merciless rabble in outraging the innocent. A few days after Mr. C., walking over the same field, dropped down, and spoke no more! Surely the mercy of God would not suffer a well-meaning man to be any longer a tool to persecutors.

<sup>1</sup> Ten criminals were executed at Tyburn. Tyerman gives details from the *London Magazine*.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Feb. 8, 1770.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Thomas Cowley, M.A., who was the rector.



*Mon.* 21.—I set out for Leigh, in Essex.<sup>1</sup> It had rained hard in the former part of the night, which was succeeded by a sharp frost, so that most of the road was like glass; and the north-east wind set just in our face. However, we reached Leigh by four in the afternoon. Here was once a deep open harbour; but the sands have long since blocked it up, and reduced a once flourishing town to a small ruinous village. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the place in the evening, to many in the morning, and then rode back to London.

*Dec. 5, Mon.*—I retired to Newington to write.<sup>2</sup> I preached every evening to a little company. One who stumbled in among them on *Wednesday* was a man eminent for all manner of wickedness. He appeared much affected, and went away full of good desires and resolutions.

*Thur.* 8.—A poor mourner found peace. When she related it to me in the morning I told her, 'If you watch and pray, God will give you more of His love.' She replied, 'More! Why, is it possible I should feel more love to God than I do now?' The natural thought of new-born babes, who feel as much as their hearts will *then* contain.

In the evening I saw one in a far different state. He was crying out (in a high fever), 'Oh sir, I am dying without God, without Christ, without hope!' I spoke strongly of the mercies of God in Christ, and left him a little revived. The next night he told me, 'For some time after you was here I was—I know not how—so light and easy! I had no doubt but God would have mercy upon me; but now I am dark again: I fear lest I should perish at the last.' He then broke out into prayer. I left him a little easier, beginning again to cast his care upon God.

*Sun.* 11.—Several of our brethren called upon him, and found his hope gradually increasing.

*Mon.* 12.—He expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God, and said he feared nothing but lest he should live and turn back into the world. Before noon he was a little delirious; but as soon as any one spoke of God he recovered himself, and

<sup>1</sup> He lodged with Dr. Cook, whose house, turned into cottages, still survives (*Meth. Rec.* April 21, 1898; *W.M. Mag* 1907, p. 583).

<sup>2</sup> The pamphlet entitled *A Letter to a Friend Concerning Tea* is dated at the beginning, 'Newington, Dec. 10, 1748.'

prayed so vehemently as to set all that heard him in tears. I called once more about six in the evening, and commended his soul to God. He was speechless, but not without sense, as the motion of his lips plainly showed; though his eyes were generally fixed upwards, with a look which said, 'I see God.' About half an hour after I went away his soul was set at liberty.

Thus, in the strength of his years, died Francis Butts, one in whose lips was found no guile. He was an honest man, fearing God, and earnestly endeavouring to work righteousness.

[*Thur.* 15.—Having procured a sight of that amazing compound of nonsense and blasphemy, the last hymn-book published by Count Zinzendorf's Brethren, I believed it was my bounden duty to transcribe a few of those wonderful hymns, and publish them to all the world, as a standing proof that there is no folly too gross for those who are wise above that is written.<sup>1</sup>]

*Sat.* 24.<sup>2</sup>—I buried the body of William Turner, who, towards the close of a long illness, had been removed into Guy's Hospital, though with small hope of recovery. The night before his death he was delirious, and talked loud and incoherently, which occasioned many in the ward to gather round his bed, in order to divert themselves. But in that hour it pleased God to restore him at once to the full use of his understanding; and he began praising God and exhorting them to repent, so as to pierce many to the heart. He remained for some time in this last labour of love, and then gave up his soul to God.

*Tues.* 27.—Mr. Glanville died.<sup>3</sup> He was at the burial of Francis Butts, and was then saying, 'What a mercy it is that I am alive!—that I was not cut off a year ago!' The same night he was taken ill, and was for the most part delirious. In his lucid intervals he seemed intent on the things of God. I saw him not till the night before his death. He answered me sensibly once or twice, saying he hoped to meet me in a better place. Then he raved again; so I used a short prayer, and commended his spirit to God.

<sup>1</sup> A paragraph from the original edition is here restored. See, for title and description of the publication referred to, Green's *Bibliography*, No. 137.

<sup>2</sup> On the 22nd Wesley wrote a letter to Mrs. Jones of Fommon (*W.M. Mag.*

1900, p. 32; *W.M. Mag.* 1875, p. 639).

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 328. In Mrs. Harper's letter to her sister Mrs. Hall, Councillor Glanville's death is mentioned. He had been married less than three weeks, and died of a malignant fever.

1749. JAN. 2, *Mon.*—I had designed to set out with a friend for Rotterdam ; but, being much pressed to answer Dr. [Conyers] Middleton's book against the Fathers, I postponed my voyage, and spent almost twenty days in that unpleasing employment.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat.* 28.—I looked over the celebrated tract of Mr. Daillé, *On the Right Use of the Fathers*.<sup>2</sup> I soon saw what occasion that good man had given to the enemies of God to blaspheme ; and that Dr. Middleton, in particular, had largely used that work in order to overthrow the whole Christian system.

FEB. 5, *Sun.*—Mr. Manning<sup>3</sup> being dangerously ill, I was desired to ride over to Hayes. I knew not how the warm people would behave, considering the stories which passed current among them ; Mrs. B[aker] having averred to Mr. M[anning] himself that Mr. Wesley was unquestionably a Jesuit : just such a Jesuit in principle (and desirous to be such in practice) as Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston<sup>4</sup> was.

But God made all things easy. Far from any tumult or rudeness, I observed deep attention in almost the whole congregation.

*Sun.* 12.—Mr. M[anning] having had a relapse, I rode over again ; and again I observed the same decency of behaviour in a much larger congregation.<sup>5</sup>

*Tues.* 14.—I rode with my brother to Oxford, and preached to a small company in the evening.

*Thur.* 16.—We rode to Ross, and on *Friday* to Garth.<sup>6</sup>

*Sun.* 19.—My brother preached at Maesmynys in the morning. I preached at Builth in the afternoon, and at Garth in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 121 ; *Works*, vol. xi. pp. 1-79 ; Index to *Works* ; and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 75. During January Wesley preached to the aristocratic companies at the Countess of Huntingdon's London mansion, 'supplying' for Whitefield, who had gone to the West of England (Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 214).

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 75.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Charles Manning, vicar of Hayes. See *W.M. Mag.* May 1847, p. 867, and *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 35. He was present at the Conferences of 1747 and 1748. Mrs. Baker was Manning's

mother-in-law. Wesley's texts were 2 Cor. viii. 9 and Isa. iv. 7 (Sermon Register). On Feb. 8, at Hayes, he married John Jones, one of the masters at Kingswood, to Elizabeth Mann (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 34).

<sup>4</sup> See fully in *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* (1588-1653). A Puritan and opponent of the Government of Charles I. Wesley included his 'Life' in the *Christian Library*.

<sup>5</sup> His texts were Mark xii. 34, 2 Cor. v. 19.

<sup>6</sup> At Garth he arranged for his brother's wedding (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 34).



*Tues. 21.*—I rode to Raglan, and the next day to Kingswood.

*Thur. 23.*—My design<sup>1</sup> was to have as many of our preachers here during the Lent as could possibly be spared; and to read lectures to them every day, as I did to my pupils in Oxford. I had seventeen of them in all. These I divided into two classes, and read to one Bishop Pearson *On the Creed*, to the other Aldrich's *Logic*, and to both *Rules for Action and Utterance*.<sup>2</sup>

MARCH 3, *Fri.*—I corrected the Extract of John Arndt, designed for part of the *Christian Library*.<sup>3</sup> But who can tell whether that and an hundred other designs will be executed or no? 'When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish.'

*Sat. 11.*—I rode to Freshford, three or four miles from Bath. The house not containing the people, I was obliged to preach out of doors. It was dark when I began, and rained all the time I preached; but, I believe, none went away.

*Sun. 12.*—After preaching at five, I rode to Bearfield, and preached there between eight and nine, and about one at Seend. Mrs. Andrews, the wife of a neighbouring clergyman, afterwards invited me, in her husband's name, to his house. There I found

An hoary, reverend, and religious man<sup>4</sup>;

the very sight of whom struck me with awe. He told me his only son, about nine years ago, came to hear me preach at

<sup>1</sup> A Lenten Retreat; or, as it would now be called, a 'Convention' or 'Spring School' for Preachers. In many respects his old life at Oxford continued to be his ideal of holy living, study, and service for prisoners, debtors, the sick, the children. Cf. Lent of 1747 (March 4) at Newcastle.

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 34. Charles Wesley, in a letter of this date, thus describes the life at Kingswood:

I spent half an hour with my brother at Kingswood, which is now very much like a college. Twenty-one boarders are there and a dozen students, his sons and pupils in the gospel. I believe he is now laying the foundations of many generations. (*Watchman*, Feb. 18, 1835.)

There were four schools at Kingswood.

Two letters to Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon Castle, copies of which are in the Green Collection, throw an instructive, if pathetic, light on Wesley's Kingswood disciplinary troubles at the time. *She* wished her son to be educated in such a school as Wesley 'designed,' and, with his wonted optimism, described: *he*, always 'open,' warns her of what may happen. The second letter shows what did happen.

<sup>3</sup> The first volume was this year printed by Farley at Bristol. Arndt appeared in vols. i. and ii. Cf. *Georgia Diary*. This and other works in the *Christian Library* were partly prepared in Georgia. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 75.

<sup>4</sup> Altered from Dryden. See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 114.



Bearfield. He was then in the flower of his age, but remarkable above his years, both for piety, sense, and learning. He was clearly and deeply convinced of the truth, but returned home ill of the small-pox. Nevertheless, he praised God for having been there, rejoiced in a full sense of His love, and triumphed more and more over sickness, pain, and death, till his soul returned to God. He said he had loved me ever since, and greatly desired to see me; and that he blessed God he had seen me once, before he followed his dear son into eternity.

At five I preached at Bearfield again. This day I was wet from morning to night, with the continued rain; but I found no manner of inconvenience.

*Tues.* 14.—Having set apart an hour weekly for that purpose, I met the children of our four schools together; namely, the boys boarded in the new House, the girls boarded in the old, the day-scholars (boys) taught by James Harding, and the girls taught by Sarah Dimmock. We soon found the effect of it in the children, some of whom were deeply and lastingly affected.

*Thur.* 23.—I preached in the evening at Bath; *Friday* the 24th, about noon, at Road; and in the evening at Westbury.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* 27.—I rode to Shepton, where all is quiet now; in the evening I preached at Coleford; *Tuesday* the 28th<sup>2</sup> at Oakhill, where was also great peace, and a people loving one another.

*Fri.* 31.—I began abridging Dr. Cave's *Primitive Christianity*.<sup>3</sup> Oh what pity that so great piety and learning should be accompanied with so little judgement!

APRIL 3, *Mon.*—I set out for Ireland. We waited more than four hours at the Passage; by which delay I was forced to disappoint a large congregation at Newport. About three I

<sup>1</sup> He spent March 25 at Kingswood, and among other occupations wrote a Preface for his *Christian Library* (*Works*, vol. xiv. pp. 202–23). This may be a fitting opportunity to recall the well-known fact that, not content with the *Christian Library* yearly issues, and a constant stream of tracts for the times, sermons, appeals, and controversial defences of Methodism against attack,

hymns (written for the most part, but not exclusively, by his brother), biographical narratives, Journal extracts, &c., he supplied Kingswood with grammar, lessons, compendiums, &c. See *Works*, vol. xiv.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 171.)

<sup>3</sup> Published in vol. xxxi. of the *Christian Library*, in 1753. See Green's *Bibliography*, p. 85.

came to Bedwas,<sup>1</sup> near Caerphilly. The congregation had waited some hours. I began immediately, wet and weary as I was; and we rejoiced over all our labours.

In the evening, and the next morning (*Tuesday* the 4th), I preached at Cardiff. Oh what a fair prospect was here some years ago! Surely this whole town would have known God, from the least even to the greatest, had it not been for men leaning to their own understanding, instead of 'the Law and the Testimony.'

At twelve I preached at Llanmaes to a loving, earnest people, who do not desire to be any wiser than God. In the evening I preached at Fonmon, the next morning at Cowbridge. How is the scene changed since I was here last, amidst the madness of the people, and the stones flying on every side! Now all is calm; the whole town is in good humour, and flock to hear the glad tidings of salvation. In the evening I preached at Llantrisant.

*Thur. 6.*—We rode to a hard-named place on the top of a mountain.<sup>2</sup> I scarce saw any house near. However, a large number of honest, simple people soon came together; but few could understand me; so Henry Lloyd,<sup>3</sup> when I had done, repeated the substance of my sermon in Welsh. The behaviour of the people recompensed us for our labour in climbing up to them.

About noon we came to Aberdare, just as the bell was ringing for a burial. This had brought a great number together, to whom, after the burial, I preached in the church. We had almost continued rain from Aberdare to the great rough mountain that hangs over the vale of Brecknock; but as soon as we gained the top of this, we left the clouds behind us. We had a mild, fair, sunshiny evening the remainder of our journey.

*Fri. 7.*—We reached Garth.

*Sat. 8.*—I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was

<sup>1</sup> *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 84. He is said to have preached in a barn, which survived until recently. But other traditions say at Pantylas, a neighbouring farm.

<sup>2</sup> R. Butterworth (*W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 176) argues for Penycodca, which was

on his way from Llantrisant to Aberdare. Others say it was Llanwno. In these travels and services Charles was his companion. See his *Journal*, *passim*.

<sup>3</sup> See Atmore's *Memorial*; but for fuller details David Young's *Meth. in Wales*, pp. 83 and 95.

a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 9.—I preached at Builth, Maesmynys, and Garth.

*Mon.* 10.—A little after ten we reached Llanidloes. Many were come thither before us from all parts. About eleven I preached in the market-place. The wind was so piercing that, whenever it came in my face, it almost took away my voice. But the poor people (though all of them stood bareheaded) seemed not to know there was any wind at all. We rode from hence in three hours to a village seven miles off.<sup>2</sup> The persons at whose house we called, knowing who we were, received us with open arms and gladly gave us such fare as they had. In three hours more we rode, with much ado, seven miles further, to a village named Dinas Mawddwy.<sup>3</sup> Here an honest man, out of pure good-will, without my knowing anything of the matter, sent for the most learned man in the town, who was an excise-man, to bear me company. He sent an excuse, being not very well, but withal invited me to his house. I returned him thanks, and sent him two or three little books; on which he wrote a few lines, begging me to call upon him. I went, and found one that wanted a Saviour, and was deeply sensible of his want. I spent some time with him in conversation and prayer, and had reason to hope the seed was sown in good ground.

*Tues.* 11.—We reached Dolgelly in less than three hours, Tan-y-bwlch before noon, and Carnarvon in the evening. What need there is of guides over these sands I cannot conceive. This is the third time I have crossed them without any.

*Wed.* 12.—We came to Holyhead between one and two; but all the ships were on the Irish side. One came in the next day, but could not go out, the wind being quite contrary. In this journey I read over Statius's *Thebais*. I wonder one man should write so well and so ill. Sometimes he is scarce inferior to Virgil; sometimes as low as the dullest parts of Ovid.

In the evening I preached on 'Be ye also ready.' The

<sup>1</sup> See C. Wesley's Journal under date; also *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1896, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Caersws, or Carno. *Meth. Rec.* June 6, 1901. D. Young (p. 609) thinks the village was Carno.

<sup>3</sup> Tradition says that Wesley slept in the Plas (palace), then the residence of the Myttons, who were from home at the time. See route in Cary, pp. 243-4.



poor people now seemed to be much affected ; and equally so the next night ; so that I was not sorry the wind was contrary.

*Sat. 15.*—We<sup>1</sup> went on board at six, the wind then standing due east ; but no sooner were we out of the harbour than it turned south-west, and blew a storm. Yet we made forward, and about one o'clock came within two or three leagues of land. The wind then wholly failed ; a calm, suddenly following a storm, produced such a motion as I never felt before. But it was not long before the wind sprung up west, which obliged us to stand away for the Skerries. When we wanted a league of shore it fell calm again, so that there we rolled about till past sunset. But in the night we got back into Dublin Bay, and landed soon after three at Dunleary,<sup>2</sup> about seven English miles from the city. Leaving William Tucker to follow me in a chaise, I walked straight away, and came to Skinners Alley, a little before the time of preaching. I preached on 'Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.' In the afternoon, and again in the evening (in our own garden<sup>3</sup>) I preached on 'Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.'

*[Mon. 17.*—I was ashamed that I had paid any regard at all to the accounts which the Brethren had sent to England. They had averred that our society was all shattered to pieces, and had spoken magnificently of their own. So that I was ready to fear they had drawn away half the people. Whereas, on the most strict inquiry, I could find not one man, and only one woman, who had accompanied poor M—— V——.

*Tues. 18.*—Mr. V—— called and gave me a long detail of the reasons why he left us. The sum of all was, that he loved Mr. Cennick, and was angry at Mr. Larwood.]

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I examined the classes, and was much comforted among them. I left about four hundred in the society ; and, after all the stumbling-blocks laid in the way, I found four hundred and forty-nine.

*Sun. 23.*—We had several showers in the afternoon, while I was preaching in our garden : and, toward the conclusion,

<sup>1</sup> William Tucker, an itinerant before mentioned, and Grace Murray.

<sup>2</sup> Now called Kingstown (see Crook-

shank, *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 49).

<sup>3</sup> There was a garden connected with the Cork Street rooms (see pp. 316 and 485).



a vehement shower of hail. But all kept their ground till I concluded.

*Mon. 24.*—The cold which I had had for some days growing worse and worse, and the swelling which began in my cheek increasing greatly, and paining me much, I sent for Dr. Ratty. But, in the meantime, I applied boiled nettles, which took away the pain in a moment. Afterwards I used warm treacle, which so abated the swelling that before the doctor came I was almost well. However, he advised me not to go out that day. But I had appointed to read the letters in the evening. I returned home as early as I could, and found no inconvenience.

*Sat. 29.*—I rode to Tyrrell's Pass, and preached in the evening; and on *Sunday* morning and evening.

MAY 1, *Mon.*<sup>1</sup>—[In the afternoon I rode to Edenderry, and met the leaders of society; at five I preached to an exceedingly well-behaved congregation. Many of them were Quakers. I spoke a few words concerning John Curtis, at which they seemed not a little amazed. Several of them desired to be present at the meeting of the society. I was glad they did; for the power of God was upon us in an uncommon manner. And much more in the morning (*Tuesday* the 2nd) while I was explaining 'Ye shall all be taught of God.' One of the Quakers now invited us to his house, and was quite loving and open-hearted. In returning from thence to the town, I fixed my eyes on a venerable, grey-headed man walking along, who immediately stopped as one in amaze, and said, 'Friend, dost thou know me?' I spoke a few words, the tears started into his eyes, and he dismissed me with a hearty blessing. Our brethren who came behind met him with tears running down his cheeks. Oh why should we lose a moment?

I sent brother Swindells from hence to Killucan, seven or eight miles north-east of Tyrrell's Pass, at the earnest request of a gentleman who came thence on purpose to desire a preacher might be sent thither. Two of the brethren who came

<sup>1</sup> Dr. George Smith, in his *History of Methodism* (vol. i. p. 661) emphasizes the fact that our printed 'Journals' are only 'Extracts,' often 'scanty,' from much more copious originals. A small part of a 'Journal' at length copied by

Swindells, Wesley's travelling companion and corrected and completed by Wesley's hand, was in Dr. Smith's possession when he wrote. He gives 'a portion of this fragment,' which is printed above (May 1).

the night before to meet me rode with me to Mountmellick, where is now the largest society we have in Ireland, next to those of Dublin and Cork. Being informed that the Quakers in general, as well here as in Cork, Athlone, and Edenderry, had left the preaching from the time of John Curtis's coming, I took occasion, before I preached, to mention here also the real state of the case between us, but with the utmost caution and tenderness. An hour or two afterward James Gough,<sup>1</sup> the speaker, with two more of his friends, came to expostulate with me on the head. James laboured hard to persuade me that I was misinformed, and that John Curtis had neither directly nor indirectly said one word against the Methodists.<sup>2</sup>]

*Wed. 3.*—I preached at Tullamore; *Thursday* the 4th at Clara, about noon; and in the evening at Athlone. I never saw so large a congregation here on a week-day before; among whom were many of the soldiers (the remains of the regiment wherein John Nelson was) and seven or eight of the officers. They all behaved well, and listened with deep attention.

*Fri. 5.*—Being concerned for many who did run well, I resolved to spend this day among them. I went first to W—— S——. He appeared the same as ever, till I asked, 'What John Curtis had said of me?' Then his countenance fell, and he began in a loud, stern tone to tell me 'How near men might come, and yet miss the mark.' I understood him well, but, being just then called away, had not time to explain with him.

This day and the next I endeavoured to see all who were weary and faint in their minds. Most of them, I found, had not been used with sufficient tenderness. Who is there that

<sup>1</sup> This Quaker itinerant, held in much esteem in Ireland, wrote in his sixty-sixth year an autobiography, from which some further details can be gathered. Wesley preached in the open market-place, and Gough heard him 'standing at a friend's shop-door.' Wesley came into Mountmellick 'attended by a large company on horseback of those who joined him in society.' As to the interview referred to above, Gough says it 'concluded peaceably, with John Wesley's acknowledging that it had been to his edification, and that he therefore

wished he could get the like opportunities with our friends more frequently; that he saw some things in a clearer light than he had done before . . . ' John Curtis, who seems to have given Wesley some trouble in this neighbourhood, had recently come over from Bristol. See *W.H.S.* vol. i. pp. 59-62, for the full interview.

<sup>2</sup> A manuscript letter, in the possession of Mrs. A. Hall, partly in Robert Swindell's hand, partly in Wesley's, partly in an unknown hand. The letter follows the Journal closely here.

sufficiently weighs the advice of Kempis, *Noli duriter agere cum tentato*? ('Deal not harshly with one that is tempted').

*Sun. 7.*—I preached (as usual) at five and at three, with the spirit of convincing speech. The rector<sup>1</sup> preached in the afternoon (though it is called the Morning Service) a close, useful sermon on the fear of God. At five I had great numbers of the poor Papists (as well as Protestants) maugre all the labour of their priests. I called aloud, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money!' Strange news to them! One of whom had declared frankly but a few days before, 'I would fain be with you, but I dare not; for now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year; and this could not be in *your* church.'

We had a triumphant hour when the society met. Several captives were set at liberty: one of these was Mr. Joseph Charles.<sup>2</sup> He had been an eminent man many years for cursing, swearing, drinking, and all kinds of fashionable wickedness. On Monday last he had rode fifteen miles to Tyrrell's Pass, and came thither before five in the morning. He was immediately convinced, and followed me in from the preaching. I was then examining a class; the words cut him to the heart. He came after me to Athlone (when he had settled some temporal business), having his eyes continually filled with tears, and being scarce able either to eat, drink, or sleep. But God now wiped away the tears from his eyes, and he returned to his house, to declare what things God had wrought.

*Mon. 8.*—I rode to Aughrim, where the face of things was quite changed since the time I was there before. Here was now a serious congregation from all the country round. I preached about seven, and afterwards explained the nature and use of a society. The first who desired to join therein was Mr. S[impson],<sup>3</sup> his wife, and daughter.

*Tues. 9.*—I rode to Ahascragh, six miles south, at the desire of Mr. Glass, the rector. As the Papists durst not come into the church, I preached before Mr. Glass's door. I should

<sup>1</sup> Probably Mr. T——, rector of Athlone. See p. 468, and Charles Wesley's Journal, Sept. 25, 1748.

<sup>2</sup> Of Drumcree. See July 17, 1753;

*Arm. Mag.* 1780, pp. 105-6; Crookshank, vol. i. p. 49.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Simpson, J.P. See above, p. 351, and Crookshank, vol. i. p. 50.



not have imagined this was the first time of their hearing this preaching, so fixed and earnest was their attention. In the morning, *Wednesday* the 10th, I think the congregation was larger than in the evening; among whom was the rector of a neighbouring parish, who seemed then to be much athirst after righteousness.

Mr. Wade, of Aughrim,<sup>1</sup> rode with me hence to Eyre Court, about fourteen miles from Ahascragh. Here I preached in the market-house, a large, handsome room, to a well-behaved congregation. Thence I rode on to Birr,<sup>2</sup> and preached, at seven, to a large, unconcerned congregation. The next day, both in the morning and evening, I spoke very plain and rough. And the congregation had quite another appearance than it had the night before. So clear it is that love will not always prevail; but there is a time for the terrors of the Lord.

*Fri.* 12.—Before nine we came to Nenagh. I had no design to preach; but one of the dragoons quartered there would take no denial. So I ordered a chair to be carried out, and went to the market-place. Presently such a congregation was gathered round me as I had not seen since I left Athlone. To these I spake, as I was able, the whole counsel of God, and then rode cheerfully on to Limerick.<sup>3</sup>

Between six and seven I preached at Mardyke (an open place without the walls) to about two thousand people; not one of whom I observed either to laugh, or to look about, or to mind anything but the sermon.

Some years since an old abbey here was rebuilt, with a design to have a public service therein; but, that design failing, only the shell of it was finished. Of this (lying useless) the society had taken a lease. Here I preached in the morning, *Saturday* the 13th, to six or seven hundred people.

We then went to prayers at the cathedral, an ancient and venerable pile. In the afternoon I walked round the walls of the town, scarce so large as Newcastle-upon-Tyne. And the fortifications are much in the same repair; very sufficient to keep out the wild Irish.

<sup>1</sup> A son-in-law of Stephen Fouace.  
(April 4, 1748; *Prim. Wes. Mag.* 1828,  
p. 142.)

<sup>2</sup> Now also called Parsonstown.

<sup>3</sup> See 'Methodism in Limerick,' *Meth. Mag.* 1825, pp. 596-9, by W. Myles.



*Sun. 14, being Whit Sunday.*—Our church was more than full in the morning, many being obliged to stand without. I hardly knew how the time went, but continued speaking till near seven o'clock. I went at eleven to the cathedral. I had been informed it was a custom here for the gentry especially to laugh and talk all the time of divine service; but I saw nothing of it. The whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved suitably to the occasion.

In the evening I preached to a numerous congregation on 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' We afterwards met the society. Six or seven prisoners of hope were set at liberty this day.

*Mon. 15.*—A company of revellers and dancers had in the afternoon taken possession of the place where I used to preach. Some advised me to go to another place; but I knew it needed not. As soon as ever I came in sight, the holiday mob vanished away.

*Tues. 16.*—I went to dine on the island (so they call a peninsula without the walls). We had hardly dined when one and another of the neighbours came in, till we had a company of sixteen or eighteen. We joined together in prayer and praising God, and many, I believe, went home rejoicing.

How does the frequency and greatness of the works of God make us less (instead of more) sensible of them! A few years ago, if we heard of one notorious sinner truly converted to God, it was matter of solemn joy to all that loved or feared Him; and now that multitudes of every kind and degree are daily turned from the power of darkness to God, we pass it over as a common thing! O God, give us thankful hearts!

*Wed. 17.*—I met the class of soldiers, eight of whom were Scotch Highlanders.<sup>1</sup> Most of these were brought up well; but evil communications had corrupted good manners. They all said from the time they entered into the army they had grown worse and worse. But God had now given them another call, and they knew the day of their visitation.

*Sat. 20.*—I saw a melancholy sight. A gentlewoman of an

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<sup>1</sup> The 42nd Regiment—'The Black Watch.' They had stood by Robert Swindells when he preached in Limerick,

March 17, 1749, and afterwards they stood by Wesley in Cork, May 30, 1750. (See below, p. 475.)

unspotted character, sitting at home on May 4, 1747, cried out that something seized her by the side. Then she said it was in her mouth. Quickly after she complained of her head. From that time she wept continually for four months, and afterwards grew outrageous; but always insisted that God had forsaken her, and that the devil possessed her, body and soul.

I found it availed nothing to reason with her; she only blasphemed the more, cursing God, and vehemently desiring, yet fearing, to die. However, she suffered me to pray; only saying it signified not, for God had given her up.

Her brother gave me almost as strange an account of himself. Some years since, as he was in the full career of sin, in a moment he felt the wrath of God upon him, and was in the deepest horror and agony of soul. He had no rest, day or night, feeling he was under the full power of the devil. He was utterly incapable of any business, so that he was obliged to shut up his shop. Thus he wandered up and down, in exquisite torture, for just eighteen months; and then, in a moment, the pressure was removed. He believed God had not forsaken him; his understanding was as clear as ever; he resumed his employ, and followed it in the fear of God.

*Mon. 22.*—The more I converse with this people the more I am amazed. That God hath wrought a great work among them is manifest; and yet the main of them, believers and unbelievers, are not able to give a rational account of the plainest principles of religion. It is plain God begins His work at the heart; then ‘the inspiration of the Highest giveth understanding.’

*Wed. 24.*—A gentlewoman called upon me with her son, who (she informed me) was given over last summer, having long been ill of a wasting distemper, and expected death every day. In this state he was one day in agony of prayer, when God revealed to him His pardoning love. He immediately declared this to his mother, telling her also, ‘I shall not die now: God has told me so.’ And he recovered from that hour.

About eight, several of us took boat for Newtown, six miles from Limerick. After dinner we took boat in order to return. The wind was extremely high. We endeavoured to cross over to the leeward side of the river; but it was not possible. The boat, being small and over-loaded, was soon deep in water; the

more so because it leaked much, and the waves washed over us frequently; and there was no staying to empty it, all our men being obliged to row with all their strength. After they had toiled about an hour, the boat struck upon a rock, the point of which lay just under the water. It had four or five shocks, the wind driving us on before we could get clear. But our men wrought for life; and about six o'clock God brought us safe to Limerick.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun. 28.*—I preached at Mardyke<sup>2</sup> in the evening, on 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.' I never saw, even at Bristol, a congregation which was at once so numerous and so serious.

*Mon. 29.*—I set out for Cork. We breakfasted at Bruff, nine miles from Limerick. When I went into the kitchen, first one or two, then more and more, of the neighbours gathered about me, listening to every word. I should soon have had a congregation, but I had no time to stay.

A mile or two beyond Kilmallock (once a large and strong city, now a heap of ruins) we saw the body of a man lying dead in the highway, and many people standing and looking upon it. I stopped and spoke a few words. All listened attentively, and one who was on horseback rode on with us. We quickly fell into discourse. I soon perceived he was a priest, and found he was a sensible man. I gave him a book or two at parting, and he dismissed me with 'God bless you!' earnestly repeated twice or thrice.

We stopped a while at Kildorrery in the afternoon, and took the opportunity of speaking closely to every one that understood English, and of giving them a few books. What a nation is this! Every man, woman, and child (except a few of the great vulgar) not only patiently but gladly 'suffer the word of exhortation.'

Between six and seven we reached Rathcormack. Mr. Lloyd<sup>3</sup> read prayers, and I preached. Even the Papists ventured to

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<sup>1</sup> On this day he wrote a letter in answer to N. D., the author of a letter which appeared in *The Bath Journal* of April 17. See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 132; *Works*, vol. viii. p. 514.

<sup>2</sup> In Limerick.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Richard Lloyd, rector of the parish (*Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 252; see also below, p. 476; C. Wesley's *Journal*, Aug. 30, 1748; and Crookshank, vol. i. p. 69.

come to church for once, and were a very serious part of the congregation.

*Tues.* 30.—I preached at eleven, and the hearts of the people seemed to be as melting wax. These are now 'willing, in' this 'day of His power.' But will not many of them harden their hearts again?

In the afternoon I waited on Colonel Barry, and found him a serious and understanding man. And his long and painful illness seems to have been attended with good and happy fruit.

Our congregation in the evening was larger than ever; and never, since I came into this kingdom, was my soul so refreshed as it was both in praying for them and in calling them to accept the 'redemption that is in Jesus.'

Just as we came out of church, Mr. Skelton<sup>1</sup> came from Cork and told me I had no place there yet, it being impossible for me to preach now, while the rioters filled the streets.

*Wed.* 31.—I preached at nine, and about eleven took horse. Our way lay through Cork. We had scarce got into it (though I had never been there till then) before the streets and doors and windows were full of people; but the mob had not time to gather together till we were quite gone through the town. I rode on to Bandon, a town which is entirely inhabited by Protestants. I preached at seven, in the middle of the main street, on 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.' Here were by far the largest congregations, both morning and evening, of any I had seen in Ireland.

JUNE 2, *Fri.*—I was sent for by a clergyman, who had come twelve miles on purpose to talk with me. We had no dispute, but simply endeavoured to strengthen each other's hands in God.

In the evening a gentlewoman informed me that Dr. B.<sup>2</sup> had averred to her and many others (1) that both John and Charles Wesley had been expelled the University of Oxford long ago; (2) that there was not a Methodist left in Dublin,

<sup>1</sup> Charles Skelton, who was 'a preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion very soon after Mr. Wesley himself began his itinerant career' (see Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 385; also letter from Skelton to Wesley in *Arm. Mag.* 1779, p. 92). He afterwards (1753) became an Independent minister in Southwark. Wesley's

comment on this was, 'Did God design that this light should be hidden under a bushel in a little obscure dissenting meeting-house?' Skelton died in 1798, aged seventy-three years.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Dr. St. John Brown, rector of Kilbrogan. See below, p. 452; *W.H.S.* vol. ii. p. 129.



or anywhere in Ireland, but Cork and Bandon, all the rest having been rooted out, by order of the Government ; (3) that neither were there any Methodists left in England ; and (4) that it was all Jesuitism at the bottom. Alas, for poor Dr. B. ! God be merciful unto thee, a sinner !

*Sat. 3.*—At the request of many in the town, in the close of my evening sermon I answered for myself, and have reason to believe it was much blessed to many of the congregation.

*Sun. 4.*—Being extremely hoarse, I could not speak without difficulty. However, I made shift to preach at nine, at two, and at five, the congregation continually increasing. I think the most general call of God to the inhabitants of Bandon was at or about this time.

*Mon. 5.*—I rode to Blarney, three miles wide of Cork, where many of the society met me. I spent some time with them in exhortation and prayer, and then went on to Rathcormack.

I was a little surprised at the acuteness of a gentleman here, who, in conversation with Colonel Barry about late occurrences, said he had heard there was a people risen up that placed all religion in wearing long whiskers ; and seriously asked, whether these were not the same who were called Methodists.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 7.*—I set out early with Mr. Lloyd, and breakfasted at Mr. T.'s, at Castle Hyde. They both rode with me to Kildorrery : about one I preached to some stocks and stones at Bruff ; in the evening, to another sort of a congregation at Limerick, on 'Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.'

Four comfortable days I spent with this lively people, the like to whom I have not found in all the kingdom.

*Mon. 12.*—I had appointed to take horse at four, that I might have time to preach at Nenagh, but no horses came till seven. At four I walked forward. After resting a while at Tulla, I walked on till, an honest man overtaking me, desired me to ride behind him. With this help I came to Nenagh before eleven, preached there at twelve, and at Birr in the evening.

*Tues. 13.*—We rode over to Gloster, a beautiful seat,<sup>2</sup> built by an English gentleman, who had scarce finished his house and laid out his gardens when he was called to his everlasting

<sup>1</sup> See also below, July 29, 1766.

<sup>2</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 43.

home. Sir L[awrence] P[arsons]<sup>1</sup> and his lady dined with us, whether coming by accident or design I know not. About five I preached in the stately saloon to a little company of plain, serious people; the fine ones looking on, and some of them seeming to be a little affected. I expounded at Birr<sup>2</sup> about seven, in the strongest manner I could, the story of Dives and Lazarus.

*Wed. 14.*—We designed to dine at Ferbane, about twelve miles from Birr. We stopped at the first inn in the town; but they did not care to entertain heretics, neither did the people at the second inn. I alighted at the third, and went in without asking any questions. Here I met with a woman very sick and very serious. Some of her neighbours quickly gathered about us, and we endeavoured to improve the opportunity. After some time spent in close conversation and prayer, we parted in much love.

About seven I preached at Athlone. It being the time of the General Review, abundance of soldiers and many officers were present. They all behaved with the utmost decency; but a gentleman of the town did not, which had like to have cost him dear. Many swords were drawn, but the officers interposed, and it went no farther.

*Sat. 17.*—The wind being very tempestuous in the evening, I preached in our new-built house. Toward the close of the sermon, I asked, 'Which of you will give yourself, soul and body, to God?' One cried out, with a cry that almost shook the house, 'Oh, I will, I will.' And as soon as she could stand, she came forth in the midst, to witness it before all the congregation. It was Mrs. Glass.<sup>3</sup> Her words pierced like lightning. Presently another witnessed the same resolution. And not long after, one who had been sorrowing as without hope, Mrs. Meecham,<sup>4</sup> lifted up her head with joy, and continued singing and praising God to the dawn of the next day.

Perceiving this was an acceptable time, I laid aside my

<sup>1</sup> Father of the first Earl of Rosse. His niece, Miss Acton, daughter of W. Acton, Esq., of West Aston, a cultivated lady, who had become a Methodist, is mentioned by Wesley, April 30, 1787.

<sup>2</sup> Parsonstown.

<sup>3</sup> See May 9, above.

<sup>4</sup> The Mrs. M— in C. Wesley's Journal. Oct. 11, 1747; also Jan. 23, 1748. Sister-in-law of S. Handy.

design of meeting the society, and continued in prayer with the whole congregation, all our hearts being as the heart of one man.

When I had at length pronounced the blessing, no man stirred, but each stayed in his place till I walked through them. I was soon called back by one crying out, 'My God! my God! Thou hast forgotten me.' Having spoken this, she sunk to the earth. We called upon God in her behalf. The cries both of her and of several others, mourning after God, redoubled. But we continued wrestling with God in prayer till He gave us an answer of peace.

*Sun.* 18.—I preached at five, and about two on the Connaught side of the river; thence I hastened to Aughrim, and endeavoured to awaken a serious but sleepy congregation.

*Mon.* 19.—I rode over to Ahascragh, and thence to Mr. Mahon's at Castlegar. I had much conversation with Mrs. M——, and was much in doubt, from the account she gave of her own experience, whether she had not been justified many years, though she knew it not by that name.

I preached at Ahascragh at six, both in the evening and in the morning; on *Tuesday* evening at Athlone. I then met the society, where one, and another, and another cried aloud for mercy. We called upon God, till several of them found mercy, and praised Him with a good courage. I think more found peace with God in these four days than in sixteen months before.

*Wed.* 21.—I rode to Tyrrell's Pass, but did not find that fervour of spirit in the congregation which was among them the last year. Yet a few there were who were still pressing on to the mark.

*Thur.* 22.—I preached at noon at a village<sup>1</sup> three miles from Tyrrell's Pass; in the evening at Tullamore, and on *Friday* morning and evening.

*Sat.* 24.—I rode to Mountmellick, and dined with Joseph Fry,<sup>2</sup> late a Quaker. Abundance of people were at the preaching in the evening, and all seemed to give earnest attention.

*Sun.* 25.—I preached at eight to a still increasing congrega-

<sup>1</sup> Rahugh (Crooksbank, vol. i. p. 54).

<sup>2</sup> See July 6, 1769.

tion, and God's word was as a two-edged sword. I rode thence to Portarlinton, a town inhabited chiefly by French.<sup>1</sup> A clergyman there received me gladly. Some time before, a gentleman of Mountmellick had desired him to preach against the Methodists. He said he could not till he knew what they were; in order to which, he came soon after and heard Mr. Larwood.<sup>2</sup> And from that time, instead of preaching against them, he spoke for them, wherever he came.

As soon as we came out of church I went straight to the market-house, and the whole congregation followed me. I had not seen in all Ireland so glittering a company before, unless at St. Mary's Church, in Dublin; and yet all of them, high and low, behaved in such a manner as became His presence before whom they stood.

Thence I rode two miles farther, to Mr. L[aborde's] house at Closeland, near Ballybrittas. It rained the whole time that I was preaching; but the congregation regarded it no more than I did; though I was thoroughly wet before I had done, the shower driving full in my face.

*Mon. 26.*—We had a blessed opportunity at Mountmellick in the evening, while I was explaining the covenant God hath made with us. The same spirit continued with us at the meeting of the society; so that my voice could not be heard for the voice of those who cried for mercy, or praised the God of their salvation.

*Tues. 27.*—I talked two hours with J[oshua] S[trangman],<sup>3</sup> a Quaker. He spoke in the very spirit and language wherein poor Mr. [Westley] Hall used to speak, before he made shipwreck of the grace of God. I found it good for me to be with him: it enlivened and strengthened my soul.

I rode in the afternoon to Closeland, and preached in the evening and morning to a people earnestly desirous of pleasing God.

*Thur. 29.*—I rode to Portarlinton again, and preached to a larger congregation than before. They all seemed to hear not only with strong desire but with understanding also.

I afterwards explained to them the nature of a society;

<sup>1</sup> It was a Huguenot settlement.

5, 1755; Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 239.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Larwood. See below, Nov.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol v. p. 224.



and desired any who were willing so to unite together to speak to me severally. Above threescore did so the same day.

JULY 1, *Sat.*—I preached at Mountmellick.

*Sun.* 2.—I preached at eight in Portarlinton, and again at two. I scarce knew how to leave off; all the people seemed to be so deeply affected. The society now contained above one hundred members, full of zeal and good desires; and in one week the face of the whole town is changed. Open wickedness is not seen; the fear of God is on every side; and rich and poor ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' And how long (I thought with myself) will this continue? In most, only till the fowls of the air come and devour the seed. Many of the rest, when persecution or reproach begins, will immediately be offended; and in the small remainder, some will fall off, either through other desires, or the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches.

*Mon.* 3.—I preached at Edenderry, and on *Tuesday* morning and evening. Almost every person who was present at the meeting of the society appeared to be broken in pieces. A cry went up on every side, till Joseph Fry, once as eminent a sinner as even Joseph Fry of Mountmellick, and since as eminent an instance of the grace of God, broke out into prayer. It was not long before praise and prayer were mixed together; and shortly after, prayer was swallowed up in the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

*Wed.* 5.—I returned to Dublin.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 9.—I preached on the Green both morning and afternoon, and the congregation was considerably larger than any I had seen in Dublin before.

*Wed.* 12.—Being one of the grand Irish festivals, by reason of 'the Breach (that is, Battle<sup>2</sup>) of Aughrim,' we had a very large congregation, to whom I showed 'what reward' they had given 'unto the Lord for all His benefits.' I expected much of their usual courtesy from the mob when we came

<sup>1</sup> On July 6 he wrote *A Short Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland* (*Works*, vol. ix. p. 173. See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 133). The 1st ed. was published in Dublin. 'A calm and beautiful descrip-

tion of the work done by these people.'

<sup>2</sup> Breach = Briseadh = defeat, or battle. Briseadh na Boinne = Battle of the Boyne. There is an old Irish tune, 'The Breach of Aughrim.'

out; but I walked through them all in perfect peace, none molesting us, either by word or deed.

*Tues.* 18.<sup>1</sup>—Mr. Miller, the Lutheran minister, informed me that, in a collection of tracts published at Büding, Count Zinzendorf's Brethren had printed several passages of my Journal, and whatever else they could glean up, which tended to prejudice the Lutherans against the Methodists. Was this merely to show their good-will, or to obviate my testimony against themselves?

*Wed.* 19.—I finished the translation of Martin Luther's *Life*.<sup>2</sup> Doubtless he was a man highly favoured of God, and a blessed instrument in His hand. But oh, what a pity that he had no faithful friend—none that would, at all hazards, rebuke him plainly and sharply for his rough untractable spirit and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God!

*Thur.* 20.—I saw Dr. Steevens's<sup>3</sup> Hospital, far cleaner and sweeter than any I had seen in London, and the Royal Hospital for old soldiers, standing on the top of an hill, overlooking Phoenix Park. All the buildings are kept not only in good repair, but likewise exactly clean. The hall is exceeding grand; the chapel far better furnished than anything of the kind in Dublin. Oh what is wanting to make these men happy? Only the knowledge and the love of God.

I had now an opportunity of inquiring into the real state of the late transactions at Cork, an account of which is subjoined, being the extracts of some papers which were about this time put into my hands.

I. THOMAS JONES, of Cork, merchant,<sup>4</sup> deposes:

That on May 3, 1749, Nicholas Butler, ballad-singer, came before the house of this deponent, and assembled a large mob; that this deponent went to Daniel Crone, Esq., then mayor of Cork, and desired that he would put a stop to these riots, asking, at the same time, whether he gave the said Butler leave to go about in this manner; that Mr. Mayor said he neither gave him leave, neither did he hinder him;

<sup>1</sup> On this day he wrote his *Letter to a Roman Catholic*, which R. Green (*Bibliog.* No. 134) describes 'as a tender, fraternal letter' (*Works*, vol. x. p. 80).

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards inserted in *The Christian*

*Library*, vol. ii.; *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 69. Founded in 1720, and still in use.

<sup>4</sup> See below, June 27, 1762, and April 14, 1771.

that in the evening Butler gathered a larger mob than before, and went to the house where the people called Methodists were assembled to hear the word of God, and, as they came out, threw dirt and hurt several of them.

That on May 4 this deponent, with some others, went to the mayor and told what had been done, adding, 'If your worship pleases to speak only three words to Butler it will be all over'; that the mayor gave his word and honour there should be no more of it: he would put an entire stop to it. That, notwithstanding, a larger mob than ever came to the house the same evening; that they threw much dirt and many stones at the people, both while they were in the house and when they came out; that the mob then fell upon them, both on men and women, with clubs, hangers, and swords, so that many of them were much wounded and lost a considerable quantity of blood.

That on May 5 this deponent informed the mayor of all, and also that Butler had openly declared there should be a greater mob than ever there was that night; that the mayor promised he would prevent it; that in the evening Butler did bring a greater mob than ever; that this deponent, hearing the mayor designed to go out of the way, set two men to watch him, and, when the riot was begun, went to the alehouse and inquired for him; that, the woman of the house denying he was there, this deponent insisted he was, declared he would not go till he had seen him, and began searching the house; that Mr. Mayor then appearing, he demanded his assistance to suppress a riotous mob; that when the mayor came in sight of them, he beckoned Butler, who immediately came down from the place where he stood; that the mayor then went with this deponent and looked on many of the people covered with dirt and blood; that some of them still remained in the house, fearing their lives, till James Chatterton and John Reilly, Esq.'s, Sheriffs of Cork, and Hugh Millard, junr., Esq., alderman, turned them out to the mob and nailed up the doors.

2. ELIZABETH HOLLERAN, of Cork, deposes :

That on May 3, as she was going down Castle Street, she saw Nicholas Butler on a table, with ballads in one hand and a Bible in the other; that she expressed some concern thereat, on which Sheriff Reilly ordered his bailiff to carry her to Bridewell; that afterward the bailiff came and said his master ordered she should be carried to jail, and that she continued in jail from May 3, about eight in the evening, till between ten and twelve on May 5.

3. JOHN STOCKDALE, of Cork, tallow-chandler, deposes :

That on May 5, while he and others were assembled to hear the word of God, Nicholas Butler came down to the house where they



were with a very numerous mob ; that when this deponent came out, they threw all manner of dirt and abundance of stones at him ; that they then beat, bruised, and cut him in several places ; that, seeing his wife on the ground, and the mob abusing her still, he called out and besought them not to kill his wife ; that on this one of them struck him with a large stick, as did also many others, so that he was hurt in several parts, and his face in a gore of blood.

4. DANIEL SULLIVAN, of Cork, baker, deposes :

That every day but one from the 6th to the 16th of May Nicholas Butler assembled a riotous mob before this deponent's house ; that they abused all who came into the shop, to the great damage of this deponent's business ; that on or about the 15th Butler swore he would bring a mob the next day and pull down his house ; that accordingly, on the 16th, he did bring a large mob, and beat or abused all that came to the house ; that the mayor walked by while the mob was so employed, but did not hinder them ; that afterwards they broke his windows, threw dirt and stones into his shop, and spoiled a great quantity of his goods.

5. DANIEL SULLIVAN is ready to depose farther :

That from the 16th of May to the 28th the mob gathered every day before his house ; that on Sunday the 28th Butler swore they would come the next day and pull down the house of that heretic dog, and called aloud to the mob, ' Let the heretic dogs indict you ; I will bring you off without a farthing cost.'

That accordingly, on May 29, Butler came with a greater mob than before. That he went to the mayor and begged him to come, which he for some time refused to do ; but, after much importunity, rose up and walked with him down the street. That when they were in the midst of the mob the mayor said aloud, ' It is your own fault for entertaining these preachers. If you will turn them out of your house I will engage there shall be no harm done ; but if you will not turn them out, you must take what you will get.' That upon this the mob set up an ' huzza,' and threw stones faster than before ; that he said, ' This is fine usage under a Protestant Government ; if I had a priest saying mass in every room of it, my house would not be touched.' That the mayor replied, ' The priests are tolerated, but you are not ; you talk too much ; go in and shut up your doors.' That, seeing no remedy, he did so, and the mob continued breaking the windows and throwing stones in till near twelve at night.

That on May 31 the said Sullivan and two more went and informed the mayor of what the mob was then doing ; that it was not without great importunity they brought him as far as the Exchange ; that he



would go no farther, nor send any help, though some that were much bruised and wounded came by; that some hours after, when the mob had finished their work, he sent a party of soldiers to guard the walls.

6. JOHN STOCKDALE deposes farther :

That on May 31 he, with others, was quietly hearing the word of God when Butler and his mob came down to the house; that as they came out the mob threw showers of dirt and stones; that many were hurt, many beat, bruised, and cut; among them was this deponent, who was so bruised and cut that the effusion of blood from his head could not be stopped for a considerable time.

7. JOHN M'NERNY, of Cork, deposes :

That on the 31st of May last, as this deponent with others was hearing a sermon, Butler came down with a large mob; that the stones and dirt coming in fast obliged the congregation to shut the doors and lock themselves in; that the mob broke open the door, on which this deponent endeavoured to escape through a window; that not being able to do it, he returned into the house, where he saw the mob tear up the pews, benches, and floor; part of which they afterwards burnt in the open street, and carried away part for their own use.

8. DANIEL SULLIVAN is ready to depose farther :

That Butler, with a large mob, went about from street to street, and from house to house, abusing, threatening, and beating whomsoever he pleased, from June 1 to the 16th, when they assaulted, bruised, and cut Ann Jenkins; and from the 16th to the 30th, when a woman whom they had beaten miscarried, and narrowly escaped with life.

Some of the particulars were as follows :

9. THOMAS BURNETT, of Cork, nailor, deposes :

That on or about the 12th of June, as this deponent was at work in his master's shop, Nicholas Butler came with a great mob to the door, and, seeing this deponent, told him he was an heretic dog, and his soul was burning in hell; that this deponent asking, 'Why do you use me thus?' Butler took up a stone, and struck him so violently on the side, that he was thereby rendered incapable of working for upwards of a week; that he hit this deponent's wife with another stone, without any kind of provocation, which so hurt her that she was obliged to take to her bed, and has not been right well since.

10. ANN COOSHEA, of Cork, deposes :

That on or about the 12th of June, as she was standing at her father's door, Nicholas Butler, with a riotous mob, began to abuse this deponent and her family, calling them heretic bitches, saying they were

damned, and all their souls were in hell ; that then, without any provocation, he took up a great stone, and threw it at this deponent, which struck her on the head with such force that it deprived her of her senses for some time.

**11. ANN WRIGHT, of Cork, deposes :**

That on or about the 12th of June, as this deponent was in her own house, Butler and his mob came before her door, calling her and her family heretic bitches, and swearing he would make her house hotter than hell-fire ; that he threw dirt and stones at them, hit her in the face, dashed all the goods about she had in her window, and, she really believes, would have dashed out her brains had she not quitted her shop and fled for her life.

**12. MARGARET GRIFFIN, of Cork, deposes :**

That on the 24th of June, as this deponent was about her business, Butler and his mob came up, took hold on her, tore her clothes, struck her several times, and cut her mouth ; that after she broke from him, he and his mob pursued her to her house, and would have broke in, had not some neighbours interposed ; that he had beat and abused her several times before, and one of those times to such a degree that she was all in a gore of blood, and continued spitting blood for several days after.

**13. JACOB CONNOR, clothier, of Cork, deposes :**

That on the 24th of June, as he was employed in his lawful business, Butler and his mob came up, and, without any manner of provocation, fell upon him ; that they beat him till they caused such an effusion of blood as could not be stopped for a considerable time ; and that he verily believes, had not a gentleman interposed, they would have killed him on the spot.

**14. ANN HUGHES, of Cork, deposes :**

That on the 29th of June she asked Nicholas Butler why he broke open her house on the 21st ; that hereon he called her many abusive names (being attended with his mob), dragged her up and down, tore her clothes in pieces, and with his sword stabbed and cut her in both her arms.

**15. DANIEL FILTS, blacksmith, of Cork, deposes :**

That on the 29th of June Butler and a riotous mob came before his door, called him many abusive names, drew his hanger, and threatened to stab him ; that he and his mob the next day assaulted the house of this deponent with drawn swords ; and that he is persuaded, had not one who came by prevented, they would have taken away his life.

## 16. MARY FULLER, of Cork, deposes :

That on the 30th of June Butler, at the head of his mob, came between nine and ten at night to the deponent's shop, with a naked sword in his hand ; that he swore he would cleave the deponent's skull, and immediately made a full stroke at her head ; whereupon she was obliged to fly for her life, leaving her shop and goods to the mob, many of which they hacked and hewed with their swords, to her no small loss and damage.

## 17. HENRY DUNKLE, joiner, of Cork, deposes :

That on the 30th of June, as he was standing at widow Fuller's shop-window, he saw Butler, accompanied with a large mob, who stopped before her shop ; that after he had grossly abused her, he made a full stroke with his hanger at her head ; which must have cleft her in two had not this deponent received the guard of the hanger on his shoulder ; that presently after, the said Butler seized upon this deponent ; that he seized him by the collar with one hand, and with the other held the hanger over his head, calling him all manner of names, and tearing his shirt and clothes ; and that, had it not been for the timely assistance of some neighbours, he verily believes he should have been torn to pieces.

## 18. MARGARET TREMNELL, of Cork, deposes :

That on the 30th of June John Austin and Nicholas Butler, with a numerous mob, came to her shop ; that, after calling her many names, Austin struck her with his club on the right arm, so that it has been black ever since from the shoulder to the elbow ; that Butler came next, and with a great stick struck her a violent blow across the back ; that many of them drew their swords, which they carried under their coats, and cut and hacked her goods, part of which they threw out into the street, while others of them threw dirt and stones into the shop, to the considerable damage of her goods, and loss of this deponent.

It was not for those who had any regard either to their persons or goods to oppose Mr. Butler after this. So the poor people patiently suffered, till long after this, whatever he and his mob were pleased to inflict upon them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See, for full account of these outrages, and for Methodism in Ireland during the few months following, Crookshank's

*Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 51-60 ; Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 37. also below, pp. 464-5.

PART THE EIGHTH

THE JOURNAL

FROM JULY 20, 1749, TO OCTOBER 30, 1751



*The story of Wesley's love for Grace Murray and her eventual marriage to John Bennet has suffered more from misapprehension than any other personal episode in Wesley's life. The principal authorities for the incidents that follow are given below. They are not all of equal weight ; indeed, some are more speculative than authoritative. As is so frequently the case, the earliest are the most trustworthy :*

*Henry Moore's Life of Wesley, vol. i. p. 523, where, in a letter to ' My Reverend Father in Christ,' Mrs. Grace Murray gives a brief account of her religious experience ; and vol. ii. pp. 163-71, where the story of her marriage is told.*

*Tyerman's Life and Times of John Wesley, vol. ii. pp. 42-57. Had Tyerman, who possessed ample original material, contented himself with simple statements of facts drawn from authentic sources, much of the mystery surrounding the case would have disappeared. Unfortunately, he indulged in strong language that offended family susceptibilities and indirectly led to an unjust discrediting of the main source of information.*

*Memoirs of Mrs. Grace Bennet, by William Bennet, her son. This and certain letters from John Bennet, Sarah Wesley, and others are quoted in an article on the ' Loves and Friendships of John Wesley' in the Winter Number of the Methodist Recorder, 1902.*

*John Wesley's Last Love, by J. A. Leger, D.Litt., Paris. This includes a full and accurate reproduction of the British Museum MS.—a Diary of John Wesley (copied by an amanuensis).*

## THE JOURNAL

*From July 20, 1749, to October 30, 1751*

1749. JULY 20, *Thur.*—About ten at night we<sup>1</sup> embarked for Bristol, in a small sloop. I soon fell asleep. When I awaked

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<sup>1</sup> Including Grace Murray, who in Bristol, as throughout Ireland, visited the societies. She was at this time engaged to Wesley. In Bristol or Kingswood 'she heard idle tales' which led her, in a fit of jealousy, to reopen correspondence with J. Bennet.

Our earliest introduction to Grace Murray, apart from her own autobiographical sketch, is in two lists of members in the London Society, 1742-3 (Colman Collection Notebooks). She there appears as the leader of a band consisting of six (or sometimes seven) members. Band No. '14' met (presumably at the Foundry) on Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock, or, later, as No. 9, at 4 o'clock (see facsimile page, vol. ii. p. 480). The name would have attracted no special attention but for the story of Wesley's 'Last Love' and its sequel. Henry Moore wrote the earliest narrative of these events, using original documents, including, possibly, the first draft, in Wesley's handwriting, of the 'Narrative,' a copy of which is now in the British Museum; also letters written by Wesley, his niece (Sarah), John Bennet, and others, copies of which were (and in some instances still are) in the Colman Collection; and the revised copy of a poem in which Wesley described the episode. He accompanied Wesley in 1788 to Mr. William Bennet's house in Colebrook Row, and was present at the

affecting interview between Grace Bennet and her friend of an earlier time. He saw for himself that 'both in sweetness of spirit and in person and manners she was a fit subject for the tender regrets expressed in those verses,' which were written by Wesley immediately after the catastrophe, and first published by Henry Moore. As far as it goes, Moore's account is entirely trustworthy. He describes 'Miss Grace Norman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne,' as 'married at a very early age to Mr. Alexander Murray, of a respectable family in Scotland.' He was a master mariner, whose father, in 1715, lost fortune and position through his loyalty to the Stuarts. Grace and her young sailor husband were of the world worldly. In London, during Captain Murray's absence at sea, she heard Whitefield and Wesley, and was received (by Charles Wesley himself) into the London society. On his return her husband threatened her with 'the West Gardens mad-house.' Her gentle and affectionate behaviour in some measure overcame opposition. Wesley made her one of the Foundry band-leaders. Her husband was lost at sea. She returned to her mother in Newcastle, became one of the first class-leaders, and, at its opening, was appointed housekeeper at the Orphan House, in which, as Henry Moore says, 'the itinerant preachers rested for a short space from their great

in the morning, we were many leagues from land, in a rough, pitching sea. Toward evening the wind turned more against us,

labour.' Her usefulness, within and beyond her appointed sphere, led to her employment as one of several travelling companions whom Wesley took with him in small companies when he sallied forth on evangelistic tours. Her special duty was to 'meet and regulate the female classes.' Moore adds that, though she never attempted to preach, her gifts were much honoured, and her name was 'as ointment poured forth.' Wesley, convinced that he had found a helpmeet, and encouraged by the vicar of Shoreham, contemplated marriage. Suddenly, on October 3, 1749, at Newcastle, Grace Murray was married to John Bennet, a 'gentleman' by birth and education, and at that time one of Wesley's most trusted and most successful preachers (see above, p. 375). Prudently, Moore refrains from the attempt, 'at this distance of time, fully' to 'state the causes of this strange interference.' We may acquiesce in Moore's plea that 'the high character of those concerned forbids the imputation of any corrupt motive,' and yet may believe that *policy* rather than justice, chivalry, or sound judgement influenced those who, seizing an opportunity provided by a good woman's bewildered conscience, and by the absence of her affianced lover, rushed a marriage which they honestly believed would secure happiness and usefulness for bride and bridegroom, and at the same time prevent one which they were strongly convinced would cause widespread disaster in the Methodist societies.

James Everett, in an Appendix to his *History of Methodism in Manchester*, tells a story, on 'authority indisputable,' of an undirected letter written by John Wesley to Grace Murray, which accidentally fell into Charles Wesley's hands and precipitated the marriage of Mrs. Murray to John Bennet. In the absence of more precise information we may conjecture that this is really a confused account of

a letter which William Shent failed to deliver. See below, p. 428.

Some time after the death of all persons concerned, Sarah Wesley, with the intention of clearing her father's name from reproach, wrote, from memory, an account of the transaction as narrated in her old age by her mother. As evidence, this is of little worth. A copy by Mr. Marriott is in the Colman Collection. The original is probably in the Tooth Collection at the W.M. Mission House. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1902, where also will be found large extracts from Grace Murray's diaries published in the *Memoirs of Mrs. Grace Bennet*, by her son William Bennet, Macclesfield, 1803; also several original letters.

The chief source of information, however, is an MS. which, since 1829, has been in the possession of the Trustees of the British Museum. It is thus endorsed:

This Book a Diary of John Wesley [the words 'a Diary' are blotted out, and 'An Account of an Amour' is substituted], the chief of the Methodist Sect (copied by an Amanuensis), was given to me by Noah Vazielle of Stratford in Co. Essex, whose mother had been married to the said J. W. and that the verses at the latter end are besides separate in this book; in the handwriting of the said J. W. Quod Attestor

NAPHTALY HART, Not. Pub. Lond.

June 4, 1788.

Mr. Charles Hook, a professional copyist, published an imperfect edition in 1848, republished in 1862, and now out of print. In 1863 Mr. John Willey issued a new and accurate edition. Professor J. Augustin Leger, D. Litt., has published an exact transcript of the document, with its abbreviations, curious spellings, and quaint constructions. (*John Wesley's Last Love*, 1910.) The text is elucidated by brief footnotes which betray an intimate acquaintance with early Methodist history, and is followed by an acutely

The day after M<sup>r</sup> W. went  
 away, I was engaged to him to me. All  
 day on the 1<sup>st</sup> of Nov. I conversed, without act-  
 ing M<sup>r</sup> W.'s service. I then returned to New-  
 Britain. After visiting a sick there, I visited  
 all of Acadia in the South, settled of Bath,  
 & endeavored to remove offences, & regulate  
 all things as well as I could. I then went  
 of North Sound, & stayed a week at Beaulieu.  
 I was very ill when I came there. Two  
 days I stayed within, & many came to me.  
 The third night, I was under much con-  
 cern, I earnestly sought GOD, To show me  
 for what end he had brought me to that  
 place? It was then imprinted on my mind,  
 To meet of Class of Children: Which ac-  
 cordingly I did of next Morning. As soon  
 as I began to sing, the Power of GOD was  
 upon us, & increased more & more. We  
 continued together till past 12 o'clock:  
 During which time, GOD revealed his pur-  
 doning Love to S<sup>r</sup> Wright, & 4 or 5 of y<sup>e</sup>  
 children, some of whom walk in y<sup>e</sup> Light  
 to this day.



Thus far her Account.



90.

told in y<sup>e</sup> Cause of I<sup>st</sup> than ever. — The  
— and hath brought strange things to  
pass, what I never look'd for. Praise the  
Lord, I say but, who hath cast thy Lot  
in a fair Ground."

On Tues. 26. She was much in  
Joy, & appear'd exceeding thankfull to  
God, & more & more fast every Hour, to live  
& die with me.

43. On Wedn. 27. she was exceed-  
ingly troubled at my Letter from Whiteha-  
ven<sup>Hamp</sup>, Broadwood & in no wise comfort  
her, but it threw her into vehement Prayer.  
About Eleven my Brother came. He kiss'd her,  
& said, "G.M. You have broke my Heart."  
Then he dropt down. It is easy to conceive  
what impression this must make, on so  
tender a mind as Her's. Soon after he put  
into her hands the following Letter, which  
he <sup>the</sup> <sup>Day before,</sup>

"My Dear Sister & Friend,

What shall I say to you? I w<sup>d</sup> not  
willingly grieve you, tho' you have well  
nigh broke my Heart: And still you will  
be y<sup>e</sup> occasion of bringing down my Spirit  
to  
w.

A LATER PAGE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM MS.

Corrected in J. Wesley's handwriting (see par. 43). Other pages are also corrected.

By permission of the British Museum.

so that we made little way. About ten we were got between the Bishop and his Clerks (the rocks so called) and the Welsh

reasoned essay on 'Wesley's Marriage and Character.' Because of the channel through which it reached the National Library, some have regarded this Museum MS. as a garbled and untrustworthy document. The 'verses,' however, are unmistakably in Wesley's handwriting. And a few corrections here and there, together with an endorsement of Grace Murray's personal narrative, *all in Wesley's handwriting*, show, beyond question, that the copy was read and approved by him. Dr. Augustin Leger's plea that the 'work is further authenticated by the correspondence of almost every detail in it, either with Wesley's Extracts from his Journals or other printed documents,' is unanswerable. This MS. is, as Naphtaly Hart described it, 'a Diary' or Journal in which, as in so many other sections of this work, are embedded certain narratives and letters which illuminate the text. This Diary explains all the mystery hitherto obscuring the story of Grace Murray.

The student needs to remember a few obvious facts:

1. One of the 'Twelve Rules of a Helper' was: 'Act in all things not according to your own will, but as a son in the gospel.' 'Take no steps towards marriage without first consulting with your brethren.' Hence the letter Grace Murray wrote to John Bennet, September 7, 1749, the purport of which was, 'That she was more and more convinced both he and she had sinned against God in entering on any engagement at all without Mr. Wesley's knowledge and consent.' Hence also Wesley's refusal to marry Grace Murray, at 'her repeated request,' until he had fulfilled, in letter and spirit, the above Rule: '(1) To satisfy John Bennet; (2) to procure my Brother's consent; and (3) to send an Account of the reasons on which I proceeded, to every Helper and every Society in England, at the same time desiring

their prayers.' Amazing as this may seem to us, these were the conditions under which, only a few months earlier, Charles Wesley had married, as Grace Murray and John Bennet very well knew.

2. The age; the atmosphere surrounding all the Methodist societies; the new, crude, and as yet imperfectly disciplined materials constituting those societies, not only in Newcastle, but also in London and Bristol; the extraordinary affection with which John and Charles Wesley and Grace Murray were regarded by the band-members; and the jealousies, suspicions, and animosities which, in the circumstances, were the inevitable backwaters of this full tide of affection,—these things must always be borne in mind by the candid student. The writer of this note some years ago spent many hours in company with a highly respected member of the Bennett family in reading letters of this time which, with other valuable documents, have since passed into Methodist hands. These letters show that the leaders of the Evangelical Revival, especially during the 'forties of the eighteenth century, had to contend against slanders, scandals, and passionate loves and hatreds that raged furiously in the outskirts of the United Societies. They show also that Wesley, setting an example of fearless candour and charity, had to pay the penalty of his own sincerity and simplicity in days and nights of silent, irremediable suffering. The loss of Grace Murray was not his greatest sorrow in the year 1749.

3. Profoundly as he loved Grace Murray, Wesley loved his work still more. This time of deep human love was also a time, as his Journal proves, of ceaseless activity. No one has scrutinized the public and private records of this chapter in Wesley's life with more impartial, intelligent, and painstaking care than Dr. Augustin Leger. Commenting

shore ; the wind blew fresh from the south, so that the captain, fearing we should be driven on the rocky coast, steered back again to sea. On *Saturday* morning we made the Bishop and his Clerks again, and beat to and fro all the day. About eight in the evening it blew hard, and we had a rolling sea ; notwithstanding which, at four on *Sunday* morning, we were within sight of Minehead. The greatest part of the day we had a dead calm ; but in the evening the wind sprung up, and carried us into Kingroad. On *Monday* morning we landed at the quay in Bristol.

*Tues. 25.*—I rode over to Kingswood, and inquired particularly into the state of our school there. I was concerned to find that several of the Rules had been habitually neglected. I judged it necessary, therefore, to lessen the family—suffering none to remain therein who were not clearly satisfied with them, and determined to observe them all.

*Thur. 27.*—I read Mr. Law *On the Spirit of Prayer*.<sup>1</sup> There are many masterly strokes therein, and the whole is lively and entertaining ; but it is another gospel. For if God was never angry (as this tract asserts), He could never be reconciled ; and, consequently, the whole Christian doctrine of reconciliation by Christ falls to the ground at once. An excellent method of converting Deists, by giving up the very essence of Christianity !

*Sun. 30.*—Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. B—— assisted my brother and me at Kingswood.<sup>2</sup> How many there are that run well for a season ! But ‘he that endureth to the end shall be saved.’

I received a letter about this time from Ireland, a part of which follows :

on the purely religious passages in the poem that ends the British Museum narrative, ‘with their rich, grave, psalm-like rhythm and tone,’ he says : ‘For God was, after all, the only lasting absorbing passion of John Wesley. And it is not a little significant that this, the account of probably his most fervent attachment to a creature, should, on the whole, enhance our idea of his all-sacrificing, self-sacrificing devotedness to his supernatural mission.’ (*John Wesley's Last Love*, p. 278.)

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 76.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Wesley says that on Saturday afternoon, July 29, ‘Mr. B—n, with a troop of his friends, came to visit us at our lodgings in Stokescroft.’ The day following ‘our worthy brother Grimshaw assisted at Kingswood, and partook of our feast.’ Later in the day Charles preached in a field at Lawrence Hill. Grimshaw had probably gone to Kingswood to take his children to be educated there. One of them died at Kingswood in the following January. (R. Spence Hardy's *Grimshaw of Haworth*, pp. 97 and 109.)

TYRRELL'S PASS, *July 24, 1749.*

DEAR SIR,

Many have found a sense of the pardoning love of God at Athlone since you left it ; and the society in general are on the stretch for the kingdom of God. The Lord has kindled a fire in Aughrim likewise. The last time but one that I was there, several were struck with deep convictions, which continued till I came again. While I was meeting the society there, the governess of Mr. S[impson]'s children was struck to the ground, and in a short time filled with 'peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' The next morning his steward was cut to the heart, and fell upon his knees in the midst of the sermon ; as did Mr. S[impson] himself,<sup>1</sup> together with his wife, and great part of the congregation. The steward went home full of peace and love. This has set the whole society on fire ; so that now every one is crying out, 'What must I do to be saved?'

The same fire is kindled at Portarlington. I went there the next Sunday after you. One then found a sense of God's pardoning love ; and last Saturday in the society some cried out, and some fell to the ground, three of whom found peace to their souls.

I was at Mountmellick likewise the next Sunday after you, and the power of God was present to heal. Two that were heavy laden found rest that night. The next time we met we scarce knew how to part. We continued singing and praying till five persons received a clear manifestation of the love of God. Another found the same blessing while I was preaching this morning. We spent some time afterwards at James Moss's house, in praying with some that were under deep convictions ; and two of them went home rejoicing in God their Saviour. I was now informed of two more that were rejoicing in God ; so that in Mountmellick twelve persons in all have found the 'peace that passeth all understanding' since you left that place.

I preached at Rahugh<sup>2</sup> likewise the week after you was there. The man of the house had fetched his mother from a considerable distance ; she had never heard a Methodist preacher before. She was soon cut to the heart, and cried out aloud. One behind her bid her fall upon her knees, which she presently did, and the whole house was as in one cry. I broke off my discourse, and began to pray, which I continued till I was so spent I could hardly speak. I went out to take a little breath, and came in again. She was crying out, 'I am dropping, dropping into hell ; its mouth is open, ready to swallow me up.' I went to prayer again ; and before we had done, God spoke peace to her soul. She was filled with joy unspeakable, and could but just say, 'I am in a new world ! I am in a new world !'

<sup>1</sup> Cf. May 8, 1748.<sup>2</sup> An old Puritan settlement.



From the whole, I cannot but observe two things: (1) What a blessing it is when any one who finds that peace declares it openly before all the people, that we may break off and praise God. If this was always done, it would be good for many souls. The first that found it on Sunday evening spoke before all, and we praised God. The moment she spoke, another, and then another, found peace; and each of them spoke aloud, and made the fire run through the whole congregation. I would observe (2) the woman at Rahugh had never before seen any one in the like trouble. Therefore she could not cry out because she had heard others do it, but because she could not help it—because she felt the word of God ‘sharper than a two-edged sword.’ And generally, the sharper the convictions are the sooner they are over.

This is from your son in the gospel,

J[ONATHAN] R[EEVES].

AUG. 1, *Tues.*—I spent a solemn hour with our children at Kingswood. After having settled all things there and at Bristol,<sup>1</sup> I returned to London,<sup>2</sup> where I received a remarkable account from Cork. On August 19 twenty-eight depositions were laid before the Grand Jury there, but they threw them all out, and at the same time made that memorable presentment, which is worthy to be preserved in the annals of Ireland to all succeeding generations<sup>3</sup>:

WE find and present Charles Wesley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace, and we pray he may be transported.

We find and present James Williams, &c.

We find and present Robert Swindle, &c.

We find and present Jonathan Reeves, &c.

We find and present John Larwood, &c.

We find and present Joseph M'Auliff, &c.

We find and present Charles Skaron, &c.

We find and present William Tooker, &c.

We find and present Daniel Sullivan to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace, and we pray he may be transported.

<sup>1</sup> Including the Conference described below, p. 425.

<sup>2</sup> With Grace Murray and others.

<sup>3</sup> Most of the names that follow are incorrectly given. One is omitted. The following is the complete list: Thomas

Williams, Robert Swindells, Jonathan Reeves, Samuel Larwood, Joseph Cownley, Charles Skelton, William Tucker, James Wheatley, and Daniel Sullivan. See *Works*, vol. ix. pp. 65–89—a letter to the Rev. Mr. Baily, of Cork.

Daniel Sullivan was an honest baker, who had lived in Cork many years, I suppose in as good fame as any of his trade in the city, but he had entertained my brother and several other Methodists; nay, and suffered them to preach in his house. The other names (only most of them miserably mangled and murdered) were designed for the names of eight preachers who had been there.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* 28.—I left London,<sup>2</sup> and in the evening came to Great Potton.<sup>3</sup> About six I went out into the market-place,

<sup>1</sup> See above for the corrected list of names. For James Wheatley see *Works*, vol. ix. p. 77. For Daniel Sullivan's depositions see above, pp. 411-12.

<sup>2</sup> The gap in the Journal may be filled in from Charles Wesley's Journal for 1749: 'AUG. 3.—Our Conference this week with Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Harris came to nought; I think through their flying off.' The *W.H.S.* (vol. v. p. 108) publishes an MS. in the handwriting of John Wesley, and endorsed by Charles Wesley. It is in the possession of Mrs. Aykroyd, Oakwood, Harrogate, and was purchased from Dr. Dixon. It is a report of this abortive Conference, and is dated Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1749, and Thursday, Aug. 3. The Conference met at the New Room in the Horsefair. George Whitefield, Howell Harris, John Wesley, and Charles Wesley were present.

Another extract from Charles Wesley's Journal is the following:

*Aug. 7, Mon.*—At six I took horse with Sally [his bride] for Ludlow; and T. Butts, and Captain James, my brother, and Grace Murray overtook us before we reached The Passage. Near nine we took up with a sorry lodging two miles short of Hereford.

*Tues. 8.*—I dined with our hospitable friends in Ludlow.

*Wed. 9.*—Several of the gentry listened to my brother at night.

*Thur. 10.*—My brother, having signed the settlement, set out at four with Grace Murray and James Jones. . . . The next evening met my brother and G.M., who came through Birmingham to Oxford; and on

*Sat. 12,* I attended him to London.

*Tues. 15.*—We had the satisfaction of two hours' conference at Mr. Watkins's with

that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge.

A sentence in a letter of Charles Wesley to his wife, dated London, Aug. 17 (but, as usual, without the year) still further closes the gap. Assuming, as we may from internal evidence, that the letter was written in 1749, we learn that in August of that year John Wesley was 'deeply engaged with his classes' in London, and that God was owning and blessing him much.

<sup>3</sup> Cary's Itinerary and Maps, the best available authority, show Potton in Bedfordshire, 48 miles 3 furlongs from London and 2 miles from Biggleswade. This probably is the town at which Wesley halted on his journey through Hatfield, Welwyn, Stevenage, towards Lincoln. We do not know why he should have chosen Potton as his first preaching-station on this journey. Everton—Berridge's parish nine years later—and Wrestlingworth—Hicks's parish—were close at hand. Any of the three places may already have possessed personal friends, with whom Wesley lodged. H. J. Foster, in notes on this journey, thought there might be confusion of memory. The day following he had a choice of roads. Probably he took the cross-road by Everton to Tenisford. Thence crossing the Ouse to Alconbury, by the Roman Road (Ermin Street) to Stamford Coltersworth, thence by the High Dyke Roman Road (used only in the summer months). Near Coltersworth is 'Great Ponton' This name, running in his mind when

and called to a confused multitude, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.' Great things were threatened, but nothing done. We had a quiet and comfortable meeting, and there was reason to hope that the word of God sunk into the hearts of many.

*Tues. 29.*—Having appointed some from Grimsby<sup>1</sup> to meet us this evening at Lincoln (which we supposed to be within a day's ride), we set out an hour before day, and rode, with only an hour or two's intermission, till above an hour after sunset; but we could reach no farther than Cold Harbour, six miles short of Ancaster. The next morning we rode on to Lincoln, but could hear nothing of our guides, so we determined, after waiting several hours, to make the best of our way to Epworth, where, the next evening, I enforced those awful words, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'<sup>2</sup>

I had the satisfaction, about this time, of an agreeable letter from a gentleman in Ireland, part of which is subjoined :

REVEREND SIR,

Your favour of the 15th instant I received [on] the 22nd. I am more satisfied than ever that you aim at nothing but what has an immediate tendency to the glory of God and the salvation of mankind.

I cannot help thinking that your design, considered in this light (allowing even of some mistakes), must be deemed very praiseworthy. As to myself, in particular, I must own it gives me infinite satisfaction to find that you have spoken to so good an effect in our town and neighbourhood. My church is more frequented than ever it was, and I have the pleasure of seeing a greater decency, and more of zeal and attention, than I could have dared to promise myself, which

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he wrote 'Great Potton,' may have led to the confusion which, in any case, whether he preached at 'Potton' or 'Great Ponton,' occurred. Between Coltersworth and Lincoln are Cold Harbour, Londonthorpe, Ancaster, Bayard's Leap, Green Man, and The Pillar. It is possible that this unusual road was chosen because at Londonthorpe it touched Syston, the country seat of Sir John Thorold, whom he succeeded in the Lincoln fellowship, and with whom for some years he main-

tained a friendly correspondence. Samuel Thorold lived at Harmstone, near The Pillar.

<sup>1</sup> Why he should require guides from Grimsby to show him the way from Lincoln to Epworth does not appear. Is Grimsby an error for Gainsborough? or was it originally his intention to cross the county to Grimsby?

<sup>2</sup> At Epworth Grace Murray, who was still in the company, again met J. Bennet. He and Wesley had an interview. See No. xii. in 'The Narrative.'

has also this effect upon me—that I find myself better disposed than ever to distribute to those who attend my ministry such food as may yield them comfort here and happiness hereafter. I heartily wish that this may continue, and that the people may not cool. If so, we may hope to see wickedness generally decline, and virtue and godliness take [its] place. I see this work of yours, through God's blessing, thus successively carried on, without any ill-will or jealousy, and could wish that all the clergy were, in that respect, of the same mind with me.

Your society here keeps up well, and is, I believe, considerably increased since you left it. I frequently attend the preaching, and, though I am much reflected on for it, this does not in any wise discourage me. While I am conscious to myself that I do no harm, I am careless of what men can say of me.

Michael Poor, lately a Roman, who is now of your society, read his recantation on Sunday last. . . . Pray let us know when you or your brother intend for this kingdom and town, for be sure none wish more sincerely to see and converse with you than I, who am sincerely, reverend and dear sir,

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

[RICHARD LLOYD].<sup>1</sup>

August 29, 1749.

SEPT. 1, *Fri.*—I spoke severally with the members of the society.

*Sat.* 2.—I gathered up a few at Belton who did once run well, and seemed now resolved no more to 'forsake the assembling of' themselves 'together.'

*Sun.* 3.—At nine I preached at Misterton, to a very large and attentive congregation; between one and two at Upperthorpe, near Haxey; and at Epworth about five. In the intervals of preaching I spoke with the members of the society in each place, most of whom I found either already alive to God or earnestly panting after Him.

*Mon.* 4.—We rode to Sykehouse, and on *Tuesday*, in the afternoon, reached Osmotherley.

*Wed.* 6.—I reached Newcastle,<sup>2</sup> and, after resting a day,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Moore gives the signature, and explains that Lloyd was rector of Rathcormack. He dates the letter Aug. 21, 1749. (Moore's *Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 136, 137.) See below, p. 476.

<sup>2</sup> On this day Wesley questioned Grace Murray, 'Which will you choose?' she replying, 'I am determined by conscience, as well as inclination, to live and die with you.' On Sept. 7



and preaching two evenings and two mornings, with such a blessing as we have not often found, on *Friday* set out to visit the northern societies.<sup>1</sup> I began with that at Morpeth, where I preached at twelve, on one side of the market-place. It was feared the market would draw the people from the sermon, but it was just the contrary. They quitted their stalls, and there was no buying or selling till the sermon was concluded.

At Alnwick, likewise, I stood in the market-place in the evening, and exhorted a numerous congregation to be always ready for death, for judgement, for heaven. I felt what I spoke; as I believe did most that were present, both then and in the morning, while I besought them to 'present' themselves, 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.'

*Sat. 9.*—I rode slowly forward to Berwick. I was myself much out of order, but I would not lose the opportunity of calling, in the evening, all that were 'weary and heavy laden' to Him who hath said, 'I will give you rest.'

*Sun. 10.*—I preached at eight, and at four in the afternoon, and in the hours between spoke with the members of the society. I met them all at seven, and a glorious meeting it was. I forgot all my pain while we were praising God together; but after they were gone, I yielded to my friends, and determined to give myself a day's rest. So I spent *Monday* the 11th in writing<sup>2</sup>; only I could not refrain from meeting the society in the evening. The next evening God enabled me to speak searching words to an earnestly attentive congregation.

*Wed. 13.*—After preaching at five, I visited many, both of the sick and well; particularly Robert Sutt, the first instrument in God's hand of awakening many in this place, who, till then, slept in sin. But oh, how changed! He seemed stripped both of his gifts and graces, and forsaken both of God and man.

he wrote the long letter to John Bennet (reviewing the whole situation) which William Shent was to have delivered, and did not. A copy of this remarkable letter Wesley sent the same day to his brother Charles, then in Bristol. It is transcribed in the British Museum MS. (pp. 9-14.)

<sup>1</sup> Taking Grace Murray with him, she visiting all the female bands.

<sup>2</sup> In Berwick he wrote the 'Account of Grace Murray's Life,' a copy of which is now in the British Museum MS. They remained in Berwick from Saturday the 9th to Thursday the 14th.

I had a delightful opportunity in the evening of describing and comforting the 'broken in heart.'

*Thur. 14.*—Immediately after preaching I took horse and rode, in a rough, stormy day, to Alnwick; but before noon it cleared up, so that I stood once more in the market-place and called all to 'come boldly to the throne of grace.'

Hence I rode to Alnmouth, and laboured to awaken a stupid, drowsy people by preaching, both in the evening and the next morning, in the most convincing manner I could. For the present they seemed to be deeply affected; God grant it may continue!

*Fri. 15.*—I offered 'the redemption which is in Jesus' to a more lively congregation at Widdrington.

*Sat. 16.*—I preached in Morpeth at noon, in Plessey about five, and then rode on to Newcastle.

*Sun. 17.*—I preached, morning and evening, in the Castle Garth; and on *Wednesday* the 20th set out<sup>1</sup> for the western societies. In the evening, at Hindley Hill,<sup>2</sup> our hearts were all melted down in considering our great High-Priest, who, though He is gone into the heavens, is still sensibly 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' A deep sense of His love constrained many to call upon Him with 'strong cries and

<sup>1</sup> Accompanied by Edward Perronet, Grace Murray, and Joseph Cownley. The last-named had recently returned from Ireland (*E.M.P.* vol. ii. p. 11), where the 'spring of 1750' should surely be 'the autumn of 1749' (*W.M. Meth. Mag.* 1872, p. 714).

<sup>2</sup> Hindley Hill is now in the Allendale circuit. At the time of Wesley's visit Christopher Hopper lived there in a farmhouse, the long kitchen of which provided a preaching-place or room for the society. In 1754 Hopper's converts built a chapel at Keenly, close by. This was the second Methodist place of worship in the North of England—the Newcastle Orphan House being the first (see above, p. 57). Grace Murray lodged at Hindley Hill with Hannah Broadwood. Wesley and his other travelling companions lodged in Mr.

Hopper's house. It should be remembered that, in the brief interval occupied by the expedition of John Wesley and Edward Perronet to Whitehaven, the final arrangement to marry Grace Murray to John Bennet was effected. From the MS. we learn that Hopper, hearing from Wesley how matters stood, rode to Chinley that he might persuade Bennet, and prevent what he regarded as a disastrous marriage. We shall the better appreciate the interest of this chapter in Wesley's life if we realize, not only his intense devotion to a sacred mission, but also the human affection that coincidentally possessed him. He is silent respecting his own private life as he writes; but when, from other sources, we learn what was happening, many sentences in the Journal are invested with additional meaning.

tears'; and many others, though not in words, yet with greetings that could not be uttered.

*Thur. 21.*—Moved by the pressing instances of Mr. Cownley,<sup>1</sup> and convinced the providence of God called me thither, I left all my company but Mr. [Edward] Perronet at Hindley Hill, and set out for Whitehaven.<sup>2</sup> The next day I preached there in the market-place, to a multitude of people, on 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' I saw they were moved, and resolved to improve the opportunity. So, after preaching, I desired those who determined to serve God to meet me apart from the great congregation. To these I explained the design, nature, and use of Christian societies. Abundance were present again at five in the morning, though we had no room but the market-place. At three in the afternoon I preached at Hensingham, a large colliery about a mile from the town. The eagerness of the people put me in mind of the early days at Kingswood. Oh why should we not be always what we were once? Why should any leave their first love? At six I preached again in Whitehaven, on 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden'; and at eight endeavoured to mould as many as desired it into a regular society.

*Sun. 24.*—I began examining them one by one. At eight I preached at the Gins, another village, full of colliers, about half a mile from the town. The congregation was very large and deeply attentive. Between one and two I preached again at Hensingham, to as many as my voice could command, on

<sup>1</sup> Apparently the letters referred to in his letter to Blackwell (see below) were either written to Cownley from Whitehaven, or brought by him. If the latter, he must have travelled through Whitehaven to Newcastle. Wesley regarded Cownley as one of the best preachers in England. See *E.M.P.* vol. ii.; Atmore, p. 90.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Blackwell, dated Whitehaven, Oct. 2, 1749, he explains that his coming to Whitehaven was 'utterly unexpected,' the result of letters describing a work affecting the whole town,

... and it increases daily. Open wickedness is not seen, nor have I heard one oath

since I came to Whitehaven. I preach in the market-place morning and evening. Most of the grown persons in the town attend; and none makes any noise, none laughs, or behaves indecently.

One evening, when Mr. Perronet preached in my absence, a crew of sailors procured a fiddle, and made an attempt to interrupt; but they met with small encouragement. A company of colliers turned upon them, broke their fiddle in pieces, and used those of them they could overtake so roughly that they have not made their appearance since. Sir James Lowther, likewise, sent and took down the names of the chief rioters.

To-morrow we are to leave this place. But we have a long round to go; so that I am afraid we shall not move much southwards till towards the end of this month.



'Repent ye, and believe the gospel.' Thence I hastened to church, and in the midst of the service I felt a sudden stroke. Immediately a shivering ran through me, and in a few minutes I was in a fever. I thought of taking a vomit immediately and going to bed. But when I came from church, hearing there was a vast congregation in the market-place, I could not send them empty away. And while I was speaking to them, God remembered me, and strengthened me both in body and in soul.

Reflecting on the manner of God's working here, I could not but make the following remark: the work in Whitehaven resembles that at Athlone more than does any other which I have seen in England. It runs with a swift and a wide stream; but it does not go deep. A considerable part of the town seems moved, but extremely few are awake; and scarce three have found a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the time of the first preaching to this day.

*Mon.* 25.<sup>1</sup>—Mr. Cownley returned to Newcastle. Both at the morning and evening preaching many seemed greatly affected; as also on *Tuesday* morning. But it soon died away, and they did not feel 'the power of God unto salvation.'

*Tues.* 26.<sup>2</sup>—Having appointed, before I left Hindley Hill, to preach there again on *Wednesday* evening, I set out about two in the afternoon, though extremely weak, having had a flux for some days. But God renewed my strength, so that I felt less pain and weariness every hour. I had a solemn and delightful ride to Keswick, having my mind stayed on God.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charles Wesley, on reading the copy of the letter to Bennet (of September 7), posted in haste from Bristol to Leeds, saw R. Swindells and W. Shent, who told him that Grace Murray was engaged to J. Bennet. With Shent he went to Newcastle and thence, still with Shent, to Whitehaven, where he assailed his brother with protests against his proposed marriage. 'All our preachers would leave us, all our societies disperse,' if his brother John married 'so mean a woman.' John Wesley proposed that the whole might be referred to Mr. Perronet. Charles readily consented.

<sup>2</sup> Charles returned to the attack. His

brother left him with W. Shent. At one o'clock he found that they had both taken horse some hours before. The 'Museum' MS. at this point is nearly identical with the Journal.

<sup>3</sup> He ventured over Matterdale Moor in a mist; his horse, however, found its way down the skirts of Helvellyn, along the borders of Ullswater, and across the Vale of Eden, up the steep breast of Hartside; and though the path was lost on the dark moors about Alston, it was recovered, and he came safely to Keenly at the appointed time. (*W.M. Mag.* 1872, p. 714.)



*Wed. 27.*—I took horse at half an hour past three. There was no moon or stars, but a thick mist, so that I could see neither road nor anything else; but I went as right as if it had been noonday. When I drew nigh Penruddock Moor the mist vanished, the stars appeared, and the morning dawned; so I imagined all the danger was past; but when I was on the middle of the moor, the mist fell again on every side, and I quickly lost my way. I lifted up my heart. Immediately it cleared up, and I soon recovered the high-road. On Alston Moor I missed my way again; and what, I believe, no stranger has done lately, rode through all the bogs, without any stop, till I came to the vale, and thence to Hindley Hill.

[Hannah Broadwood, at whose house I left S[ister] M[urray], met me at a little distance from it, and said, 'Mr. Charles left us two hours since, and carried S. M. behind him.' I said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!' Soon after James Broadwood came in; he looked at me, and burst into tears. I said I must go on to Newcastle. James said, 'No; I will go, and with God's help bring her back.' In a quarter of an hour he took horse, and I calmly committed the cause to God!]

A large congregation met in the evening. I expounded part of the twentieth chapter of the Revelation. But oh, what a time was this! It was as though we were already standing before the 'great white throne.' God was no less present with us in prayer; when one just by me cried with a loud and bitter cry. I besought God to give us a token that all things should work together for good. He did so; He wrote pardon upon her heart, and we all rejoiced unto Him with reverence.

*Thursday* the 28th we set apart for fasting and prayer: John Brown and Mr. [Christopher] Hopper were with me. It was a day never to be forgotten. [I was calm, though sad; looking for help from Him only to whom all things are possible.] We had all free access to the throne of grace; and a firm, undoubting confidence that He in whom we believed would do all things well.<sup>1</sup> [I need add no more, than that if I had had

<sup>1</sup> There follows a searching self-examination quite in the manner of his earlier diaries and Journal, with an

acute and elaborate analysis of the effects produced by inordinate affection. He then resumes the Journal-account.

more regard for her I loved than for the work of God I should now have gone straight on to Newcastle, and not back to Whitehaven. I knew this was giving up all; but I knew God called, and therefore on *Friday* the 29th] I set out again for Whitehaven. The storm was exceeding high, and drove full in my face, so that it was not without difficulty I could sit my horse; particularly as I rode over the broad, bare backs of those enormous mountains which lay in my way. However, I kept on as I could, till I came to the brow of Hartside. So thick a fog then fell that I was quickly out of all road, and knew not which way to turn. But I knew where help was to be found, in either great difficulties or small. The fog vanished in a moment, and I saw Gamblesby<sup>1</sup> at a distance (the town to which I was going). I set out early on *Saturday* the 30th, and in the afternoon reached Whitehaven. [To-day I resumed my spare diet, which I shall probably quit no more.]

About this time I was refreshed with a friendly letter from an excellent man, whom I had not heard from for several years. Part of it was as follows:

EBENEZER, IN GEORGIA,<sup>2</sup> *July 25, 1749.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

The sincere love to your worthy person and faithful performance of your holy office, which the Lord kindled in my heart during your presence at Savannah, hath not been abated, but rather increased, since the providence of God called you from us, and showed you another field for the labour of your ministry.

You are pleased, in your last letter to Mr. Brown,<sup>3</sup> of Savannah, to remember Ebenezer kindly; and desired to know what is the present state of our settlement. Though we have felt greatly the inconveniences of the long war, yet there are great alterations for the better in our town and plantations, since the time you was pleased to visit us. We have two large houses for public worship, one in town, the other in the middle of our plantations; two schools, in the same places; two corn-mills; one pounding-mill for rice, and one saw-mill. In the first quantity of boards we sawed we were cheated by an impostor, who undertook to ship them off to the West Indies. But we did not lose our courage, though we met with almost insuperable difficulties, till our circumstances were mended by the hand of the Almighty.

<sup>1</sup> See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1900, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. i. pp. 404-5.

<sup>3</sup> Probably he means Mr. Brownfield, who is so frequently named in the *Georgia Journal*, vol. i.

We are still in the favour of the honourable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; as also of many good Christians in Germany; who love us, pray fervently for us, and contribute all in their power to promote our spiritual and temporal prosperity.

Through very hard labour, several of our people have left us, and are departed to a better country in heaven; and the rest are weak and feeble in body, and not able to hold out long, unless relief is sent them by an embarkation of faithful servants from Germany. Besides widows and orphans, we have several that want assistance toward their maintenance; and this our good God hath sent us heretofore from Europe.

After my dear fellow labourer, Mr. Gronau, died in peace, above three years ago, the Lord was pleased to send me another; who likewise exactly follows the footsteps of his Saviour, to my great comfort and the great benefit of our congregation. The Lord hath graciously joined us in mutual love and harmony in our congregations, and hath not permitted the Herrnhuters (falsely called Moravians), nor other false teachers, to creep in among us. We are hated by wicked people, which prevents their settling among us; though we love them sincerely, and would have as many settle among us as would keep such orders as Christianity and the laws of England require them to do. This is all I thought it necessary to acquaint you with for the present; being, with due regard and cordial wishes for your prosperity in soul and body, reverend and dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN MARTIN BOLTZIUS.<sup>1</sup>

What a truly Christian piety and simplicity breathe in these lines! And yet this very man, when I was at Savannah, did I refuse to admit to the Lord's Table, because he was not baptized—that is, not baptized by a minister who had been episcopally ordained.<sup>2</sup>

Can any one carry High Church zeal higher than this? And how well have I been since beaten with mine own staff!

The Herrnhuters, as he terms them, now published the following in *The Daily Post*:

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DAILY POST'

SIR,

Whosoever reckons that those persons in England who are usually called Moravians and those who are called Methodist are the

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. i. pp. 181, 396.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. i. p. 370.



same, he is mistaken. That they are not the same people is manifest enough, out of the declaration of Louis, late Bishop and Trustee of the Brethren's Church, dated at London, March 1743; which I here send you, as I find it printed in a Collection of original Papers of the Brethren, printed at Büdingen, called the *Büdingen Sammlung*, vol. iii. page 852.

The Methodists, so called, heartily thank brother Louis for his Declaration; as they count it no honour to be in any connexion either with him or his Brethren.

But why is he ashamed of his name? The Count's name is Ludwig, not Louis; no more than mine is Jean or Giovanni.

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I preached at the Gins about eight, to the usual congregation; and surely God was in the midst of them,

*The following extracts are from the British Museum MS. previously referred to.*

OCT. 1, *Sun.*—I was in great heaviness, my heart was sinking in me like a stone. Only so long as I was preaching I felt ease. When I had done, the weight returned. I went to church sorrowful and very heavy, though I knew not any particular cause. And God found me there. Not only the lessons, both morning and afternoon, containing the account of the three children in the fiery furnace, of Daniel in the lions' den, and of our Lord's walking on the water and calming the storm, seemed all designed for me; but even the psalms which were sung all the day. I found likewise much refreshment in the sacrament. When I came home, I took up a Common Prayer-Book, and opened upon these words: 'Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries; for there are false witnesses risen up against me, and such as speak wrong. I should utterly have fainted; but that I believe verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thy heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord' (Ps. xxvii. 14, &c.).

In the evening my heaviness returned, but with much of the spirit of prayer. It seemed to me that I ought not to linger here, and yet I knew not whither to go; till Mr. P[erronet] asked, 'Will you go to Leeds on Tuesday?' Immediately my mind was easy. I had sent notice of being there on Wednesday evening, but it was gone out of my thoughts. I determined to go; only I was concerned to leave Whitehaven without a preacher.

We then poured out our hearts before God; and I was led, I know not how, to ask that, if He saw good, He would show me the end of these things, in dreams or visions of the night. I dreamed I saw a man bring out G[race] M[urray], who told her she was condemned to die, and that all things were now in readiness for the execution of that sentence. She spoke not one word, nor showed any reluctance, but walked up with him to the place. The sentence was executed, without her stirring either hand or foot. I looked at her, till I saw her face turn black. Then I could not



breaking the hearts of stone. I was greatly comforted at church, not only from the Lessons, both morning and afternoon, and in the Lord's Supper, but even in the psalms which were sung both at morning and evening service. At two I explained to an earnest congregation at Hensingham the 'redemption that is in Jesus Christ'; and at five exhorted a large multitude at Whitehaven, with strong and pressing words, to examine whether they had sufficient grounds for calling either themselves or their neighbours Christians.

*Mon. 2.*—The darkness and rain were little hindrance, either to me or the congregation, at five in the morning<sup>1</sup> (though we were all, as usual, in the open air), while I was explaining and applying those words, 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself.' I preached in the evening on 'Let us come boldly to the throne of grace'; and then gave my parting exhortation to the society, now consisting of more than two hundred members. Just before I began preaching I received a letter from Mr. Whitefield desiring me to meet him at Leeds on Wednesday evening, the very time at which I before purposed to be there. So we set out early on *Tuesday* the 3rd; one of our brethren, who was a Yorkshireman, undertaking to put us into the way. He rode a little and a little farther, till we came to Old Hutton, above fifty miles from Whitehaven. We were dropping wet, having had heavy rain for several hours; but we soon got into warm beds, and all was well.

*Wed. 4.*—Our guide was resolved to go a little farther still; so we set out together, and rode on together to Leeds; though

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bear it, but went away. But I returned quickly, and desired she might be cut down. She was then laid upon a bed. I sat by mourning over her. She came to herself and began to speak, and I awaked.

*Mon.* the 2nd I dedicated to God, in fasting and solemn prayer. We had free access to the throne of grace, and I found my will more resigned. In the evening Joseph Cownley came, and brought me a letter from Mr. Whitefield, pressing me much to meet my brother and him at Leeds on Wednesday evening. My brother had likewise charged Joseph Cownley, 'if I would not come, to come thither himself.'

*Tues. 3.*—We rode to Old Hutton, and about nine the next night reached Leeds. Here I found, not my brother, but Mr. Whitefield. I lay down by him on the bed. He told me, 'My brother would not come

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<sup>1</sup> See his letter to Blackwell, *Works*, vol. xii. p. 172, quoted above, p. 430.

1. O Lord, I bow in sorrowful Head!  
 He's all the War in Man!  
 Yet soft in us to plead,  
 We count not to complain;  
 We deep, unnumbered grief to groan,  
 O what is it I have none!
2. Oft as I gild you I would,  
 I danced along a flow'ry way,  
 But Chance or cruel Passion mowed,  
 An ear, unsuspicious I see  
 I felt, while Love's enamoured Dart  
 I should be in your - bow in Me.
3. <sup>at length</sup> ~~By long~~ and Experience taught  
<sup>from</sup> ~~me~~ I shook off all direct yoke  
 Altho' the ~~intention~~ <sup>intention</sup> will perform I can  
 I all be not fellow broke  
 First let <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ errors on the above  
 and languish'd & essential L.
4. Borne on wings of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> sacred Hope  
 Long had I soard, - spurr'd & ground  
 In his part in Mountain-top  
 My soul ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~kindred~~ <sup>kindred</sup> spirit I know;  
 He instructed to me Love,  
 The Power of my Fair - Love.
5. In early Dawn of Life, Fervour,  
 Mild, sweet - tend was the mood.

VERSES ON GRACE MURRAY, WRITTEN BY JOHN WESLEY 'IN RIDING BETWEEN LEEDS  
 AND NEWCASTLE.'

There are four pages of this first rough draft, written, as were some of C. Wesley's hymns, on horseback,  
 and afterwards increased to thirty-two verses.

By permission of the British Museum.

Last night Mr. Clap met here  
Mr. M. was absent but the Lord  
was with us and blessed us all  
Praise the Lord my soul for God  
is good to send  
monks what hath the Lord brought me  
through several weeks past - I cannot  
express it - Surely if God had not  
been with me I should have been des-  
troyed with the fury of hell - I was  
brought to great extremity - I was  
as faint as all sense of God or  
His heavenly things all that I had known  
or felt of God was quite taken away - I was  
quite under a dark veil for weeks

Clap - Last night Mr. Clap met at  
my house - we was full and the Lord  
was with us and blessed us all  
Praise the Lord my soul for God  
is good to send  
monks what hath the Lord brought me  
through several weeks past - I cannot  
express it - Surely if God had not  
been with me I should have been des-  
troyed with the fury of hell - I was  
brought to great extremity - I was  
as faint as all sense of God or  
His heavenly things all that I had known  
or felt of God was quite taken away - I was  
quite under a dark veil for weeks

A FRAGMENT FROM MRS. GRACE BENNET'S JOURNAL.

Written in extreme old age at Chinley, Derbyshire. After her husband's death she returned to the Methodist Society. Her final opinion on Methodism is given above. She died in 1803. Dr. Bunting preached her funeral sermon.

it was a long day's journey, finding us full employ from five in the morning till nine at night.

*Thur. 5.*—Mr. Whitefield preached at five in the morning. About five in the evening he preached at Birstall ; and God gave

till J[ohn] B[ennet] and G[race] M[urray] were married.' I was troubled. He perceived it. He wept and prayed over me, but I could not shed a tear. He said all that was in his power to comfort me, but it was in vain. He told me, 'It was his judgement that she was my wife, and that he had said so to J[ohn] B[ennet]: that he would fain have persuaded them to wait, and not to marry till they had seen me ; but that my brother's impetuosity prevailed and bore down all before it.'

I felt no murmuring thought, but deep distress. I accepted the just punishment of my manifold unfaithfulness and unfruitfulness, and therefore could not complain. But I felt the loss both to me and the people, which I did not expect could ever be repaired. I tried to sleep, but I tried in vain ; for sleep was fled from my eyes. I was in a burning fever, and, more and more thoughts still crowding into my mind, I perceived if this continued long it would affect my senses. But God took that matter into His hand, giving me, on a sudden, sound and quiet sleep.

*Thur. 5.*—About eight one came in from Newcastle, and told us, 'They were married on Tuesday.' My brother came an hour after. I felt no anger, yet I did not desire to see him. But Mr. Whitefield constrained me. After a few words had passed, he accosted me with, 'I renounce all intercourse with you, but what I would have with an heathen man or a publican.' I felt little emotion. It was only adding a drop of water to a drowning man, yet I calmly accepted his renunciation, and acquiesced therein. Poor Mr. Whitefield and John Nelson burst into tears. They prayed, cried, and entreated, till the storm passed away. We could not speak, but only fell on each other's neck.

J[ohn] B[ennet] then came in. Neither of us could speak, but we kissed each other and wept. Soon after I talked with my brother alone. He seemed utterly amazed. He clearly saw I was not what he thought, and now blamed her only ; which confirmed me in believing my presage was true, and I should see her face no more.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There follow ten pages, in which, by help of Charles Wesley's papers (and some others) the 'great mystery' is unravelled. In brief, Charles Wesley believed that his brother had resolved to marry a woman who was already promised to John Bennet. In a letter to Grace Murray he says: 'The case thus appears to me. You promised J. B. to marry him—since which, you engaged yourself to another. . . . And who is that other? One of such importance

that his doing so dishonest an action would destroy both himself. and me, and the whole work of God.' Believing this, Charles rode to Hindley, captured Grace Murray, took her behind him, lodged her for the night at John Brown's at Newlands, rode with her the next morning to Ferry Hill, where, being informed that J. B. would have nothing to do with her, he dropped her at Mr. Bell's, rode on to Newcastle, and at last, after a tumult of dreams, discussions, and not



him both strong and persuasive words, such as, I trust, sank deep into many hearts.

*Fri. 6.*—I preached at five, and then returned to my brother, whom I had left at Leeds. At noon we spent an hour with several of our preachers in exhortation and prayer. About one I preached to a crowded audience of high and low, rich and poor; but their number was abundantly enlarged at five, as was my strength both of soul and body. I cried aloud to them all to look unto Jesus, and scarce knew when to leave off.

I then waited upon Mr. M. for an hour.<sup>1</sup> Oh how could I delight in such an acquaintance! But the will of God be done! Let me 'acquaint' myself 'with Him,' and it is enough.

*Sat. 7.*—I rode in the afternoon to Bramley,<sup>2</sup> and preached to a large and quiet congregation. Great attention appeared in every face; but no shaking among the dry bones yet.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 8.*—I preached in Leeds at seven, and between one and two began preaching at Birstall; but my voice (though I think it had not been stronger for some years) would not reach two-thirds of the congregation. I am afraid it was the same case at Leeds, when I preached at four; though I spoke with all the strength I had. Who would have expected such an inconvenience as this, after we had been twelve years employed in

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very intelligible diplomacies, succeeded in persuading two bewildered and half-reluctant persons to marry. In reality the case was the other way about. Too late Charles Wesley discovered that he had persuaded John Bennet to marry his brother's betrothed fiancée, and had led Grace to believe that 'the important person' who had steadfastly loved her for ten years had actually expressed the wish that, for the sake of the work of God, she would marry another. It was indeed, not a 'Comedy,' but a 'Tragedy of Errors.' The marriage of Grace Murray, either with Bennet or Wesley, was, *per se*, a matter of small moment compared with a breach between John and Charles Wesley, which must, at that critical period, have either rent the Methodist Society in twain, or, more probably, scattered it to the winds. The

disaster was averted by the tact and tenderness of George Whitefield and John Nelson, and by John Wesley's extraordinary self-control and charity.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 291.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. George Beecroft may have heard Wesley on this occasion (see *Meth. Mag.* 1805, p. 325). Mrs. Hall, wife of Mr. John Hall of Bramley, 'a respectable cloth-manufacturer,' was one of the earliest Methodists in the neighbourhood. She was a member of society for more than half a century, and died aged eighty-four. (*Meth. Mag.* 1834, p. 481.)

<sup>3</sup> See 'letter to Thomas Bigg,' *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 162-3, where it is thus inscribed. But in the Colman Collection there is a letter copied for Henry Moore by Mr. Marriott, almost identical with this, described as sent to Mr. W. Wogan, and dated Leeds, Oct. 7, 1749.

the work? Surely none will now ascribe the number of the hearers to the novelty of field-preaching.

*Mon. 9.*—Having promised to visit Newcastle again, I set out early, and came thither the next day. I was now satisfied that God had sent Mr. Whitefield thither in an acceptable time, many of those who had little thought of God before still retaining the impressions they received from him.

*Wed. 11.*—I rejoiced to find that God was still carrying on His work. Both in the morning and evening the hearts of many burned within them while they were assembled in His name; and they felt His word to be 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 13.*—At the meeting of the select society, such a flame broke out as was never there before. We felt such a love to each other as we could not express; such a spirit of supplication, and such a glad acquiescence in all the providences of God, and confidence that He would withhold from us no good thing.

*Sun. 15.*—The rain constrained me to preach in the house both morning and afternoon; but I could not repine, for God was there, and spoke peace to many hearts.

*Mon. 16.*—I preached at four to a large congregation, and rode to Sandhutton that night. Two or three miles short of it we overtook a man whom a woman, riding behind him, stayed upon his horse. On my saying, 'We ought to thank God it is a fair night'; 'oh, sir,' said the man, 'so we ought; and I thank Him for everything. I thank Him that I am alive; and that the bull which tossed me to-day only broke two or three of my ribs, for he might have broke my neck.'

*Tues. 17.*—In the afternoon we came to Leeds. I preached on 'I am the Resurrection and the Life'; afterwards spent a solemn hour with the society, and commended them to the grace of God.

*Wed. 18.*—I rode, at the desire of John Bennet, to Rochdale, in Lancashire.<sup>2</sup> As soon as ever we entered the town, we found

<sup>1</sup> Wesley had promised to be at Mr. Cownley's at Alpraham on the 12th, but sent Edward Perronet instead, whose ministry made a deep impression.

<sup>2</sup> John Bennet had created for himself a 'round' in a wide district, which

had its centre in the Peak. Wesley stayed in Rochdale with Mr. Healey, of Bankhouse, grandfather of S. R. and Elkanah Healey, of Liverpool. (*W.M. Mag.* 1833, p. 758.)

the streets lined on both sides with multitudes of people, shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and gnashing upon us with their teeth. Perceiving it would not be practicable to preach abroad, I went into a large room, open to the street, and called aloud, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.' The word of God prevailed over the fierceness of man. None opposed or interrupted; and there was a very remarkable change in the behaviour of the people as we afterwards went through the town.

We came to Bolton about five in the evening. We had no sooner entered the main street than we perceived the lions at Rochdale were lambs in comparison of those at Bolton. Such rage and bitterness I scarce ever saw before, in any creatures that bore the form of men. They followed us in full cry to the house where we went; and, as soon as we were gone in, took possession of all the avenues to it, and filled the street from one end to the other. After some time the waves did not roar quite so loud. Mr. [Edward] P[erronet] thought he might then venture out. They immediately closed in, threw him down, and rolled him in the mire; so that when he scrambled from them, and got into the house again, one could scarce tell what or who he was. When the first stone came among us through the window, I expected a shower to follow; and the rather, because they had now procured a bell to call their whole forces together. But they did not design to carry on the attack at a distance: presently one ran up and told us the mob had burst into the house; he added that they had got J[ohn B]ennet in the midst of them. They had; and he laid hold on the opportunity to tell them of 'the terrors of the Lord.' Meantime D[avid T]aylor<sup>1</sup> engaged another part of them with smoother and softer words. Believing the time was now come, I walked down into the thickest of them. They had now filled all the rooms below. I called for a chair. The winds were hushed, and all was calm and still. My heart was filled with love, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with arguments. They were amazed, they were ashamed, they were melted down, they devoured every word. What a turn was this! Oh how did

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<sup>1</sup> Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, p. 137.



God change the counsel of the old Ahithophel into foolishness; and bring all the drunkards, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and mere sinners in the place, to hear of His plenteous redemption!

*Thur.* 19.—Abundantly more than the house could contain were present at five in the morning, to whom I was constrained to speak a good deal longer than I am accustomed to do. Perceiving they still wanted to hear, I promised to preach again at nine, in a meadow near the town. Thither they flocked from every side; and I called aloud, ‘All things are ready; come unto the marriage.’ Oh how have a few hours changed the scene! We could now walk through every street of the town, and none molested or opened his mouth, unless to thank or bless us.

At one I preached at Shackerley, four miles from Bolton, and thence rode on to Davy Hulme. Here I received a letter from Richard Cawley, of Alpraham,<sup>1</sup> with an invitation from the minister of Acton. After preaching in the morning at Davy Hulme, and about ten at Booth Bank, in the afternoon, *Friday* the 20th, I rode on, and, between four and five, came to Alpraham. A large congregation was waiting for me, whom I immediately called to seek God ‘while He may be found.’ Many came again at five in the morning, and seemed just ready not only to ‘repent,’ but also ‘believe the gospel.’

*Sat.* 21.—By conversing with several here, I found we were not now among publicans and sinners, but among those who, a while ago, supposed they needed no repentance. Many of them had been long ‘exercising themselves unto godliness,’ in much the same manner as we did at Oxford; but they were now thoroughly willing to renounce their own, and accept ‘the righteousness which is of God by faith.’

A gentleman<sup>2</sup> who had several years before heard me preach at Bath, sending to invite me to dinner, I had three or four hours’ serious conversation with him. Oh, who maketh me to differ? Every objection he made to the Christian system

<sup>1</sup> For introduction of Methodism see *W.M. Mag.* 1857, p. 218; 1861, pp. 674–5; and Everett’s *Meth. in Manchester*, pp. 18–20.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Davenport, of Calveley Hall. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 143, 181, and *W.M. Mag.* 1857, p. 220, for this interview; also Everett’s *Manchester*, p. 159.



has passed through my mind also ; but God did not suffer them to rest there, or to remove me from the hope of the gospel.

I was not surprised when word was brought that the vicar of Acton had not the courage to stand to his word ; neither was I troubled. I love indeed to preach in a church ; but God can work wherever it pleaseth Him.

*Sun.* 22.—I preached at seven in Richard Cawley's house<sup>1</sup> ; and, about one, at Little Acton. We then rode on to Woore<sup>2</sup> ; and the next afternoon came, wet and weary enough, to Wednesbury. I hoped for a few hours' rest here ; but it was a vain hope ; for notice had been given that I would preach at Bilbrook<sup>3</sup> in the evening ; so I had seven or eight miles to ride back. I preached about six, and again in the morning.

On *Tuesday* the 24th, about noon, we came to Dudley.<sup>4</sup> At one I went to the market-place, and proclaimed the name of the Lord to an huge, unwieldy, noisy multitude, the greater part of whom seemed in no wise to know 'wherefore they were come together.' I continued speaking about half an hour, and many grew serious and attentive, till some of Satan's servants pressed in, raging and blaspheming, and throwing whatever came to hand. I then retired to the house from which I came. The multitude poured after, and covered over with dirt many that were near me ; but I had only a few specks. I preached in Wednesbury at four to a nobler people, and was greatly comforted among them ; so I was likewise in the morning, *Wednesday* the 25th. How does a praying congregation strengthen the preacher !

After preaching again at one, I rode to Birmingham. This had been long a dry, uncomfortable place ; so I expected little good here ; but I was happily disappointed. Such a congregation I never saw there before ; not a scoffer, not a trifler, not an inattentive person (so far as I could discern) among them ; and seldom have I known so deep, solemn a sense of the power, and presence, and love of God. The same blessing we had at

<sup>1</sup> About this time John Nelson ruled the first 'class-paper,' giving it to Richard Cawley, of Alpraham (Everett's *Meth. in Manchester*, p. 159).

<sup>2</sup> Near Newcastle-under-Lyme.

<sup>3</sup> Near Wolverhampton.

<sup>4</sup> For Methodism in Dudley see *Meth. Rec.* Sept. 26, 1901.

the meeting of the society, and again at the morning preaching. Will, then, God at length cause even this barren wilderness to blossom and bud as the rose?

*Thur.* 26.—We came to Knowle<sup>1</sup> between nine and ten, a furious, turbulent place from the beginning. I began preaching directly in the yard of the inn to a few gaping, staring people, before the mob could assemble. They increased apace, and were tolerably attentive. In the afternoon we rode to Evesham, where I preached in the evening and morning, and then went forward to Stanley. The congregation was larger than could have been expected upon a few hours' warning; and they all appeared both glad to hear and willing to embrace the word of reconciliation. In the evening I preached at Wall-bridge, near Stroud; and the next day, *Saturday* the 28th, reached Bristol.

*Sun.* 29.—I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol on 'Ye have need of patience.' It was more particularly at Bristol that God refreshed my soul, and applied what I spoke to my own heart.

*Mon.* 30.—I retired to Kingswood to write part of the volume of sermons which I had promised to publish this winter.<sup>2</sup>

NOV. 8,<sup>3</sup> *Wed.*—I preached in Bath at noon, and at Seend in the evening; on *Thursday* evening the 9th at Reading; and on *Friday* in London.<sup>4</sup>

Here I found an excellent letter from a friend abroad, part of which I add in his own words, being unable so to translate them as not to lose great part of the spirit of the original:

CHARISSIME FRATER,

*Gratia, pax, et multifariae Spiritus Sancti consolationes tibi tuaeque societati sint, et multiplicentur a Deo nostro per Servatorem nostrum. Amen.*

<sup>1</sup> Ten miles S.E. of Birmingham.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. 1750 (see Green's *Wesley Bibliog.* No. 139). Finished at Newington, Dec. 16, 1749.

<sup>3</sup> On Tuesday, Nov. 7, he wrote from Kingswood a letter to Mrs. Jones, of Fonmon Castle, respecting acts of school discipline in which her son was involved. See *W.M. Mag.* 1875, p. 636.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. C. Wesley's Journal, Nov. 8, 1749:

I set out for London with my brother and Ned Perronet. We were in perils of robbers, who were abroad, and had robbed many the night before. We commended ourselves to God, and rode over the Heath [Hounslow]. Kept a joyful watch-night at the Foundery, Nov. 10.

*Tuas gratissimas Ratcormacki datas accepi, et ex illis summo cum gaudio grandem in variis Angliae et Hiberniae partibus januam vobis apertam esse intellexi, dum multi adversarii evangelicae doctrinae sese opposuerunt.*

*Literas tuas ad D. Perronet datas (A Plain Account, &c.) non quidem legi, sed devoravi. Omniaque adeo mihi arriserunt, ut vix me cohibere possim, quin Londinum devolem, veniam et videam societatis tuae ordinationes. Sed catenis variis quasi vinctus, nolens volens hic adstrictus sum. Quamprimum tamen literas illas vertam et typis mandabo, una cum tractatulo illo, The Character of a Methodist. . . . Forte, si non multos, aliquos excitabit clericos aut laicos, ad vestigia evangelica integrius premenda. . . .*

*Admodum mihi placet, te nec sectae alicui, nec dogmatibus specificis sectarum adhaerere, nec patronum eorum agere, sed cuique libertatem relinquere de iis credendi quid velit, modo vere in Deum Filiumque ejus dilectum credat, Deum ex toto corde amet, a peccatis absteineat, et vitam vocatione evangelica dignam ducat. Mi Jane, dilectissime frater, rogo, precor, et obtestor per viscera misericordiarum Dei et Filii sui, ut ipsisimam hanc vitam insistas, ac premere pergas, nec polemicis te immisceas. Certa solummodo bonum illud fidei purae, integrae, evangelicae certamen, nec ullos hostes praeter carnem corruptam, ejusque desideria mundana, debelles. Cane pejus et angui fugias dogmata multiplicare, et de non necessariis disputare, quae bina Satanae stratagemata fuere quibus ecclesiam ab integritate et simplicitate evangelica sensim aberrare fecit.*

*Doleo vehementer, te tot tamque gravibus et multifariis negotiis esse obrutum. Quam libenter pro tenuitate mea te, tuosque levare, gravissimae illa onera ferre vellem, novit Omniscius. Is, precor ardentem, fulciat, sustentet, et animum vobis addat, ut Satanae ejusque asseclarum regnum magis magisque indies destruat, et Dei ejusque Filii regnum erigatur, dimanet et penetret omnes animos, illorum imprimis quorum mentem mundi dominus occaecavit.*

*Hisce votis te demando Deo, verboque ejus gratiae, qui te sociosque tuos aedificent et haereditatem possidendam dent in omnibus sanctis. Vale, mi Jane, frater amicissime, et me amare perge.*

*Tui ex animo amantissimus,*

JOHANNES DE KOKER.

*Dabam Rotterdami, 10 Oct. 1749.*

DEAREST BROTHER,

Grace, peace, and the various consolations of the Holy Spirit be on you and your society! And may these blessings be multiplied by our God through our Saviour!

I have received your very gratifying letter, dated from Rathcormack ;



and from it I learn, with the greatest joy, that a wide door has been opened to you in different parts of England and Ireland, while many adversaries placed themselves in opposition to the doctrines of the gospel.

I have not merely read, but I have devoured, your letter addressed to Mr. Perronet, entitled, *A Plain Account, &c.* Everything in it afforded me so much delight that I could scarcely refrain from flying away to London, for the purpose of beholding the constitution and order of your society. But as if bound by various chains, whether willingly or unwillingly, I am confined to this place. Yet I will, as speedily as possible, translate and publish that letter, as well as the brief tract called *The Character of a Methodist*. Perhaps if this little pamphlet do not excite *many* persons, it will at least excite *some* among both the clergy and laity to walk with greater integrity in the way of the gospel!

I am also wonderfully pleased that you connect yourself with no sect, neither adhering to the special dogmas of sects, nor acting as their patron; but that you leave every one at liberty to believe whatever he chooses about them, provided he have a true faith in God and His beloved Son, love God with all his heart, abstain from sin, and lead a life worthy of the gospel vocation. My most dearly beloved brother John, I request, pray, and beseech you by the bowels of mercies of God and His Son, that you continue in the very same course of life, and proceed onward in it; and that you abstain from intermeddling with polemics. Only fight that good fight of pure, sincere, and evangelical faith, and subdue no other enemies than the corrupt flesh and its worldly desires. Avoid, more than you would a rabid dog or a venomous serpent, the multiplying of dogmas and disputations about things unnecessary. These have been the two stratagems of Satan by which he has caused the Church, insensibly and by degrees, to err from evangelical simplicity and purity.

I lament much that you are overwhelmed by so many and such weighty and multifarious affairs. He who knows all things knows how gladly, according to my small capacity, I would relieve you and those who labour with you, and would bear those very heavy burdens. I ardently beseech Him to support and sustain you, and to infuse vigour into your minds, that the kingdom of Satan and of his emissaries may every day be destroyed yet more and more, and that the kingdom of God and of His Son may be erected in all hearts, and that it may penetrate and spread through them, especially the hearts of those whose minds the god of this world hath blinded.

With these good wishes I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, that they may build you [and your comrades] up, and give you the possession of the inheritance among all them who are



sanctified. Farewell, my most friendly brother John, and cease not to love me, who am

Yours heartily and most affectionately,

JOHN DE KOKER.

*Rotterdam, Oct. 10, 1749.*<sup>1</sup>

I was fully determined to take another journey to Rotterdam on purpose to see this worthy man,<sup>2</sup>

But death had swifter wings than love.<sup>3</sup>

Before I could get thither he was gathered to his fathers.

*Sun. 12.*—Many complaints were made to me of a general deadness among the people of London, at the very time that those in most other parts of England were so remarkably alive to God. It was chiefly owing to a few persons who were continually labouring to spread offences among them. But it was not long before the plague was stayed; some of these incendiaries separating from us, others being convinced that they had been doing the work of the devil in the name of the Lord.

*Thur. 16.*—I buried the remains of Martha Somerset,<sup>4</sup> late a mother in Israel; one who never left her first love, never abated in zeal, never was weary of well-doing, from the hour she first found redemption in Christ till her spirit returned to God.<sup>5</sup>

*Mon. 20.*—I rode to Mr. Perronet's, at Shoreham, that I might be at leisure to write.

*DEC. 2, Sat.*—After preaching in the morning, I rode to Bexley, and preached about eleven. At three in the afternoon I began at Deptford, and found a more than ordinary blessing; but a still greater at Snowsfields, where it seemed as if all would just then 'know the Lord, from the least even to the greatest.'

*Sun. 3.*—I preached, as usual, at five, at ten, and at five in the evening, besides meeting the leaders, the bands, the

<sup>1</sup> The above translation was made by Thomas Jackson.

<sup>2</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 4.

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 72.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Margaret Somerset, who in 1745 was a member at the Foundry (Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 37;

cf. *C. Wesley's Journal*, Nov. 12, 1749).

<sup>5</sup> The sixth Conference was held at this time. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 60. For the original Minutes of this Conference, taken from a copy in Wesley's handwriting, see *W.H.S.* vol. iv. (Suppl. to Part V).

preachers, and our own family. But I felt no faintness or weariness either of body or mind. Blessed be my strong Helper!

*Mon. 4.*—I retired to Lewisham. On *Saturday* the 9th I read the surprising *Extract of Mr. Brainerd's*<sup>1</sup> *Journal*. Surely, then, God hath once more 'given to the Gentiles repentance unto life!' Yet, amidst so great matter of joy, I could not but grieve at this: that even so good a man as Mr. Brainerd should be 'wise above that is written,' in condemning what the Scripture nowhere condemns; in prescribing to God the way wherein He should work; and (in effect) applauding himself, and magnifying his own work, above that which God wrought in Scotland, or among the English in New England: whereas, in truth, the work among the Indians, great as it was, was not to be compared to that at Cambuslang, Kilsyth, or Northampton.

*Mon. 11.*<sup>2</sup>—I retired to Newington once more, and on *Saturday* the 16th finished my sermons.<sup>3</sup>

*Mon. 18.*—I rode to Leigh, in Essex,<sup>4</sup> and spoke in as awakening a manner as I could.<sup>5</sup>

*Wed. 20.*—I left the little flock in peace and love, and cheerfully returned to London.

*Sun. 24.*—I saw an uncommon instance both of the justice and mercy of God. Abraham Jones,<sup>6</sup> a serious, thinking man, about fifty years of age, was one of the first members of the society in London, and an early witness of the power of God to forgive sins. He then stood as a pillar for several years, and was a blessing to all that were round about him, till, growing wise in his own eyes, he saw this and the other person wrong,

<sup>1</sup> Born in Connecticut, 1718, died at Northampton, New England, in 1747. Educated at Yale, and appointed as a missionary to the Indians in New Jersey by the Scottish S.P.C.K. In 1747 his frail health failed. He was cared for in the house of Jonathan Edwards. For Wesley's final judgement on David Brainerd—his 'absolute self-devotion, total deadness to the world, and fervent love to God and man'—see *Large Minutes* (*Works*, vol. viii. p. 328).

<sup>2</sup> On Dec. 7 he wrote to John Bennet.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 445.

<sup>4</sup> Before leaving he wrote a letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 173).

<sup>5</sup> It is believed locally that he was induced to pay this first visit to Leigh by Dr. Cook, with whom, as on subsequent occasions, he no doubt lodged.

<sup>6</sup> See Stevenson's *City Road Chapel*, p. 34. On the lists (1745) he appears as a leader, and married.

and was almost continually offended. He then grew colder and colder, till, at length, in order to renew his friendship with the world, he went (which he had refused to do for many years) to a parish feast, and stayed there till midnight. Returning home perfectly sober, just by his own door he fell down and broke his leg. When the surgeon came he found the bone so shattered in pieces that it could not be set. Then it was, when he perceived he could not live, that the terrors of the Lord again came about him. I found him in great darkness of soul, owning the just hand of God. We prayed for him, in full confidence that God would return. And He did in part reveal Himself again; he had many gleams of hope and love, till, in two or three days, his soul was required of him.

So awful a providence was immediately known to all the society, and contributed not a little to the awakening them that slept, and stirring up those that were faint in their mind.

*Mon. 25.*—We had a solemn meeting at four. Indeed, God was greatly with us during this whole season, in all our assemblies, to lift up them that had fallen, and to comfort the weak-hearted.

*Wed. 27.*—I saw the two Germans whom God has so eminently blessed in their labour of love to His ancient people.<sup>1</sup> Great numbers of Jews, in Poland, Muscovy, Prussia, and various parts of Germany have been brought, by their unwearied endeavours, to search the Scriptures, 'whether these things were so.' And about six hundred of them have given proof that they have a saving knowledge of God, and of 'Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.'

*Sun. 31.*—I buried the remains of Abraham Jones, which gave me an opportunity of strongly exhorting all who had set their hands to the plough never to look back.

1750. JAN. 1, *Mon.*—A large congregation met at four o'clock,<sup>2</sup> and began the year of Jubilee in a better manner than they at Rome are accustomed to do. On several days this

<sup>1</sup> A full account of the movement represented by these German ministers, and of the impostures to which it gave rise, may be found in the *Life of the*

*Countess of Huntingdon*, vol. i. p. 114, note.

<sup>2</sup> Presumably at 4 a.m.

week I called upon many who had left their 'first love'; but they none of them justified themselves: one and all pleaded 'Guilty before God.' Therefore there is reason to hope that He will return, and will abundantly pardon.

*Thur. 11.*—I read, to my no small amazement, the account given by Monsieur Montgeron, both of his own conversion, and of the other miracles wrought at the tomb of Abbé Paris.<sup>1</sup> I had always looked upon the whole affair as a mere legend, as I suppose most Protestants do; but I see no possible way to deny these facts without invalidating all human testimony. I may full as reasonably deny there is such a person as Mr. Montgeron, or such a city as Paris, in the world. Indeed, in many of these instances I see great superstition as well as strong faith. But the 'times of ignorance God' does 'wink at' still; and bless the faith, notwithstanding the superstition.

If it be said, 'But will not the admitting these miracles establish Popery?' Just the reverse. Abbé Paris lived and died in open opposition to the grossest errors of Popery, and in particular to that diabolical Bull *Unigenitus*,<sup>2</sup> which destroys the very foundations of Christianity.

*Sun. 14.*—I read prayers and preached at Snowsfields to a crowded congregation at seven in the morning. I then hastened to the chapel in West Street, and, after the service there, to Knightsbridge, where I had promised to preach in the afternoon for the benefit of the poor children. The little church was quite full before I came. Knowing it to be the greatest charity to awaken those that sleep in sin, I preached on 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

*Fri. 19.*—In the evening I read prayers at the chapel in

<sup>1</sup> Born in Paris (1690); a deacon in the Church of Rome; attached himself to the Jansenist party; at the death of his father relinquished ancestral property in favour of a younger brother; lived a life of poverty, prayer, &c.; died in 1727 and was buried in St. Medard's Churchyard, Paris, where miracles were reported to be wrought. See Wesley's

Letter to Bishop Warburton, *Works*, vol. ix. p. 127.

<sup>2</sup> So called from its opening sentence, *Unigenitus Deo Filius*; issued by Pope Clement XI, at the instigation of the Jesuits, its object the overthrow of Jansenism (see Mosheim's *Ecc. Hist.*, new ed., continued by Dr. Coote to end of the eighteenth century, vol. vi. pp. 14-17).



West Street, and Mr. Whitefield preached a plain, affectionate discourse.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 21.—He read prayers, and I preached: so, by the blessing of God, one more stumbling-block is removed.

*Mon.* 22.—I prayed in the morning at the Foundery, and Howell Harris preached: a powerful orator, both by nature and grace, but he owes nothing to art or education.

*Wed.* 24.—I was desired to call on one that was sick, though I had small hopes of doing him any good; he had been so harmless a man for ninety years, yet he was not out of God's reach. He was quickly convinced that his own righteousness could not recommend him to God. I could then pray for him in confidence of being heard. A few days after he died in peace.

*Sun.* 28.—I read prayers, and Mr. Whitefield preached.<sup>2</sup> How wise is God in giving different talents to different preachers! Even the little improprieties both of his language and manner were a means of profiting many who would not have been touched by a more correct discourse, or a more calm and regular manner of speaking.

*Mon.* 29.—I rode to Canterbury.<sup>3</sup> The congregation in the evening was deeply serious, and most of them present again at five in the morning. I hope God will again have much people in this place, who will worship Him with more knowledge and as much earnestness as their forefathers did the Virgin Mary, or even St. Thomas à Becket.

*Tues.* 30.—I designed to preach abroad in the evening, the house being far too small for the congregation; but the rain and wind would not suffer it.

<sup>1</sup> The first of several interchanges brought about by the friendly offices of Lady Huntingdon. This was a further continuation of the fraternal co-operation begun at Newcastle and Leeds in the previous year. See *C. of Huntingdon's Life*, vol. i. p. 117; Whitefield's *Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 316, 320; Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> Whitefield says: 'Oh for love and gratitude! I have now preached thrice in Mr. Wesley's chapel, and God was with us of a truth.' On this occasion

the sacrament was administered by the two reunited friends to above twelve hundred persons. 'Thanks be to God,' wrote the Countess of Huntingdon, 'for love and unanimity.' See Tyerman's *Whitefield*, vol. ii. p. 247, where a letter from William Holland is given.

<sup>3</sup> During this (Wesley's first) visit he had the use of a small 'Antinomian meeting' in Godly Alley, Lamb Lane, the congregation of which had become nearly extinct. (*W.M. Mag.* 1837, p. 421; 1907, pp. 810-11.)

*Wed. 31.*—I examined the society one by one. Some, I found, could already rejoice in God, and all seemed to be hungering after it.<sup>1</sup>

*FEB. 2, Fri.*—I preached in the evening at Shoreham, and *Saturday* the 3rd returned to London.

*Sun. 4.*—I preached at Hayes.<sup>2</sup> What a change is here within a year or two! Instead of the parishioners going out of church, the people come now from many miles round. The church was filled in the afternoon likewise, and all behaved well but the singers, whom I therefore reprov'd before the congregation, and some of them were ashamed.

*Mon. 5.*—I rode to Mrs. C——, at St. Ann's, near Chertsey. It was her design that I should preach in the evening in her summer-house, a large eight-square room, which was supported by a frame of wood. This was quickly filled; but as it was not intended to bear such a weight, the main beam beneath split in sunder. This I did not then know; but, finding the room too small, I went out and stood in the gallery before it. The people then came out too, went down and stood below, without any hurry or confusion.

*Thur. 8.*—It was about a quarter after twelve that the earthquake began at the skirts of the town.<sup>3</sup> It began in the south-east, went through Southwark, under the river, and then from one end of London to the other. It was observed at Westminster and Grosvenor Square a quarter before one. (Perhaps, if we allow for the difference of the clocks, about a quarter of an hour after it began in Southwark.) There were three distinct shakes, or wavings to and fro, attended with an hoarse rumbling noise, like thunder. How gently does God deal with this nation! Oh that our repentance may prevent heavier marks of His displeasure!

*Fri. 9.*—We had a comfortable watch-night at the chapel.<sup>4</sup> About eleven o'clock it came into my mind that this was the very day and hour in which, forty years ago, I was taken out

<sup>1</sup> The day following he wrote to Bishop Lavington (*Works*, vol. ix. p. 1).

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Charles Manning, the vicar, was present at the fourth and fifth Conferences (see also above, p. 390).

Cardinal Manning belonged to this family. Wesley's texts were Matt. xvi. 26 and Acts xi. 26 (see *W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 868).

<sup>3</sup> See Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 71-3

<sup>4</sup> In West Street.

of the flames.<sup>1</sup> I stopped and gave a short account of that wonderful providence. The voice of praise and thanksgiving went up on high, and great was our rejoicing before the Lord.

On *Monday* the 12th I had designed to set out for Bristol; but I could not go yet, there was such a flame kindled in London. However, I rode to Brentford, and preached as I had appointed; and then went on to Chertsey. Word had been industriously spread about the town that I would not come that night. However, many came to see whether I would or no; to whom I offered 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Wed.* 14.—The watch-night at the Foundery seemed the shortest I had ever known. Indeed, we knew not how the hours stole away, while prayer was lost in praise and thanksgiving.

*Fri.* 16.—We had a solemn fast-day, meeting, as before, at five, seven, ten, and one. Many of the rich were at the chapel in the evening. 'Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'

*Sat.* 17.—After preaching at Snowsfields I went into a friend's house. A poor sinner indeed followed me, one who was broken in pieces by the convincing Spirit, and uttered such cries as pierced the hearts of all that heard. We poured out our souls before God in prayer, and light sprung up in her heart.

*Sun.* 18.—To-day, likewise, wherever we assembled together, God caused His power to be known; but particularly at the lovefeast. The honest simplicity with which several spoke, in declaring the manner of God's dealings with them, set the hearts of others on fire. And the flame spread more and more, till, having stayed near an hour longer than usual, we were constrained to part.

*Mon.* 19.—I preached at Windsor about one, and at St. Ann's in the evening. The congregation was large, and extremely still and attentive, a very few persons excepted.

*Tues.* 20.—Mr. M[anning] had given notice, without my knowledge, that I would preach at Hayes on Tuesday. I was afraid few would trouble themselves to hear; but I was deceived,

<sup>1</sup> See *Wesley Studies*, pp. 41 ff. The actual date of the fire was Feb. 9, 1709.

In his Diary on March 9, 1737, Wesley recalls his rescue from the fire.

for there was a large congregation. Surely some of these will at length understand 'the things which belong unto their peace'!

*Wed. 21.*—I preached in the old French church in Grey Eagle Street, Spitalfields. It was extremely full, and many of the hearers were greatly moved; but who will endure to the end? <sup>1</sup>

*Thur. 22.*<sup>2</sup>—Having been sent for several times, I went to see a young woman in Bedlam. But I had not talked with her long before one gave me to know that none of these preachers were to come there. So we are forbid to go to Newgate, for fear of making them wicked; and to Bedlam, for fear of driving them mad!

*Tues. 27.*—I at length forced myself from London. We dined a little beyond Colnbrook, spoke plain to all in the house, and left them full of thankfulness and of good resolutions.

I preached at Reading in the evening; and in the morning, *Wednesday* the 28th, took horse, with the north wind full in our face. It was piercingly cold, so that I could scarce feel whether I had any hands or feet when I came to Blewbury. After speaking severally to the members of the society, I preached to a large congregation. In the evening I met my brother at Oxford, and preached to a small, serious company.

MARCH 1, *Thur.*—In riding to Cirencester I read Dr. Bates's *Elenchus Motuum nuperorum in Anglia*.<sup>3</sup> His Latin is not much inferior to Caesar's, whom he seems studiously to imitate; and his thoughts are generally just, only that he has no more mercy on the Puritans than upon Cromwell.

I dined at an house beyond Farringdon, where both the man and his wife appeared thankful for instruction. I preached at Cirencester in the evening to a large but not serious congregation.

*Fri. 2.*—I left this uncomfortable place, and in the afternoon came to Bristol.

Many miserable comforters were with me soon, complaining, one after another, of the want of lively preachers, the hurt the

<sup>1</sup> See *W.M. Mag.* 1855, p. 225; also below, p. 496.

<sup>2</sup> For a letter to James Brewster on this day, see *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1899, p. 53.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. William Bates, the celebrated

Puritan divine who favoured the Restoration, but, cleaving to truth, was ejected from St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, to which he had been presented. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 76.



Germans had done to some, and R—— W——<sup>1</sup> to others ; and the almost universal coldness, heaviness, and deadness among the people.

I knew but One that could help ; so we called upon God to arise and maintain His own cause. And this evening we had a token for good, for His word was as a two-edged sword.

*Sun. 4.*—I desired John W[hitford] to preach at five ; and I no longer wondered at the deadness of his hearers. I preached at Kingswood at eight, and God spoke to many hearts ; yea, and to a few even at Conham. But the greatest blessing was in the evening at Bristol, when we were all convinced God had not ‘forgotten to be gracious.’

*Tues. 6.*—I began writing a short French Grammar.<sup>2</sup> We observed *Wednesday* the 7th as a day of fasting and prayer. I preached at five on ‘Repent, and do the first works.’ The time from seven to nine, from ten to twelve, and from one to three we spent in prayer, and at our last meeting especially found that God was in the midst of us.

*Thur. 8.*—I desired all the preachers that were in Bristol to meet me at four in the afternoon ; and so every day while I was in the town.<sup>3</sup> In the evening God rent the rocks again. I wondered at the words He gave me to speak ; but He doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him.

To-day God gave the people of London a second warning, of which my brother<sup>4</sup> wrote as follows :

This morning, a quarter after five, we had another shock of an earthquake, far more violent than that of February 8. I was just repeating my text, when it shook the Foundry so violently that we all

<sup>1</sup> Probably Captain Robert Williams, whose scurrilous attack on Wesley, *The Progress of Methodism in Bristol* ; or, *The Methodist Unmasked*, was published in Bristol in 1743. See Green's *Anti-Meth. Publications*, No. 156, and Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. p. 429. Cf. above, vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

<sup>2</sup> *Works*, vol. xiv. pp. 12–32 ; Green's *Bibliography*, No. 151. This was really begun in Georgia.

<sup>3</sup> The seventh Conference.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Wesley published the sermon

he preached the following morning in the Foundry. It was afterwards republished in the *Works*, vol. vii., under its original title, ‘The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes.’ He also published ‘Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake,’ March 8, 1750. See for these and later hymns Osborn's *Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, vol. vi. pp. 17–52 : also *C. of Huntingdon's Life*, vol. i. p. 128 ; Charles Wesley's *Journal* of this period ; and Green's *Wesley Bibliog.*, Nos. 141, 148, 148a.

expected it to fall upon our heads. A great cry followed from the women and the children. I immediately cried out, 'Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea: for the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' He filled my heart with faith, and my mouth with words, shaking their souls as well as their bodies.

The earth moved westward, then east, then westward again, through all London and Westminster. It was a strong and jarring motion, attended with a rumbling noise, like that of distant thunder. Many houses were much shaken, and some chimneys thrown down, but without any farther hurt.

*Sat. 10.*—I talked at large with the masters of Kingswood School concerning the children and the management. They all agreed that one of the boys studiously laboured to corrupt the rest. I would not suffer him to stay any longer under the roof, but sent him home at that very hour.

*Sun. 11.*—I began visiting the society at Kingswood, strangely continuing without either increase or decrease. On the following days I visited that at Bristol. What cause have we to be humbled over this people! Last year more than an hundred members were added; this year near an hundred are lost. Such a decay has not been in this society before, ever since it began to meet together.

I should willingly have spent more time at Bristol, finding more and more proofs that God was reviving His work; but that the accounts I received from Ireland made me think it my duty to be there as soon as possible; so on *Monday* the 19th I set out with Christopher Hopper for the New Passage.<sup>1</sup> When we came there the wind was high, and almost full against us. Nevertheless we crossed in less than two hours, and reached Cardiff before night, where I preached at seven, and found much refreshment.

*Tues. 20.*—Expecting to preach at Aberdare, sixteen Welsh miles from Cardiff, I rode thither over the mountains.<sup>2</sup> But we

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Hopper's Journal from this point echoes Wesley's incidents, and even his phraseology. He continues the story until April 6, and summarizes the work in Ireland, naming eight places

and adding nothing to our information (*E.M.P.* vol. i. pp. 202-4).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Wesley's visit in March, 1748, and notes.

found no notice had been given ; so, after resting an hour, we set out for Brecknock. The rain did not intermit at all till we came within sight of it. Twice my horse fell down, and threw me over his head ; but without any hurt, either to man or beast.

*Wed. 21.*<sup>1</sup>—We rode to Builth, where we found notice had been given that Howell Harris would preach at noon. By this means a large congregation was assembled ; but Howell did not come ; so, at their request, I preached. Between four and five Mr. Phillips set out with us for Rhayader.<sup>2</sup> I was much out of order in the morning ; however, I held out to Llanidloes, and then lay down. After an hour's sleep I was much better, and rode on to Machynlleth.<sup>3</sup>

About an hour and an half before we came to Dolgelly the heavy rain began. We were on the brow of the hill, so we took all that came, our horses being able to go but half a foot-pace. But we had amends made us at our inn. John Lewis, and all his house, gladly joined with us in prayer ; and all we spoke to appeared willing to hear and to receive the truth in love.

*Fri. 23.*—Before we looked out we heard the roaring of the wind and the beating of the rain. We took horse at five. It rained incessantly all the way we rode, and when we came on the great mountain, four miles from the town (by which time I was wet from my neck to my waist), it was with great difficulty I could avoid being borne over my mare's head, the wind being ready to carry us all away ; nevertheless, about ten we came safe to Tan-y-bwlch, praising Him who saves both man and beast.

Our horses being well tired, and ourselves thoroughly wet, we rested the remainder of the day ; the rather because several of the family understood English—an uncommon thing in these parts. We spoke closely to these ; and they appeared much affected, particularly when we all joined in prayer.

<sup>1</sup> Mehetabel Wright died : ' Hetty Wesley,' the most brilliant of all the Epworth Rectory sisters, whose pitiful story has appealed in vain to the chivalry of a ruthless age. See Charles Wesley's Journal, March 5, 14, 21, and 26.

<sup>2</sup> Of this parish Mr. Edwards was

curate (Charles Wesley's Journal, October 13, 1748).

<sup>3</sup> David Young (*Meth. in Wales*, pp. 312 and 367) gives an account of Thomas Foulkes, formerly of Chester, whose work for Methodism in Wales was of high importance.



*Sat. 24.*—We set out at five, and at six came to the sands.<sup>1</sup> But the tide was in, so that we could not pass; so I sat down in a little cottage for three or four hours, and translated Aldrich's *Logic*.<sup>2</sup> About ten we passed, and before five came to Moel-y-don Ferry, and found the boat ready for us; but the boatmen desired us to stay a while, saying the wind was too high and the tide too strong. The secret was, they stayed for more passengers; and it was well they did, for, while we were walking to and fro, Mr. Jenkin Morgan came—at whose house, near half-way between the Ferry and Holyhead, I had lodged three years before.<sup>3</sup> The night soon came on; but our guide, knowing all the country, brought us safe to his own door.

*Sun. 25.*—I preached at Howell Thomas's, in Trefollwyn parish,<sup>4</sup> to a small, earnest congregation. As many did not understand, one of the brethren repeated the substance of the sermon in Welsh. In the afternoon I went to William Pritchard's,<sup>5</sup> though much against my will, as there was none there to interpret, and I was afraid very few of my hearers could understand English. But I was mistaken: the congregation was larger than I had ever seen in Anglesey. A considerable number of them understood English tolerably well; and the looks, sight, and gestures of those that did not showed that God was speaking to their hearts. It was a glorious opportunity: the whole congregation seemed to be melted down. So little do we know the extent of God's power. If He will work, what shall hinder Him?

The wind being contrary, I accepted of the invitation of an honest exciseman (Mr. Holloway) to stay at his house till it should change. Here I was in a little, quiet, solitary spot (*maxime animo exoptatum meo!*<sup>6</sup>) where no human voice was heard but those of the family. On *Tuesday* I desired Mr. Hopper to ride over to Holyhead and inquire concerning our

<sup>1</sup> Known as Traeth Mawr,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Tan-y-bwlch. See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> Prepared for use in the school at Kingswood. See above, p. 445; Green's *Bibliography*, No. 142; *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 124.

<sup>3</sup> See above, pp. 316, 336

<sup>4</sup> An error. Trefollwyn is a farm-house in the parish of Llangefni.

<sup>5</sup> A gifted and heroic pioneer of Non-conformity, at this time residing at Bodlewfawr farm. See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 54; vol. vii. p. 112.

<sup>6</sup> 'Retreat, most heartily desired by me.' See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 29.



passage. He brought word that we might probably pass in a day or two; so on *Wednesday* we both went thither. Here we overtook John Jane,<sup>1</sup> who had set out on foot from Bristol with three shillings in his pocket. Six nights out of the seven since he set out he had been entertained by utter strangers. He went by us, we could not tell how, and reached Holyhead on *Sunday* with one penny left.

By him we sent back our horses to Mr. Morgan's. I had a large congregation in the evening. It almost grieved me I could give them but one sermon, now they were at length willing to hear. About eleven we were called to go on board, the wind being quite fair: and so it continued till we were just out of the harbour. It then turned west, and blew a storm. There was neither moon nor stars, but rain and wind enough; so that I was soon tired of staying on deck. But we met another storm below, for who should be there but the famous Mr. Gr[iffith], of Carnarvonshire—a clumsy, overgrown, hard-faced man, whose countenance I could only compare to that (which I saw in Drury Lane thirty years ago<sup>2</sup>) of one of the ruffians in *Macbeth*. I was going to lie down, when he tumbled in, and poured out such a volley of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, every second or third word being an oath, as was scarce ever heard at Billingsgate. Finding there was no room for me to speak, I retired into my cabin, and left him to Mr. Hopper. Soon after, one or two of his own company interposed, and carried him back to his cabin.

*Thur. 29.*—We wrought our way four or five leagues toward Ireland, but were driven back in the afternoon to the very mouth of the harbour; nevertheless, the wind shifting one or two points, we ventured out again, and by midnight we were got about half seas over; but the wind then turning full against us and blowing hard, we were driven back again, and were glad, about nine, to get into the bay once more.

<sup>1</sup> See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 75; also below, p. 494.

<sup>2</sup> In 1720 Wesley was seventeen, and still at the Charterhouse. The 'thirty years ago' may not be exact, and the reminiscence may refer to an Oxford episode. When all the Oxford Diaries

have been transliterated and annotated—an extremely difficult task—it may be possible to identify the occasion of this early visit to Drury Lane Theatre, the actor who played 'Macbeth,' and even the 'ruffian' whose face Wesley recalled. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 76.

In the evening I was surprised to see, instead of some poor, plain people, a room full of men daubed with gold and silver. That I might not go out of their depth, I began expounding the story of Dives and Lazarus. It was more applicable than I was aware; several of them (as I afterwards learned) being eminently wicked men. I delivered my own soul; but they could in nowise bear it. One and another walked away, murmuring sorely. Four stayed till I drew to a close; they then put on their hats, and began talking to one another. I mildly reproved them; on which they rose up and went away, railing and blaspheming. I had then a comfortable hour with a company of plain, honest Welshmen.

In the night there was a vehement storm. Blessed be God that we were safe on shore!

*Sat. 31.*—I determined to wait one week longer, and if we could not sail then to go and wait for a ship at Bristol. At seven in the evening, just as I was going down to preach, I heard a huge noise, and took knowledge of the rabble of gentlemen. They had now strengthened themselves with drink and numbers, and placed Captain Gr[iffith] (as they called him) at their head. He soon burst open both the outward and inner door, struck old Robert Griffith, our landlord, several times, kicked his wife, and, with twenty full-mouthed oaths and curses, demanded, 'Where is the parson?' Robert Griffith came up, and desired me to go into another room, where he locked me in. The captain followed him quickly, broke open one or two doors, and got on a chair, to look on the top of a bed; but, his foot slipping (as he was not a man made for climbing), he fell down backward all his length. He rose leisurely, turned about, and, with his troop, walked away.

I then went down to a small company of the poor people, and spent half an hour with them in prayer. About nine, as we were preparing to go to bed, the house was beset again. The captain burst in first. Robert Griffith's daughter was standing in the passage with a pail of water, with which (whether with design or in her fright, I know not) she covered him from head to foot. He cried as well as he could, 'M—urder! Murder!' and stood very still for some moments.

In the meantime, Robert Griffith stepped by him and locked the door. Finding himself alone, he began to change his voice, and cry, 'Let me out! Let me out!' Upon his giving his word and honour that none of the rest should come in, they opened the door, and all went away together.

APRIL 1, *Sun.*—We designed to set out early for Mr. Holloway's, but the rain kept us till eight o'clock. We then set out, having one of Holyhead for our guide, reached a church six or seven miles off about eleven (where we stopped till the service was ended), and went on to William Pritchard's, near Llanerchymedd. I had appointed to preach there at four. I found the same spirit as before among this loving, simple people. Many of our hearts burned within us, and I felt what I spoke, 'The kingdom of God is at hand.'

Many who were come from the town earnestly pressed me to go and preach there, assuring me it was the general desire of the inhabitants. I felt a strong aversion to it, but would not refuse, not knowing what God might have to do. So I went; but we were scarce set down when the 'sons of Belial,' from all parts, gathered together and compassed the house. I could just understand their oaths and curses, which were broad English, and sounded on every side. The rest of their language was lost upon me, as mine was upon them. Our friends would have had me stay within; but I judged it best to look them in the face while it was open day. So I bade them open the door, and Mr. Hopper and I walked straight through the midst of them. Having procured a guide, we then went on without hindrance to our retreat at Mr. Holloway's. Surely this journey will be for good, for hitherto we have had continual storms, both by sea and land.

*Tues. 3.*—Mr. William Jones, of Trefollwyn, called and told us an exhorter was preaching a little way off. We went and found him on the common, standing on a little rock in the midst of an attentive congregation. After he had done, I preached, and then returned to my study at Llangefni.

*Thur. 5.*—I read over great part of Gerard's *Meditationes Sacrae*,<sup>1</sup> a book recommended to me in the strongest terms. But, alas! how was I disappointed! They have some masterly

<sup>1</sup> A seventeenth-century divinity professor at Jena. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 77.

strokes, but are in general trite and flat, the thoughts being as poor as the Latin. It is well every class of writers has a class of readers, or they would never have come to a second impression.

About noon I preached two miles west of Llanerchymedd, and in the evening about a quarter of a mile further. Not one scoffer is found in these congregations ; but whoever hears, hears for his life.

*Fri. 6.*—I preached near Llanerchymedd at noon, and at Trefollwyn in the evening. Observing at night the wind was changed, I rode to Holyhead early in the morning. A ship was just ready to sail, so we went on board, and in the evening landed at Dublin.

*Sun. 8.*—I preached morning, afternoon, and evening, and then exhorted the society to stand fast in the good old Bible way, and not to move from it, to the right hand or to the left.

I found Mr. Lunell<sup>1</sup> in so violent a fever that there was little hope of his life. But he revived the moment he saw me, and fell into a breathing sweat. He began to recover from that time. Perhaps for this also was I sent.

*Mon. 9.*—I found, upon inquiry, many things had been represented to me worse than they really were. But it is well ; if they had not been so represented, I should scarce have come over this year.

*Tues. 10.*—I learned the real case of Roger Ball. He first deceived Mr. L[unell] and W[illiam] T[ucker], who quickly agreed that so valuable a man must be employed immediately.<sup>2</sup> So he was invited to speak to our congregation, and received as one of our family. But it soon appeared what manner of man he was, full of guile, and of the most abominable errors ; one of which was that a believer had a right to all women. I marvel he has turned only three persons out of the way.

*Wed. 11.*—I found some of the fruits of his labours. One of the leaders told me frankly he had left off communicating for some time ; for St. Paul said, ' Touch not, taste not, handle not.' And all seemed to approve of dropping the preaching on Tuesday and Thursday, seeing ' the dear Lamb is the only Teacher.'

<sup>1</sup> See note above, p. 312.

p. 77 ; and above, p. 238 ; also Sheldon's

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. *Early Meth. in Birmingham*, pp. 7, 8.



*Thur.* 12.<sup>1</sup>—I breakfasted with one of the society, and found she had a lodger I little thought of. It was the famous Mrs. Pilkington,<sup>2</sup> who soon made an excuse for following me upstairs. I talked with her seriously about an hour. We then sung 'Happy Magdalene.'<sup>3</sup> She appeared to be exceedingly struck ; how long the impression may last, God knows.

We dined at Mr. P——'s. A young married woman was there, who was lately a zealous Papist, and had converted several Protestant heretics to the Romish faith ; but, setting on some of the Methodists, they converted her—at least, convinced her of the great truths of the gospel. Immediately her relations, her husband in particular, renounced her. But she was moved by none of these things ; desiring nothing on earth but to experience the faith which once she persecuted.

In the evening I was sent for by one who had reasoned himself out of all his Christianity, and was now in doubt whether the soul would survive the body. Surely even speculative faith is the gift of God ; nor, without Him, can we hold even this fast.

*Sat.* 14.—J[onathan] R[eeves] came from Cork, and brought us a farther account of what had been transacted there. From the beginning of February to the end of it, King Nicholas<sup>4</sup> had reigned : how he still used his power may appear from two or three instances :

WILLIAM JEWELL, clothier, of Shannon Church Lane, deposes :

That Nicholas Butler, with a riotous mob, several times assaulted this deponent's house ; that particularly on February 23, he came thither with a large mob ; that several of the rioters entered the house, and swore the first who resisted they would blow his brains out ; that the deponent's wife, endeavouring to stop them, was assaulted and beaten by the said Butler, who then ordered his men to break the windows ; which they did, with stones of a considerable weight.

<sup>1</sup> On this date he wrote a letter to J. Cownley (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 223) : a remarkable letter, chiefly on preaching. It closes thus : 'Beware of all honey. It is the best extreme ; but it is an extreme.'

<sup>2</sup> Tyerman tells her notorious story in brief (*Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 77–8). Five months later she died. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dean Swift*, gives an account of Pilkington and his wife.

See also Swift's *Works*, vol. xix. p. 135.

<sup>3</sup> The hymn was by Charles Wesley, the tune by Lampe. See *Hymns for our Lord's Resurrection ; Poetical Works*, vol. iv. (1746) p. 132. The hymn begins thus :

Happy Magdalene, to whom  
Christ the Lord vouchsafed to appear.

<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Butler, the inciter of the Cork riots.

MARY PHILIPS, of St. Peter's Church Lane, deposes :

That on February 26, about seven in the evening, Nicholas Butler came to her house with a large mob, and asked where her husband was ; that, as soon as she appeared, he first abused her in the grossest terms, and then struck her on the head, so that it stunned her ; and she verily believes, had not some within thrust to and fastened the door, she should have been murdered on the spot.

ELIZABETH GARDELET, wife of Joseph Gardelet, corporal in Colonel Pawlet's regiment, Captain Charlton's company, deposes :

That on February 28, as she was going out of her lodgings, being big with child, she was met by Butler and his mob ; that Butler, without any manner of provocation, immediately fell upon her, striking her with both his fists on the side of her head, which beat her head against the wall ; that she endeavoured to escape from him, but he pursued her and struck her several times in the face ; that she ran into the school-yard for shelter ; but he followed, caught hold of her, saying, ' You whore, you stand on consecrated ground,' and threw her with such force across the lane that she was driven against the opposite wall ; that when she had recovered herself a little, she made the best of the way to her lodging ; but he still pursued her, and overtook her, as she was going up the stairs ; that he struck her with his fist on the stomach, which stroke knocked her down backward ; that, falling with the small of her back on the edge of one of the stairs, she was not able to rise again ; that her pains immediately came upon her, and about two in the morning she miscarried.

These, with several more depositions to the same effect, were, at the Lent Assizes, laid before the Grand Jury ; yet they did not find any of these Bills ! But they found one against Daniel Sullivan (no preacher, but a hearer of Mr. Wesley), who, when Butler and his mob were discharging a shower of stones upon him, put them all in bodily fear by discharging a pistol, without any ball, over their heads. If any man wrote this story to England in a quite different manner, and fixed it on a young Methodist preacher, let him be ashamed.

Several of the persons presented as vagabonds<sup>1</sup> in autumn appeared at these Assizes. But none appearing against them,

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 424. The Judge asked Butler what was his calling. When he replied ' a ballad-singer,' the Judge lifted up his hands in surprise and said, ' Here

are six gentlemen indicted as vagabonds, and the first accuser is a vagabond by profession.' (Crookshank's *Meth. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 62.)

they were acquitted, with honour to themselves and shame to their persecutors; who, by bringing the matter to a judicial determination, plainly showed 'There is law even for Methodists'; and gave his Majesty's Judge a fair occasion to declare the utter illegality of all riots, and the inexcusableness of tolerating (much more causing) them on any pretence whatsoever.

*Sun.* 15 (being *Easter Day*).—I preached, morning and evening; but my voice was so weak it could scarce be heard.

*Wed.* 18.—One who, upon her turning to God, had been turned out of doors, and disowned by all her relations (very good Protestants) was received into the 'house of God not made with hands.' We rejoiced over her in the evening with exceeding joy. Happy they who lose all, and gain Christ!

*Thur.* 19.—I rode with J[onathan] R[eeves] through a heavy rain to Edenderry. The congregation was much larger than I expected; and both in the evening and the morning we praised God with joyful lips.

*Fri.* 20.—I rode to Portarlinton on a very bad horse, and was glad of a little rest.

*Sun.* 22.—I preached at eight; at Closeland, about two; and between five and six at Portarlinton, to almost all the gentry in the town, on 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.'

*Mon.* 23.—I preached at Closeland again; and the next morning spoke severally with the members of the society, increased both in number and in the grace of God.

*Wed.* 25.—I dined at Mr. K——'s, who had lived utterly without God for about seventy years; but God had now made both him and most of his household 'partakers of like precious faith.' When I first came into the house he was in an agony of pain, from an hurt of about forty-five years' standing. I advised to apply hot nettles.<sup>1</sup> The pain presently ceased, and he rose and praised God.

*Thur.* 26.—I examined the class of children, many of whom are rejoicing in God. I then sought after some of the sheep

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley, in his enlarged edition of *Primitive Physick*, probably refers to this case. Under 'Sciatica' he says:

'I have known this [nettles] cure a sciatica of forty-five years' standing.'

that were lost, and left all I spoke with determined to return. About noon I read the letters, and in the afternoon rode cheerfully to Mountmellick. I found the society here much increased in grace, and yet lessened in number: a case which I scarce remember to have met with before, in all England and Ireland.

*Sun.* 29.—I preached at eight, at two, and at five; when some of our most vehement opposers were present, and, by their seriousness and attention, gave us reason to hope they will oppose no more.

*Mon.* 30.—I baptized a man and woman (late Quakers), as I had done another the night before. Afterwards I visited the sick. The first we went to had been a Papist, but was cast out for hearing us. While we were at prayer she cried bitterly after God, refusing to be comforted; nor did she cease till He revealed His Son in her heart; which she could not but declare to all that were in the house.

About one I administered the Lord's Supper to a sick person, with a few of our brethren and sisters. Being straitened for time, I used no extemporary prayer at all; yet the power of God was so unusually present during the whole time that several knew not how to contain themselves, being quite overwhelmed with joy and love.

Thence we rode to Tullamore. It being the fair-day, many were tolerably drunk. When I began to preach, they made a little disturbance for a while; but the bulk of the audience were deeply attentive.

MAY 1, *Tues.*—I found many of the first were become last, being returned 'as a dog to the vomit.' In the evening my hoarseness (contracted in Dublin) was so increased that I doubt few of the congregation could hear. In meeting the society, I reproved them sharply for their lukewarmness and covetousness. In that hour the spirit of contrition came down, and all of them seemed broken in pieces. At the same time my voice was restored in a moment, so that I could once more sing praise to God.

*Wed.* 2.—I rode to Tyrrell's Pass, and found more than double the congregation which I had there last year. The next day, when I spoke to those of the society severally, I had



still greater cause to rejoice, finding a great part of them walking in the light and praising God all the day long.

*Fri. 4.*—I preached about noon at Coolalough,<sup>1</sup> and about six in the market-house at Athlone.

*Sun. 6.*—I addressed myself in the morning to the backsliders, from 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?' At one to the unawakened, from 'What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' In the evening I preached, to a far larger congregation, on the Connaught side of the river. In the midst of the sermon a man with a fine curveting horse drew off a large part of the audience. I paused a little, and then, raising my voice, said, 'If there are any more of you who think it is of more concern to see a dancing horse than to hear the gospel of Christ, pray go after them.' They took the reproof; the greater part came back directly and gave double attention.

*Mon. 7.*—When I met the society in the evening, one who had been always afraid of exposing herself was struck so that she could not help crying out aloud, being in strong agonies both of soul and body. Indeed, her case was quite peculiar. She felt no fear of hell, but an inexpressible sense of the sufferings of Christ, accompanied with sharp bodily pain, as if she had literally suffered with Him. We continued in prayer till twelve o'clock, and left her patiently waiting for salvation.

*Tues. 8.*—I dined at Mr. T——'s.<sup>2</sup> Two other clergymen were present, and Mr. H——, member of parliament for the county. We soon fell upon Justification and Inspiration, and, after a free conversation, seemed nearly of one mind.

*Thur. 10.*—I read the letters. A famous drunkard and swearer stood as long as he could, and then fell down upon his knees before the whole congregation. All appeared to be much moved. It was with difficulty I broke from them about noon and rode to Ahascragh, where I preached in the evening to an

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Samuel Handy's residence.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the brother of Miss Teare, of Athlone, who became a Methodist in 1748, and was the means of convincing her father and mother (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 18, 25). On Sept. 25, 1748, C. Wesley found

an open door at Athlone, and accepted 'an invitation from Rev. Mr. T——.' On May 10, 1749, he (J. W.) preached at Ahascragh, and the rector of a neighbouring parish was in the congregation. The suggestion is that in these three places the same person is referred to.

exceeding serious congregation on 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.'

*Fri. 11.*—I talked largely with the two Miss M——s.<sup>1</sup> The elder, I found, had once known the love of God, but not kept it long, and seemed to be now earnestly mourning after it. The younger had never left her first love; and, in the midst of great bodily weakness, had no fear of death, but 'a desire to depart and to be with Christ.'

*Sat. 12.*—I rode to Mr. Simpson's,<sup>2</sup> near Oatfield; and in the evening preached at Aughrim to a well-meaning, sleepy people.

*Sun. 13.*—I strove to shake some of them out of sleep by preaching as sharply as I could. We had such a congregation at church as (it was said) had not been seen there for twenty years before. After church I preached to abundance of Papists as well as Protestants, and now they seemed to be a little more awake.

About five in the afternoon I preached at Ahascragh to a congregation gathered from all parts. Oh what a harvest might be in Ireland did not the poor Protestants hate Christianity worse than either Popery or Heathenism!

*Mon. 14.*—I rode to Birr.<sup>3</sup> The number of people that assembled here in the evening and at five in the morning, and their serious attention, gave me some hope that there will more good be done even in this place.

*Wed. 16.*—At eleven I preached in the assembly room at Nenagh, and in the evening at Limerick.

*Thur. 17.*—The church was full at five, and one may truly say it was full of the presence of God. The evening was cold and blustering, so that I was obliged to preach, though there was by no means room for the congregation. I afterwards told the society freely and plainly of their faults. They received it as became men fearing God.

*Fri. 18.*—I dined at Kilmallock, once a flourishing city, now a vast heap of ruins.<sup>4</sup> In the afternoon we called at Kildorrery.

<sup>1</sup> For Mr. and Mrs. Mahon of Castle-gar see above, p. 406.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Samuel Simpson. See note above, p. 351.

<sup>3</sup> Also called Parsonstown.

<sup>4</sup> It has been styled the 'Baalbec of Ireland.' Sir R. C. Hoare was much impressed by this place.

A clergyman was there a little before us, who *would* talk with me, whether I would or no. After an hour's conversation we parted in love; but our stay here made it so late before we reached Rathcormack that I could not well preach that evening.

*Sat.* 19.—I preached about eleven, and in the afternoon rode on to Cork. About nine in the evening I came to Alderman Pembroke's.<sup>1</sup>

*Sun.* 20.—Understanding the usual place of preaching would by no means contain those who desired to hear, about eight I went to Hammond's Marsh. The congregation was large and deeply attentive. A few of the rabble gathered at a distance; but by little and little they drew near, and mixed with the congregation: so that I have seldom seen a more quiet and orderly assembly at any church in England or Ireland.

In the afternoon, a report being spread abroad that the mayor<sup>2</sup> designed to hinder my preaching on the Marsh in the evening, I desired Mr. Skelton<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Jones<sup>4</sup> to wait upon him and inquire concerning it. Mr. Skelton asked if my preaching there would be disagreeable to him, adding, 'Sir, if it would, Mr. Wesley will not do it.' He replied warmly, 'Sir, I'll have no mobbing.' Mr. Skelton replied, 'Sir, there was none this morning.' He answered, 'There was. Are there not churches and meeting-houses enough? I will have no more mobs and riots.' Mr. Skelton replied, 'Sir, neither Mr. Wesley nor they that heard him made either mobs or riots.' He answered plain, 'I will have no more preaching; and, if Mr. Wesley attempts to preach, I am prepared for him.'

I began preaching in our own house soon after five. Mr. Mayor meantime was walking in the 'Change, and giving orders to the town-drummers and to his serjeants—doubtless to go down and *keep the peace*. They accordingly came down to the house, with an innumerable mob attending them. They continued drumming, and I continued preaching, till I had finished my discourse. When I came out the mob immediately closed me in. Observing one of the serjeants standing by, I

<sup>1</sup> Mayor of Cork in 1734.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. William Holmes.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Skelton, one of the preachers. See above, p. 403.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Jones, merchant. For his deposition see above, p. 409; see also below, April 14, 1771. For his death see June 29, 1762.

desired him to keep the king's peace ; but he replied, ' Sir, I have no orders to do that.' As soon as I came into the street, the rabble threw whatever came to hand ; but all went by me, or flew over my head, nor do I remember that one thing touched me. I walked on straight through the midst of the rabble, looking every man before me in the face ; and they opened on the right and left, till I came near Daunt's Bridge.<sup>1</sup> A large party had taken possession of this, one of whom was bawling out, ' Now, hey for the Romans ! ' When I came up, they likewise shrunk back, and I walked through them to Mr. Jenkins's house ; but a Papist stood just within the door, and endeavoured to hinder my going in, till one of the mob (I suppose aiming at me, but missing) knocked her down flat. I then went in, and God restrained the wild beasts, so that not one attempted to follow me.

But many of the congregation were more roughly handled, particularly Mr. Jones, who was covered with dirt, and escaped with his life almost by miracle. The main body of the mob then went to the house, brought out all the seats and benches,<sup>2</sup> tore up the floor, the door, the frames of the windows, and whatever of woodwork remained, part of which they carried off for their own use, and the rest they burnt in the open street.

Finding there was no probability of their dispersing, I sent to Alderman Pembroke, who immediately desired Mr. Alderman Windthrop, his nephew, to go down to Mr. Jenkins, with whom I walked up the street, none giving me an unkind or disrespectful word.

*Mon. 21.*—I rode on to Bandon. From three in the afternoon till past seven the mob of Cork marched in grand procession, and then burnt me in effigy near Daunt's Bridge.

While they were so busily employed, Mr. Haughton<sup>3</sup> took the opportunity of going down to Hammond's Marsh. He called at a friend's house there, where the good woman, in great care, locked him in ; but, observing many people were

<sup>1</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vii. p. 122.

<sup>2</sup> One of the rioters . . . was buried in a coffin made of two of these benches (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. pp. 65-6).

<sup>3</sup> One of the preachers. He afterwards

obtained episcopal ordination, and was rector of Kilrea in 1778, when Wesley visited him. See below, June 4, 1778 ; Atmore's *Memorial*, p. 202 ; Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. ; and *Orphan House*, p. 115.



met, he threw up the sash and preached to them out of the window. Many seemed deeply affected, even of those who had been persecutors before; and they all quietly retired to their several homes before the mob was at leisure to attend them.

*Tues. 22.*—The mob and drummers were moving again between three and four in the morning. The same evening they came down to the Marsh, but stood at a distance from Mr. Stockdale's<sup>1</sup> house, till the drums beat, and the mayor's serjeant beckoned to them, on which they drew up, and began the attack. The mayor, being sent for, came with a party of soldiers, and said to the mob, 'Lads, once, twice, thrice, I bid you go home; now I have done.' He then went back, taking the soldiers with him; on which the mob, pursuant to their instructions, went on and broke all the glass and most of the window-frames in pieces.

*Wed. 23.*—The mob was still patrolling the streets, abusing all that were called Methodists, and threatening to murder them and pull down their houses if they did not leave this way.

*Thur. 24.*—They again assaulted Mr. Stockdale's house, broke down the boards he had nailed up against the windows, destroyed what little remained of the window-frames and shutters, and damaged a considerable part of his goods.

*Fri. 25.*—One Roger O'Ferrall fixed up an advertisement at the public Exchange that he was ready to head any mob in order to pull down any house that should dare to harbour a swaddler<sup>2</sup> (a name given to Mr. Cennick first by a Popish priest, who heard him speak of a child wrapped in swaddling clothes, and probably did not know the expression was in the Bible, a book he was not much acquainted with).

All this time God gave us great peace at Bandon, notwithstanding the unwearied labours, both public and private, of good Dr. B——<sup>3</sup> to stir up the people. But *Saturday* the 26th

<sup>1</sup> A tallow-chandler, nearly murdered in the riot of May 31, 1749. See above, p. 412.

<sup>2</sup> See C. Wesley's Journal, Sept. 10, 1747, and more fully *C. of Huntingdon's Life*, vol. ii. p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Dr. St. John Brown. See note above, p. 403. The pulpit from which he fulminated anathemas against the Methodists was used at the foundation-stone-laying services of the present Methodist chapel at Bandon.

many were under great apprehensions of what was to be done in the evening. I began preaching in the main street at the usual hour, but to more than twice the usual congregation. After I had spoken about a quarter of an hour, a clergyman who had planted himself near me, with a very large stick in his hand, according to agreement opened the scene. (Indeed, his friends assured me he was in drink, or he would not have done it.) But, before he had uttered many words, two or three resolute women, by main strength, pulled him into a house, and, after expostulating a little, sent him away through the garden. But here he fell violently on her that conducted him, not in anger, but love (such as it was), so that she was constrained to repel force by force, and cuff him soundly before he would let her go.

The next champion that appeared was one Mr. M——,<sup>1</sup> a young gentleman of the town. He was attended by two others, with pistols in their hands. But his triumph, too, was but short, for some of the people quickly bore him away, though with much gentleness and civility.

The third came on with far greater fury; but he was encountered by a butcher of the town (not one of the Methodists), who used him as he would an ox, bestowing one or two hearty blows upon his head. This cooled his courage, especially as none took his part. So I quietly finished my discourse.

*Sun. 27.*—I wrote to the mayor of Cork as follows :

MR. MAYOR,

An hour ago I received *A Letter to Mr. Butler*, just reprinted at Cork. The publishers assert 'it was brought down from Dublin, to be distributed among the society, but Mr. Wesley called in as many as he could.' Both these assertions are absolutely false. I read some lines of that letter when I was in Dublin, but never read it over before this morning. Who the author of it is I know not; but this I know, I never called in one, neither concerned myself about it, much less brought any down to distribute amongst the society.

Yet I cannot but return my hearty thanks to the gentlemen who have distributed them through the town. I believe it will do more

<sup>1</sup> This may have been Mr. Murphy, W. Smith in 1810 (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 71). whose son, in greatly reduced circumstances, was seen in Cork by the Rev.

good than they are sensible of; for though I dislike its condemning the magistrates and clergy in general (several of whom were not concerned in the late proceedings), yet I think the reasoning is strong and clear, and that the facts referred to therein are not at all misrepresented will sufficiently appear in due time.

I fear God and honour the king. I earnestly desire to be at peace with all men. I have not willingly given any offence either to the magistrates, the clergy, or any of the inhabitants of the city of Cork, neither do I desire anything of them but to be treated (I will not say as a clergyman, a gentleman, or a Christian, but) with such justice and humanity as are due to a Jew, a Turk, or a Pagan.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

At eight we had such a glorious shower as usually follows a calm. After church I began preaching again on 'The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.' In the evening a large multitude flocked together. I believe such a congregation was never before seen in Bandon, and the fear of God was in the midst. A solemn awe seemed to run through the whole multitude while I enlarged on 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Mon. 28.*—I rode to Kinsale, one of the pleasantest towns which I have seen in Ireland. At seven I preached in the Exchange to a few gentry, many poor people, and abundance of soldiers. All behaved like men that feared God. After sermon came one from Cork, and informed us Mr. W—— had preached both morning and afternoon under the wall of the barracks; that the town drummers came, but the soldiers assured them if they went to beat there they would be all cut in pieces; that then the mayor came himself, at the head of his mob, but could make no considerable disturbance; that he went and talked to the commanding officer, but with so little success that the colonel came out and declared to the mob they must make no riot there. Here is a turn of affairs worthy of God! Doth He not rule in heaven and earth?

*Tues. 29.*—I inquired concerning Richard Hutchinson, of whom I had heard many speak. His mother informed me: 'It was about August last, being then above four years old, that he began to talk much of God, and to ask abundance of questions

concerning Him. From that time he never played nor laughed, but was as serious as one of threescore. He constantly reprov'd any that cursed or swore, or spoke indecently in his hearing, and frequently mourned over his brother, who was two or three years older, saying, "I fear my brother will go to hell, for he does not love God." About Christmas I cut off his hair; on which he said, "You cut off my hair because you are afraid I shall have the small-pox; but I am not afraid; I am not afraid to die, for I love God." About three weeks ago he sent for all of the society whom he knew, saying he must take his leave of them; which he did, speaking to them, one by one, in the most tender and affectionate manner. Four days after he fell ill of the small-pox, and was light-headed almost as soon as he was taken; but all his incoherent sentences were either exhortation, or pieces of hymns, or prayer. The worse he was the more earnest he was to die, saying, "I must go home; I will go home." One said, "You are at home." He earnestly replied, "No; this is not my home; I will go to heaven." On the tenth day of his illness he raised himself up and said, "Let me go; let me go to my Father; I will go home. Now, now I will go to my Father." After which he lay down and died.<sup>1</sup>

Wed. 30.—I rode to Cork. By talking with Captain —, I found there was no depending on the good offices of the colonel. He had told the captain, with great openness, 'If Mr. Wesley preached in the barracks, and the mob were to come and break the windows, I might have a long bill from the barrack-master.' *Break the windows!* Nay, it is well if they had not broken the bones of all the soldiers.<sup>1</sup>

A little before five I walked towards the barracks. The boys quickly gathered, and were more and more turbulent. But in a moment all was quiet. This, I afterwards found, was owing to Mr. W——, who snatched a stick out of a man's hand

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards known as the 42nd Highlanders. They stood by Swindells at Limerick as by Wesley at Cork. In 1749 there were eight members in the regiment. These Highlanders checked and thwarted the mob until, 'at the close of Mr. Holmes's year of office, his suc-

cessor, Mr. Robert Wrixon, by the firm stand he took, effectually ended the intolerant and riotous proceedings which had so long disturbed and disgraced the city.' (Crookshank's *Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 67.)



and brandished it over his head, on which the whole troop valiantly ran away.

When we came over the South Bridge a large mob gathered ; but before they were well formed we reached the barrack gate, at a small distance from which I stood and cried, 'Let the wicked forsake his way.' The congregation of serious people was large ; the mob stood about a hundred yards off. I was a little surprised to observe that almost all the soldiers kept together in a body near the gate, and knew not but the report might be true that, on a signal given, they were all to retire into the barracks ; but they never stirred until I had done. As we walked away, one or two of them followed us. Their numbers increased, until we had seven or eight before, and a whole troop of them behind ; between whom I walked, through an immense mob, to Alderman Pembroke's door.

*Thur.* 31.—I rode to Rathcormack. There being a great burying in the afternoon, to which people came from all parts, Mr. Lloyd<sup>1</sup> read part of the Burial Service in the church ; after which I preached on 'The end of all things is at hand.' I was exceedingly shocked at (what I had only heard of before) the Irish howl which followed. It was not a song, as I supposed, but a dismal, inarticulate yell, set up at the grave by four shrill-voiced women, who (we understood) were hired for that purpose. But I saw not one that shed a tear ; for that, it seems, was not in their bargain.

JUNE 1, *Fri.*—I rode over the mountains to Shronell,<sup>2</sup> and found a handful of serious, loving people. I preached in the evening and morning, *Saturday* the 2nd, and then went on to Limerick.

*Sun.* 3 (being *Whit Sunday*).—Our morning service began, as usual, at four o'clock. In the evening I preached at Mardyke to four or five times as many as our church<sup>3</sup> would have contained ; and my voice would now command them all. It was

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Richard Lloyd. See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 79-80, for Mr. Lloyd's reply to his bishop, who forbade any person not licensed in that or the neighbouring diocese to preach in his church. He roundly told the bishop

that persecution was driving Methodists of good fortune out of the country, leaving the Church with the 'refuse.'

<sup>2</sup> Here, a month later, T. Walsh began to preach (*E.M.P.* vol. iii. p. 82).

<sup>3</sup> The rebuilt abbey church.

weak till I went to Cork ; but in the midst of the drumming it was restored, and has never failed me since.

*Mon. 4.*—I rode to Newmarket, a village near the Shannon, eight miles, as they call it, from Limerick. I found the spirit of the people while I was preaching, but much more in examining the society. Four or five times I was stopped short, and could not go on, being not able to speak ; particularly when I was talking with a child, about nine years old, whose words astonished all that heard. The same spirit we found in prayer ; so that my voice was wellnigh lost among the various cries of the people.

*Tues. 5.*<sup>1</sup>—I returned to Limerick. In examining the society here, I could not but take particular notice of about sixty of the Highland Regiment of soldiers<sup>2</sup>—men fit to appear before princes. Their zeal, ‘according to knowledge,’ has stirred up many ; and they still speak for God, and are not ashamed.

*Wed. 13.*—I rode to Shronell again ; and in the morning, *Thursday* the 14th, to Clonmel. After an hour’s rest we set forward, but were obliged to stop in the afternoon, sooner than we designed, by my horse’s having a shoe loose. The poor man at whose house we called was not only patient of exhortation but exceeding thankful for it. We afterwards missed our way ; so that it was near eight o’clock before we got over the Grannagh Ferry, a mile short of Waterford.

At the Ferry was a lad who asked my name. When he heard it, he cried out, ‘O sir, you have no business here ; you have nothing to do at Waterford. Butler has been gathering mobs there all this week ; and they set upon us so that we cannot walk the streets. But if you will stay at that little house, I will go and bring B. McCullagh<sup>3</sup> to you.’

<sup>1</sup> The preface to the letter to Rev. Mr. Baile ( *Works*, vol. ix. pp. 63–89) is dated June 8, 1750. This is the letter which contains the depositions concerning the ‘Butler Riots’ in Cork, and Wesley’s defence of Methodism—a powerful and intensely interesting epistle.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 400.

<sup>3</sup> One of the leading Methodists of the city. Wesley, in noting this, the sub-final scene in the Butler persecution, omits to tell the story of the retribution that over-

took ‘King Nicholas.’ Crookshank says that ‘Soon after, Butler, having quarrelled with some of his companions, lost his right arm in the affray, and, thus disabled, fled to Dublin, where, according to one account, he dragged out the remainder of his life in well-deserved misery, and was actually saved from starving by the charity of the Dublin Methodists ; and, according to another, he rendered himself amenable to justice, and was transported for life.’

We stayed some time, and then thought it best to go a little on our way toward Portarlington. But the ferryman would not come over ; so that, after waiting till we were weary, we made our way through some grounds, and over the mountain, into the Carrick road ; and went on, about five miles, to a village where we found a quiet house. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof. We were on horseback, with but an hour or two's intermission, from five in the morning till within a quarter of eleven at night.

*Fri.* 15.—About two in the morning I heard people making a great noise, and calling me by my name. They were some of our friends from Waterford, who informed us that, upon the lad's coming in, sixteen or eighteen of them came out to conduct me into the town. Not finding me, they returned ; but the mob met them by the way, and pelted them with dirt and stones to their own doors.

We set out at four, and reached Kilkenny, about twenty-five old Irish miles, about noon. This is by far the most pleasant, as well as most fruitful country which I have seen in all Ireland. Our way after dinner lay by Dunmore, the seat of the late Duke of Ormond.<sup>1</sup> We rode through the park for about two miles, by the side of which the river runs. I never saw, either in England, Holland, or Germany so delightful a place. The walks, each consisting of four rows of ashes, the tufts of trees sprinkled up and down, interspersed with the smoothest and greenest lawns, are beautiful beyond description. And what hath the owner thereof, the Earl of Arran ?<sup>2</sup> Not even the beholding it with his eyes.<sup>3</sup>

My horse tired in the afternoon ; so I left him behind, and borrowed that of my companion. I came to Emo about eleven, and would very willingly have passed the rest of the night there ; but the good woman of the inn was not minded that I should. For some time she would not answer ; at last she opened the door just wide enough to let out four dogs upon me. So I rode on to Ballybrittas, expecting a rough salute here too,

<sup>1</sup> James, second Duke of Ormond, was attainted and retired to France in 1715 : died there in 1746-7.

<sup>2</sup> Brother of the duke, by special Act

of Parliament permitted to purchase from the Crown the duke's forfeited estates : died in 1759.

<sup>3</sup> See also below, July 12, 1762.

from a large dog which used to be in the yard ; but he never stirred till the ostler waked and came out. About twelve I laid down. I think this was the longest day's journey I ever rode, being fifty old Irish—that is, about ninety English—miles.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat.* 16.—I rested, and transcribed the *Letter to Mr. Baily*.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 17.—I preached about nine in the market-place at Portarlinton ; again at one ; and immediately after the evening service. The Earl of D[rogheda], and several other persons of distinction, listened a while ; but it was not to their taste.

*Tues.* 19.—I rode over to Dublin, and found all things there in a more prosperous state than ever before.

*Thur.* 21.—I returned to Closeland, and preached in the evening to a little, earnest company. Oh who should drag me into a great city, if I did not know there is another world ! How gladly could I spend the remainder of a busy life in solitude and retirement !

*Fri.* 22.—We had a watch-night at Portarlinton.<sup>3</sup> I began before the usual time ; but it was not easy to leave off, so great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

*Sat.* 23.—I heard, face to face, two that were deeply prejudiced against each other, Mrs. E—— and Mrs. M——. But the longer they talked, the warmer they grew ; till, in about three hours, they were almost distracted. One who came in as a witness was as hot as either. I perceived there was no remedy but prayer. So a few of us wrestled with God for above two hours. When we rose, Mrs. M—— ran and fell on the other's neck. Anger and revenge were vanished away, and melted down into love. One only, M[argaret] B——, continued still in bitter agony of soul. We besought God in her behalf ; and did not let Him go till she also was set at liberty.

*Sun.* 24.—There being no English service, I went to the French church.<sup>4</sup> I have sometimes thought Mr. Whitefield's action was violent ; but he is a mere post to Mr. Caillard.<sup>5</sup>

In the evening I preached at Mountmellick, where were two from Roscrea to show me the way thither. One of them gave

<sup>1</sup> Crookshank says 'not quite sixty-five.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. John Baily, rector of Kilcully. See above, p. 457.

<sup>3</sup> The first recorded in Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> For an account of the Huguenot

refugees in Ireland, see Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 5th ed. vol. ii. pp. 344-5.

<sup>5</sup> Pastor from 1739 to 1767. (Smiles's *Huguenots*, p. 314.)



us so strange a relation that I thought it worth while to set it down, as nearly as might be, in his own words. The strangest part of it rests, not on his testimony alone, but on that of many of his neighbours, none of whom could have any manner of temptation to affirm either more or less than they saw with their eyes :

My son, John Dudley, was born at Roscrea, in the year 1726. He was serious from a child, tender of conscience, and greatly fearing God. When he was at school he did not play like other children, but spent his whole time in learning. About eighteen I took him home and employed him in husbandry, and he grew more and more serious. On Feb. 4, 1747, just as I was laid down in bed he cried out, 'My dear father, I am ready to be choked.' I ran, and took him in my arms ; and in about a minute he recovered.

The next morning he cried out just as before, and continued ill about two minutes. From this time he gave himself wholly to prayer, laying aside all worldly business.

Feb. 7, *Sat.*—He did not appear to have any bodily distemper, but desired to make his will. I said, 'My dear child, I do not see any signs of death upon you.' He seemed concerned, and said, 'You don't believe me ; but you will soon see what I say is true.'

About noon, some neighbours condoling with me on the loss of my wife, who died a few days before, when he saw me weep, he laid his hand upon my knee, and said, 'My dear father, do not offend God. Your late wife is a bright saint in heaven.'

Before ten we went to bed. About twelve he came to my chamber door, and said, 'My dear honoured father, I hope you are not displeased with me for disturbing you at this time of night, but I could not go into my bed till I brought you these glad tidings. I was this morning before the throne of grace, and I pleaded innocence ; but my heavenly Father answered that would not do ; on which I applied to our blessed Redeemer, and now He hath, by His precious blood and His intercession, procured my pardon ; and my heavenly Father hath sealed it. Everlasting praise is to His holy name.'

'I presumed to ask how it was with my deceased mothers and sisters ; on which they all six appeared exceeding glorious ; but my last deceased mother was brightest of them all, fifty times brighter than the sun. I entreat I may be buried by her.'

*Sun.* 8.—I went early in the morning to his chamber, and found him at prayer, which was his constant employment. He asked if he should go with me to church. I said I thought he had better read and meditate at home. As soon as I was gone he began exhorting

the servants and his younger brother. He then went into his chamber, where he continued upon his knees till I came home, crying to God with many tears, and sweating much through the agony of his spirit.

When we were set down to dinner, I desired him to eat. He said, 'I have no appetite ; but to please you, I will.' He then ate two little bits ; and, as soon as thanks were given, went to his chamber. He continued there in prayer about an hour, and then came out, and said, with a cheerful voice and countenance, 'I never knew the Holy Ghost until now ; now I am illuminated with Him. Blessed be my great Creator !' He returned to prayer, and continued therein till he came to family duty. In this he joined with an audible voice, and, commending us to God, retired to his room ; yet he did not sleep, but continued in prayer all night and all the next day.

*Tues. 10.*—About three in the morning he put off all his clothes, even his shirt, and laid them in order on the bed, and his Prayer-Book in the window ; then, having opened two doors, he came to the outward door. I called, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'I am going out of doors.' I said, 'You need not go at this time of night.' He replied, 'I must go.' I said, 'Then make haste in again.' To which he gave no answer ; but unlocking the door, and pulling it leisurely after him, said, 'My dear father, farewell for ever.'

As soon as the day dawned, finding he was not returned, I went with several of my neighbours to seek him. We found his track at a stile near the house, and followed it as close as we could ; but it was not possible to follow him step by step, for he had gone to and fro above three miles, through shrubs, and thick quickset hedges, and over deep ditches full of water. One mile of the three was all a bog, full of sloughs, and drains, and trenches, and deep holes, with hardly one foot of firm ground between them. Eighteen or twenty of us being together, about nine o'clock found him by the side of a lake. He was lying on the grass, stretched out at length, with his face upward : his right hand was lifted up toward heaven, his left stretched upon his body ; his eyes were closed, and he had a sweet, pleasant, smiling countenance. What surprised us most was that he had no hurt or scratch from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot ; nor one speck of dirt on any part of his body, no more than if it had been just washed. On Thursday he was buried, as he desired, just by my wife, whom he survived fourteen days.

*Tues. 26.*—I had gone through Mountrath (in the way to Roscrea), where some met me on the bridge, and earnestly pressed me to preach ; so I went into an empty house (the rain

and the wind preventing my going to the market-place) and immediately began to declare 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The house was presently filled; the rest of the audience stood at the doors and windows. I saw not one person, man, woman, or child, who behaved either rudely or carelessly.

I preached in the market-place at Roscrea, between six and seven in the evening. Several gentlemen and several clergymen were present, and all behaved well.

*Thur.* 28.—I preached in the street at Birr, a little beyond the bridge; by this means the congregation was four times larger than usual, in which were abundance of Romans.<sup>1</sup>

*Fri.* 29.—As I went through Frankford many people gathered together, chiefly Romans, and desired me to preach. I did so, in the middle of the town. They gave a calm, stupid attention; but I did not perceive that any of them were affected otherwise than with amazement.

I came to Tullamore, as it fell out, on a second fair-day; and had, of course, abundance of new hearers. I found far more earnestness in the people now than when I was here before. Why should we ever be discouraged by the want of present success? Who knows what a day may bring forth?

In the evening I preached at Athlone to many officers and an uncommon number of soldiers, who were gathered together from every part, waiting for a review. Mrs. T[eare] desired me to lodge at her house. About twelve I heard a huge noise. Presently the street door was broke open, next the door of Mrs. T[eare]'s chamber, then that of the room in which I lay. I went to the door; on which Mr. T[eare]<sup>2</sup> shrunk back, walked downstairs, and wreaked his vengeance on his mother's windows. Some honest gentlemen of the town had set him on, and filled him with wine for the purpose.

JULY 2, *Mon.*—I preached in the evening on Rev. xx. I had none to assist me, nor any respite, and I needed none. It was such a night as I have seldom known; the stout-hearted trembled on every side, particularly the troopers, late at Philips-town, who did once run well. One of them sunk down to the

<sup>1</sup> On this day Wesley wrote a letter to Joshua Strangman. See *W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 767.

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 468.

ground as a stone ; others could hardly stand, and the same spirit of solemn, deep humiliation seemed to run through the whole assembly.

*Tues. 3.*—In spite of the indolence of some and the cowardice of others, I preached in the evening on the Connaught side of the river. I then met the society, but when I would have dismissed them, none seemed willing to go. We were standing and looking at each other, when a trooper stepped out into the middle of the room : and said : ‘ I must speak. I was Saul : I persecuted the children of God. I joined with you in Philips-town, but I fell back, and hated God and all His ways. I hated you in particular, and, a day or two ago, said all manner of evil of you. I was going to a woman last night, when one of my comrades met and asked me if I would go to the watch-night. Out of curiosity I came ; but for half the sermon I minded nothing that was said. Then God struck me to the heart, so that I could not stand, but dropped down to the ground. I slept none last night, and came to you in the morning ; but I could not speak. I went from you to a few of our brethren, and they prayed with me till my burden dropped off. And now, by the grace of God, we will part no more. I am ready to go with you all over the world.’

The words were as fire ; they kindled a flame which spread through the congregation. We praised God with one heart and one voice. I then a second time pronounced the blessing, but the people stood without motion as before, till a dragoon stepped from his fellows, and said : ‘ I was a Pharisee from my youth, having a strict form of godliness, and yet I always wanted something ; but I knew not what, till something within me pushed me on—I could not tell why—to hear you. I have done so since you came hither. I immediately saw what I wanted was faith, and the love of God, and He supplied my wants here last night ; now I can rejoice in God my Saviour.’

*Wed. 4.*—I preached at Aughrim. *Thursday* the 5th I rode to Castlegar, and found Miss B—— unwillingly recovering from her fever, having a desire rather to quit the house of earth and go to Him whom her soul loved. Her sister now breathed the same spirit, doubt and fear being fled away.

I preached at Ahascragh in the evening. Great part of the



congregation were Papists, some of whom, in the morning, *Friday* the 6th, were under strong convictions. I returned to Athlone in the afternoon, and *Saturday* the 7th set out for Longford.

Calling at Keenagh in the way, I unexpectedly found a large congregation waiting for me, to whom I declared Jesus Christ, our 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

About seven I preached at Longford, in the middle of the town. It rained all the time; but none regarded it. I was a little interrupted by a poor, drunken Papist, who spoke a few drolling words. I entreated the people to let him alone, but I could not prevail. One pulled him by the ears, another by the hair, till he was dragged away and all was quiet.

A large congregation came at five, *Sunday* the 8th; nor did the rain drive any of them away. The word now sunk deep. Some dropped down, and one or two were carried away.

At nine I preached to a much larger congregation, and the word was sharper than ever. Four or five could not bear it, but went away. Some would have gone away, but could not, for the hand of the Lord pressed them to the earth. Oh fair beginning! But what will the end be?

I preached again at Keenagh in my return, to a simple, loving people. Mr. M——, a gentleman, late of Moate, bore me company to and from Longford. Two years ago he was strongly prejudiced; and when Mr. W[illiams] preached at Moate his son was in the mob which drummed him out of the town. Yet he could not but inquire of one and another, till one desired him to read *The Almost Christian*. In the midst of it he cried out, 'I am the man'; and from that time was convinced more and more. He had met me at Birr, and again at Ahascragh, whence he rode with me to Athlone and to Longford. During the second sermon at Keenagh he felt a great change, yet durst not say his sins were forgiven. But in riding thence to Athlone the cloud vanished away, and he could boldly say, 'My Lord and my God.'

*Mon. 9.*—I preached in the evening at Tyrrell's Pass, and at five in the morning, *Tuesday* the 10th. Thence we rode to

Drumcree, sixteen Irish miles to the north of Tyrrell's Pass. In our way we stopped an hour at Mullingar. The sovereign<sup>1</sup> of the town came to the inn, and expressed much desire that I should preach. But I had little hopes of doing good by preaching in a place where I could preach but once, and where none but me could be suffered to preach at all. We came to Mr. N——'s about two. Many fine people came from various parts in the evening, and were perfectly civil and unconcerned ; so what was said to them was written on the sand.

*Wed. 11.*—It was not so with the morning congregation. There were few dry eyes among them. Some would have sunk to the ground had not others supported them ; and none seemed more affected than Mrs. N—— herself. There was the same spirit in the evening. Many cried out aloud, and all received the word with the deepest attention.

*Thur. 12.*—The congregation at five was larger than that on Tuesday evening ; and surely God gave to many both 'the hearing ear and the understanding heart.'

*Fri. 13.*—I preached once more at Portarlinton, and afterwards reprov'd this society likewise, for the miserable covetousness of some, and lukewarmness of others. It may be they will be zealous, and 'repent, and do the first works.'

*Sat. 14.*—I returned to Dublin, and on *Sunday* the 15th preached on Oxmantown Green, to such a congregation as I never saw in Dublin, nor often in Ireland before. Abundance of soldiers were of the number. Such another congregation I had there between two and three in the afternoon, notwithstanding the violent heat of the sun ; and all were attentive. In the evening I preached in the garden at Dolphin's Barn ; and neither here did I observe, in the numerous congregation, any that appeared careless or inattentive.

*Tues. 17.*—I read the letters in our garden, to near twice as many people as were there on Sunday evening.

*Thur. 19.*—I met the class of soldiers. Nineteen are resolved to 'fight the good fight of faith' ; eleven or twelve of whom already rejoice in God through Christ, by whom they have received the atonement.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Governor.

to Col. Gallatin, then quartered in Manchester, explaining the reason why hitherto

<sup>2</sup> On July 19 Wesley wrote from Dublin

When the society met, some sinners, whom I knew not, were convicted in their own consciences, so that they could not refrain from confessing their faults in the face of all their brethren. One of these I had but just received in, another I had declared to be excluded; but he pleaded so earnestly to be tried a little longer, that there was no refusing; and we wrestled with God on his behalf that sin might no more have dominion over him.

*Fri. 20.*—The delay of the captain with whom I was to sail gave us an opportunity of spending a joyful night together; and likewise of preaching once more, on *Sunday* the 22nd, upon Oxmantown Green. We went on board immediately after, and set sail about ten, with a small fair wind. In the afternoon it failed, and, the tide being against us, we were obliged to come to an anchor.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon. 23.*—The wind shifting to the south, and blowing hard, in the afternoon the captain seemed under some concern. There was all reason to expect a stormy night; and he despaired of getting into the Bristol Channel; and knew the danger of

Methodist preaching-houses had not been licensed, and under what circumstances houses may be licensed 'without styling themselves Dissenters.' The Methodists were indebted to the Recorder of Chester for a legal way out of the difficulty. 'The house at Leeds and some others have since been licensed.' He adds: 'At the Quarter Sessions a note with these or the like words was presented to the justices: "A. B. desires his house in C. D. may be licensed for public worship." That, by order of the Bench, this is registered and sixpence paid to the clerk.' (Stampe Collection.)

<sup>1</sup> The letter which Wesley wrote to his friend Blackwell on July 21, the day before he and his travelling companion, Christopher Hopper, sailed for England, fitly closes this record of Wesley's third visit to Ireland.

DEAR SIR,—I have had so hurrying a time for two or three months, as I scarce ever had before; such a mixture of storms and clear sunshine, of huge applause and huge opposition. Indeed, the Irish, in general, keep no bounds. I think there is not such another nation in Europe so impetuous in their love

and in their hate. That any of the Methodist preachers are alive is a clear proof of an overruling Providence; for we know not where we are safe. A week or two ago, in a time of perfect peace, twenty people assaulted one of our preachers, and a few that were riding with him, near Limerick. He asked their captain what they intended to do, who calmly answered, 'To murder you!' and accordingly presented a pistol, which snapped twice or thrice. Mr. Fenwick then rode away. The other pursued, and fired after him. Three of his companions they left for dead. But some neighbouring justice of the peace did not take it well; so they procured the cut-throats to be apprehended; and it is supposed they will be in danger of transportation, though murder is a venial sin in Ireland.

I am, dear sir,  
JOHN WESLEY.

It should be remembered that, during this visit, Wesley first met the celebrated Thomas Walsh. In this month of July (the precise date is unknown) Wesley wrote the following note to him:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is hard to judge what God has called you to till trial is made. Therefore, when you have an opportunity, you may go to Shronell to spend two or three days with the people there. Speak to them in Irish.

beating about, when it was pitch dark, among these rocks and sands. It was much on my mind, 'They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distress.' I knew not why we should not cry to Him as well as they. Immediately the wind came fair, and blew so fresh, that in less than two hours we came into the Bristol Channel.<sup>1</sup>

But the danger was not over. About eleven I was waked by a huge, confused noise, and found we were in a vehement squall of wind, thunder, and rain, which brought the sailors to their wits' end; they could not see across the ship, only just while the lightning was glaring in their eyes. This made them fear running foul, either of the Welsh sands on the one hand or the rocky shore of Lundy on the other. So they took in the sails, and let us drive. The motion then was wonderful. It blew a storm; and, the wind being contrary to the tide, the sea ran mountain-high. The ship had no goods, and little ballast on board; so that it rolled as if it would upset every moment. It was intensely dark, and neither the captain nor any man else knew where we were; only that we were tossing in a bad, narrow channel, full of shoals, and rocks, and sands. But does not God hear the prayer? Mr. Hopper and I believed it our duty to make the trial again; and in a very few moments the wind was small, the sea fell, and the clouds dispersed; so we put up a little sail, and went on quietly and slowly, till the morning dawned. About nine in the evening we reached the Pill, where I took horse and rode on to Bristol.

*Wed. 25.*—I found the comfort of being among those whose hearts are established in grace.<sup>2</sup>

*Thur. 26.*—I walked over to Kingswood, and found our family there lessened considerably. I wonder how I am withheld from dropping the whole design, so many difficulties have continually attended it. Yet if this counsel is of God, it shall stand, and all hindrances shall turn into blessings.

*Sun. 29.*—At seven I preached at Poynt's Pool, an open place, a little without Lawford's Gate,<sup>3</sup> just in the midst of

<sup>1</sup> Christopher Hopper gives a similar account of the voyage.

<sup>2</sup> *The Bristol Weekly Intelligencer* had just published three columns of scurrilous abuse. Wesley's only reply was renewed

devotion to his accustomed work. (Pawlyn's *Bristol Methodism*, p. 44.)

<sup>3</sup> At the top of Old Market Street, one of the principal entrances to the city; finally demolished in 1768.



exceeding useful sermon at church upon the General Judgement. At one I preached in the street to thrice as many as the room<sup>1</sup> would have contained. I afterwards visited a poor old woman a mile or two from the town. Her trials had been uncommon: inexpressible agonies of mind, joined with all sorts of bodily pain, not, it seemed, from any natural cause, but the direct operation of Satan. Her joys were now as uncommon; she had little time to sleep, having, for several months last past, seen, as it were, the unclouded face of God, and praised Him day and night.

*Mon.* 13.—At noon I preached at Stithians, and in the evening at Sithney. *Tuesday* the 14th, about noon, in Wendron; at Bray about six in the evening.

*Wed.* 15.—By reflecting on an odd book which I had read in this journey, *The General Delusion of Christians with regard to Prophecy*,<sup>2</sup> I was fully convinced of what I had long suspected: (1) That the Montanists,<sup>3</sup> in the second and third centuries, were real, scriptural Christians; and (2) That the grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so soon withdrawn, was not only that faith and holiness were wellnigh lost, but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gifts they had not themselves, and to decry them all as either madness or imposture.

About noon I preached at Breage, in the evening in Crowan. On this and the following days I read over, with all the impartiality I could, the *Free and Candid Disquisitions*.<sup>4</sup> It is, doubtless, an exceedingly well wrote book; yet something in it I cannot commend. The author (for the representing himself as *many*, and so speaking all along in the plural number, I take to be only a pious fraud, used to make himself appear more considerable) is far too great a flatterer for me, dealing in panegyric beyond all measure. But, in truth, he is not much guilty of this with regard to the Common Prayer. About one objection in ten appears to have weight, and one in five has

<sup>1</sup> The 'room' stood probably in what is now the yard of the present chapel on the top of Station Hill. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. pp. 189-90.

<sup>2</sup> By John Lacy, one of the French prophets (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 77).

<sup>3</sup> See 'On the character of Montanus,' *Arm. Mag.* 1785, pp. 35-6, quoted from 'a late eminent historian.'

<sup>4</sup> By John Jones, curate, friend, and executor to Dr. Young, author of *Night Thoughts*. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 77.

plausibility. But surely the bulk of his satire, though keen, is by no means just. And even allowing all the blemishes to be real which he has so carefully and skilfully collected and recited, what ground have we to hope that if we gave up this we should profit by the exchange? Who would supply us with a Liturgy less exceptionable than that which we had before?

*Fri.* 17.—I preached at Ludgvan at noon, and at Newlyn in the evening. Through all Cornwall I find the societies have suffered great loss from want of discipline. Wisely said the ancients, 'The soul and body make a man; the Spirit and discipline make a Christian.'

*Sat.* 18.—I rode to St. Just, where there is still the largest society in Cornwall; and so great a proportion of believers I have not found in all the nation beside. Five-and-forty persons I have observed, as they came in turn, and every one walking in the light of God's countenance.

*Sun.* 19.—I preached at eight to a great multitude: such another we had in Morvah at one; and again at Zennor after the evening service; whence we rode to St. Ives, and concluded the day with thanksgiving.

*Wed.* 22.—We had a Quarterly Meeting, at which were present the stewards of all the Cornish societies. We had now the first watch-night which had been in Cornwall; and 'great was the Holy One of Israel in the midst of us.'

*Thur.* 23.—Having first sent to the mayor,<sup>1</sup> to inquire if it would be offensive to him, I preached in the evening, not far from the market-place. There was a vast concourse of people, very few of the adult inhabitants of the town being wanting. I had gone through two-thirds of my discourse, to which the whole audience was deeply attentive, when Mr. S——<sup>2</sup> sent his man to ride his horse to and fro through the midst of the congregation. Some of the chief men in the town bade me go on, and said no man should hinder me; but I judged it better to retire to the room. High and low, rich and poor, followed me; and soon filled, not only the room itself, but all the space near the doors

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Edwards.

Samuel Stephens (J. Hobson Matthews).

<sup>2</sup> This probably was John Stephens, of Trevalgan, known as John à Court, or

See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 188, and above, p. 185.

and windows. God gave me, as it were, 'a sharp threshing instrument, having teeth,' so that the stout-hearted trembled before Him. Oh the wisdom of God, in permitting Satan to drive all these people together into a place where nothing diverted their attention, but His word had its full force upon their hearts!<sup>1</sup>

*Fri. 24.*—I preached in Camborne at noon to the largest congregation I had ever seen there; and at St. Agnes in the evening to a multitude, not of curious hearers, but of men that had 'tasted of the good word.'

*Sat. 25.*—John Haime, John Trembath, and I called at Mrs. Morgan's, at Mitchell, who readily told me, and that over and over again, that she never saw or knew any harm by me.<sup>2</sup> Yet I am not sure that she has not said just the contrary to others. If so, she, not I, must give account for it to God.

In the evening I preached at Port Isaac in the street, the house not being able to contain the people.

*Sun. 26.*—I preached at St. Gennys morning and afternoon; but, I fear, with little effect. Thence we hastened to Camelford, where I preached in the main street, the rain pouring down all the time; but that neither drove the congregation away nor hindered the blessing of God. Many were in tears, and some could not help crying aloud, both during the preaching and the meeting of the society.

*Mon. 27.*—I preached at Trewalder about noon, on 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Many were dissolved into gracious tears, and many filled with strong consolation.

In the evening Mr. Bennet<sup>3</sup> (now full of days, and by swift steps removing into eternity) read prayers in Tresmeer church, and I preached on our 'great High-priest, Jesus the Son of God.'

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Semmens, who died at St. Ives, June 30, 1828, was a consistent member for seventy-six years, and remembered and shared the persecution (*W.M. Mag.* 1828, p. 718).

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Lavington, in Part III of *The Enthusiasm of Papists and Methodists Compared*, had made a serious accusation against Wesley's conduct towards this woman, and the story had been circulated broadcast in Devon-

shire and Cornwall, the bishop himself repeating it at a gathering of the clergy of the district. This is the explanation of Wesley's visit to Mrs. Morgan, and the conversation which then took place is recorded in *A Second Letter to the Author of 'The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists Compared,'* issued by Wesley in 1751. See *Works*, vol. ix. pp. 15, 61-4.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. John Bennet. He died in October following.

*Tues.* 28.—He desired me to preach in his church at Tamerton ; but when we came, we found no notice had been given, and the key of the church was a mile off ; so I preached in a large room adjoining to it. In the evening I preached in Laneast church, to a large and attentive congregation. What can destroy the work of God in these parts but zeal for, and contending about, opinions ?

About eight I preached at St. Stephen's, near Launceston, and then rode to the Dock, where I preached to such a congregation as I had not seen there for several years. The night overtook us soon after we had begun ; but the moon gave us all the light we wanted. One poor man at first bawled out for the Church ; but he soon went away ashamed. All the rest seemed to be such as really desired to worship God 'in spirit and in truth.'

*Thur.* 30.—The house would not contain them at five, much less at noon, when the number was more than doubled. I preached in the evening at Plymouth. Multitudes were present ; but no scoffer, no inattentive person. The time for this is past, till God shall see good to let Satan loose again.

*Fri.* 31.—Setting out early, we reached Cullompton in the evening ; but, as I was not expected, the congregation was small.

SEPT. 2, *Sun.*—I rode to Tiverton. At eight I preached to twice as many people as were present when I was here before ; but even this congregation was doubled at one and at five. The meadow was then full from side to side, and many stood in the gardens and orchards round. It rained in the day several times ; but not a drop fell while I was preaching. Here is an open door indeed ! May no man be able to shut it !

*Mon.* 3.—About noon I preached at Hillfarrance, three miles from Taunton. Three or four boors would have been rude if they durst ; but the odds against them was too great. At five I preached in Bridgwater to a well-behaved company, and then rode on to Middlezoy.

We rode from hence to Shaftesbury, where I preached, between six and seven, to a serious and quiet congregation. We had another happy opportunity at five in the morning, when abundance of people were present. I preached at noon in the



most riotous part of the town, just where four ways met ; but none made any noise, or spoke one word, while I called 'the wicked to forsake his way.' As we walked back, one or two foul-mouthed women spoke unseemly ; but none regarded, or answered them a word.

Soon after I was sat down, a constable came and said, 'Sir, the mayor discharges you from preaching in this borough any more.' I replied, 'While King George gives me leave to preach, I shall not ask leave of the mayor of Shaftesbury.'

*Thur. 6.*—I rode to Salisbury, and preached about noon (a strange turn of Providence!) in the chapel which formerly was Mr. Hall's.<sup>1</sup> One poor woman laboured much to interrupt ; but (how it was I know not), with all her endeavours, she could not get out one word. At length she set up a dismal, inarticulate yell, and went away in all haste.

I preached at Winterbourne in the evening, the next at Reading, and on *Saturday* the 8th came to London.

Here I had the following account from one of our preachers :

John Jane was never well after walking from Epworth to Hainton on an exceeding hot day, which threw him into a fever. But he was in great peace and love, even to those who greatly wanted love to him. He was some time at Alice Shadforth's house, with whom he daily talked of the things of God. He was never without the love of God, spent much time in private prayer, and joined likewise with her in prayer several times in a day. On Friday, August 24, growing, as she thought, stronger in body, he sat in the evening by the fire-side : about six he fetched a deep sigh, and never spoke more. He was alive till the same hour on Saturday ; at which, without any struggle, or any sign of pain, with a smile on his face, he passed away. His last words were, 'I find the love of God in Christ Jesus.'

All his clothes, linen and woollen, stockings, hat, and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, which amount to one pound seventeen shillings and threepence. All the money he had was one shilling and fourpence.

Enough for any unmarried preacher of the gospel to leave to his executors.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Westley Hall's. The Methodists of Salisbury were loaded with reproach and shame on his account. One of them was Mrs. Barbara Hunt, who, after a membership of sixty-three years, 'fell on

sleep' in 1813. (*Meth. Mag.* 1815, p. 47.)

<sup>2</sup> See above, p. 460. 'St. Francis himself might have been satisfied with such a disciple' (Southey's *Life of Wesley*, ch. xvi.).

*Sun. 9.*—I called on poor Mrs. H——,<sup>1</sup> whose husband had just engaged in a new branch of business, when God took him 'from the evil to come.' I am persuaded, had he continued in his simplicity, he would have been alive to this day. How different from this was the case of John Hague!<sup>2</sup> one who never left his first love, never was weary or faint, but daily grew in grace, and was still on the full stretch for God. When such an instrument is snatched away in the strength of his years, what can all the wisdom of man say but, 'How unsearchable are His judgements and His ways past finding out!'?<sup>3</sup>

*Sat. 15.*—I read over a short *Narrative of Count Zinzendorf's Life*, written by himself.<sup>4</sup> Was there ever such a Proteus under the sun as this Lord Freydeck, Domine de Thurstain, &c., &c.? For he has almost as many names as he has faces or shapes. Oh when will he learn (with all his learning) 'simplicity and godly sincerity'? When will he be an upright follower of the Lamb, so that no guile may be found in his mouth?

*Mon. 17.*—My brother set out for the north, but returned the next day, much out of order.<sup>5</sup> How little do we know the counsels of God! But we know they are all wise and gracious.

*Wed. 19.*—When I came home in the evening, I found my brother abundantly worse. He had had no sleep for several nights, and expected none, unless from opiates. I went down to our brethren below,<sup>6</sup> and we made our request known to God.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the widow of 'our faithful brother H[ogg],' whom Charles Wesley visited on his deathbed, June 28, and buried July 2. He visited the widow on June 29. 'Thomas Hog' is in the Foundry Lists in Feb. 1744. (Stevenson's *City Road*, p. 33. See also above, vol. ii. p. 361.) 'Hogg and Butts' refreshed Charles Wesley by going out as far as St. Albans to meet him on his return from Sheffield, Dec. 28, 1744. For an elegy on Thomas Hogg, see *Poetical Works*, vol. vi. p. 290.

<sup>2</sup> See above, Feb. 2, 1747.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Wesley arrived in Bristol on Wednesday morning, Sept. 12. On Thursday the 13th he writes: 'I met my brother and the stewards.'

<sup>4</sup> The reference, the Rev. L. Hassé

thinks, is to the Appendices in his book, *Peri Heauton*, &c., i.e. Personal Sketches, or Homely Meditations on his own Person, by Lewis de Zinzendorf, Chelsea, 1749. The title that offended Wesley was used when the Count travelled incognito (see *W.H.S.* vol. iii. p. 212).

<sup>5</sup> Charles Wesley, suffering from a boil, set out at 2 a.m., was thrown by his mare beyond Islington, and was laid up for three days at Newington Green, under the care of Dr. Wathen. See C. Wesley's Journal, Sept. and Oct. 1750.

<sup>6</sup> The rooms occupied by the Wesleys, where also the mother died, were above the band-room and schoolroom, similarly to the dwelling-rooms at Bristol and Newcastle.

When I went up again, he was in a sound sleep, which continued till the morning.

*Fri.* 21.—We had a watch-night at Spitalfields.<sup>1</sup> I often wonder at the peculiar providence of God on these occasions. I do not know that in so many years one person has ever been hurt, either in London, Bristol, or Dublin, in going so late in the night to and from all parts of the town.

*Sun.* 23.—My brother being not yet able to assist, I had more employment to-day than I expected. In the morning I read prayers, preached, and administered the sacrament to a large congregation in Spitalfields. The service at West Street continued from nine till one. At five I called the sinners in Moorfields to repentance. And when I had finished my work found more liveliness and strength than I did at six in the morning.

*Mon.* 24.—I left London, and the next morning called at what is styled the Half-way House. Quickly after, as a young man was riding by the door, both horse and man tumbled over each other. As soon as he got up he began cursing his horse. I spoke a few words, and he was calm. He told me he did fear God once; but for some time past he had cared for nothing. He went away full of good resolutions. God bring them to good effect!

I reached Kingswood in the evening; and the next day selected passages of Milton for the eldest children to transcribe and repeat weekly.

*Thur.* 27.—I went in the school, and heard half the children their lessons, and selected passages of the *Moral and Sacred Poems*.

*Fri.* 28.—I heard the other half of the children.

*Sat.* 29.—I was with them from four to five in the morning. I spent most of the day in revising Kennet's *Antiquities*,<sup>2</sup> and marking what was worth reading in the school.

<sup>1</sup> In the French Protestant church, Grey Eagle Street, of which during this year the Methodists obtained possession. This is the church of which, from 1700 to 1705, James Saurin, the eminent French Protestant preacher, was minister. The Grey Eagle Street building (now part of Truman, Hanbury, & Buxton's brewery) must not be confounded with the better-

known 'Spitalfields Chapel' (also originally one of the Huguenot churches) in Church Street. On the latter John Nelson worked in 1739, when he first heard Wesley preach (Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 89).

<sup>2</sup> *The Antiquities of Rome*. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 78.



1. WEST STREET CHAPEL — PRESENT DAY (*see* PAGE 78).
  2. THE HOUSE AT HINDLEY HILL (NOW FARM-BUILDINGS) WHERE CHRISTOPHER HOPPER RESIDED (*see* PAGE 429).
- The kitchen was used as a preaching-room. Wesley arrived at Hindley Hill in the afternoon of Sept. 27, 1749, to find that Grace Murray had left two hours previously to be married to John Bennet.





OCT. 3, *Wed.*—I revised, for the use of the children, Archbishop Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*—a dry, dull, heavy book.<sup>1</sup>

*Thur.* 4.—I revised Mr. Lewis's *Hebrew Antiquities*; something more entertaining than the other, and abundantly more instructive.<sup>2</sup>

*Sat.* 6.—I nearly finished the abridgement<sup>3</sup> of Dr. Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, a book wrote with as much learning and as little judgement as any I remember to have read in my whole life; serving the ancient Christians just as Xenophon did Socrates—relating every weak thing they ever said or did.

*Wed.* 10.—I dined at P—— S[kinner]'s, who, with his wife and daughter, are wonderful monuments of God's mercy. They were convinced of the truth when I first preached at Bristol, and Mrs. Sk[inner] was a living witness of it<sup>4</sup>; yet Satan was afterwards suffered to sift her as wheat; it seems, to take possession of her body. He tormented her many years in an unheard-of manner; but God has now set her at full liberty.

*Thur.* 11.—I prepared a short *History of England* for the use of the children; and on *Friday* and *Saturday* a short *Roman History*, as an introduction to the Latin historians.<sup>5</sup>

*Mon.* 15.—I read over Mr. Holmes's *Latin Grammar*,<sup>6</sup> and extracted from it what was needful to perfect our own.

*Sat.* 20.—I found it absolutely necessary openly and explicitly to warn all that feared God to beware of the German wolves (falsely called Moravians), and keep close to the great Shepherd of their souls.

*Tues.* 23.—Riding through Holt, I called on the minister,<sup>7</sup> Mr. L[ewis], one of the most zealous adversaries we have in England. I found a calm, sensible, venerable old man; and spent

<sup>1</sup> But it passed through many editions, and was considered as almost indispensable to the classical student.

<sup>2</sup> *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 78.

<sup>3</sup> His own abridgement. See above, p. 376.

<sup>4</sup> See Charles Wesley's Journal, Sept. 8, 1739.

<sup>5</sup> It is doubtful whether these histories were ever printed. See Green's *Bibliography*, p. 71 (note A).

<sup>6</sup> See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 112.

<sup>7</sup> The vicar of Holt told the late Rev. H. E. Wright that 'this is John Lewis, curate of Holt, which was a chapelry under Bradford until 1846, since which date it has had its vicar, Mr. Macmillan, of Castle Cary.' On Oct. 5, 1747, John Lewis wrote a long, closely reasoned, and faultlessly courteous letter to Wesley criticizing his views on enthusiasm and his defence against the charge of schism. The original is in the Colman Collection.

above an hour in friendly altercation. Thence I rode to Melksham, where the number of people obliged me to preach abroad, notwithstanding the keen north wind. And the steady attention of the hearers made amends for the rigour of the season.<sup>1</sup>

*Wed. 24.*—I set out for London. In the morning, *Friday* the 26th, Mrs. C[ennick] called upon me. I think it my bounden duty to declare the heads of our conversation :

‘My son,’ she said, ‘declared in my hearing, and before the whole congregation at Tytherton, that when he went to Germany he still judged it would be best for him to live a single life ; that the Brethren there said to him one day, “Brother C[ennick], it is the will of the Lamb you should marry.” He replied, “I don’t believe it is.” They said, “Yes, it is ; and that you should marry” such a person (naming the sister of J[ames] H[utton’s] wife). He then said, “I like her very well.” On which they said, “No, it is not His will you should marry her ; but Jane Briant.”<sup>2</sup> He answered, “I can’t believe it is.” So he left them, and walked out in the fields. There he thought, “I must be simple ; it may be the will of the Lamb.” So the next day he married her.’

She added, ‘I had four children ; but three of them are lost. They take no more notice of me than if I was dead. John never came to see me all the time I was in London ; and when I went to him, two men came and stood by us all the time, to hear every word we said.

‘I thought to have spent all my life in his house<sup>3</sup> at Tytherton, and so I sent all my goods thither to furnish the house, to the value of thirty or forty pounds ; but as soon as John was gone to Germany, Mr. H——, one of their preachers, came and told me he had taken the house (which was a lie), and I must go out of that room. It was the last week in January. I asked where I must go. He said I might go where I would ; but I should not stay there. So I went out ; and between crying and the cold (for there was no fireplace where I now was), in three days I was stone blind.

<sup>1</sup> His text was Jer. viii. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Benham’s *Memoirs of Hutton*, p. 154.

<sup>3</sup> Cennick ‘bought a house, and laid the foundations of a chapel’ . . . in

Tytherton, near Chippenham. (J. E. Hutton’s *Life*, p. 206.) This was after his great campaign with Howell Harris in Wiltshire.

'Some time after I told P[eter] S[ims]<sup>1</sup> I wanted my goods. He said I should not have them. I said then I would fetch a warrant. But at last John gave me ten pounds; and that, I find, is all I am to have.'

NOV. 2, *Fri.*—I began taking an account of all in the society that were in want. But I was soon discouraged; their numbers so increasing upon me, particularly about Moorfields, that I saw no possibility of relieving them all, unless the Lord should, as it were, make windows in heaven.

*Sat.* 17.—I made an end of that very odd tract, *A Creed founded on Common Sense*.<sup>2</sup> The main of it I admire as very ingenious; but still I cannot believe, either (1) That the Ten Commandments were not designed for a complete rule of life and manners, or (2) That the Old Testament was never understood till seventeen hundred years after Christ.

*Mon.* 19.—I met with an uncommon instance of distress. A poor woman, whose husband was at sea, as she was stepping out of her own door, saw a man whipped along the street. Being seven months gone with child, she went upstairs and fell in labour immediately. Having none to help her, there she remained, till she was constrained to rise, and go down for some food. This immediately threw her into a high fever. A young woman calling there by mere accident, as it is termed, found her and the child just alive, gave her all the money she had (which was between eight and nine shillings), and from that time duly attended her every day.

*Thur.* 22.—I read the curious *Journal of Mr. S[tephens]*, President of the Council in Georgia<sup>3</sup>; full as trifling and dull, and about as true, as that of Mr. Adams, President of the Prophets.

*Wed.* 28.—I finished the following letter to an old friend,<sup>4</sup> whose spirit and life once adorned the gospel:

DEAR SIR,

COOKHAM, Nov. 27, 1750.

Several times I have designed to speak to you at large concerning some things which have given me uneasiness. And more

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. ii. p. 76.

*Whitefield*, vol. i. p. 351; and *W.H.S.*

<sup>2</sup> By John Dove, 'the Hebrew tailor.'

vol. iv. p. 78.

See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 78.

<sup>4</sup> Probably George Stonehouse. Cf.

<sup>3</sup> See Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. i. p. 162;

above, p. 3, and below, Aug. 23, 1781.



than once I have begun to speak, but your good humour quite disarmed me; so that I could not prevail upon myself to give you pain, even to remove a greater evil. But I cannot delay any longer, and therefore take this way (as less liable to disappointment) of laying before you, with all freedom and unreserve, the naked sentiments of my heart.

You seem to admire the Moravians much. I love them, but cannot admire them (although I did once, perhaps more than you do now), and that for the following reasons:

First. I do not admire the names they assume to themselves. They commonly style themselves, 'The Brethren,' or, 'The Moravian Church.' Now the former of these, 'The Brethren,' either implies that they are the only Christians in the world (as they were who were so styled in the days of the apostles), or at least, that they are the best Christians in the world, and therefore deserve to be emphatically so called. But is not even this a very high encomium upon themselves? I should therefore more admire a more modest appellation.

'But why should they not call themselves the Moravian Church?' Because they are not the Moravian Church; no more (at the utmost) than a part is the whole, than the Romish Church is the Church of Christ. A congregation assembled in St. Paul's might, with greater propriety, style themselves the Church of England. Yea, with far greater: (1) Because these are all Englishmen born; (2) Because they have been baptized as members of the Church of England; and (3) Because, as far as they know, they adhere both to her doctrine and discipline. Whereas (1) Not a tenth part of Count Zinzendorf's Brethren are so much as Moravian born; not two thousand out of twenty thousand: Quære, if two hundred adults? if fifty men? (2) Not one-tenth of them were baptized as members of the Moravian Church (perhaps not one, till they left Moravia), but as members of the Romish Church. (3) They do not adhere either to the doctrines or discipline of the Moravian Church. They have many doctrines which that Church never held, and an entirely new scheme of discipline. (4) The true Moravian Church, of which this is a very small part, if it be any part at all, is still subsisting, not in England or Germany, but in Polish Prussia. Therefore I cannot admire their assuming this name to themselves; I cannot reconcile it either with modesty or sincerity.

If you say, 'But the Parliament has allowed it,'<sup>1</sup> I answer, I am sorry for it. The putting so palpable a cheat upon so august an

<sup>1</sup> In 1749 Parliament had passed a Bill giving the *Unitas Fratrum* full recognition as an 'ancient Protestant

Episcopal Church,' and granting their members certain dispensations and exemptions.

assembly, with regard to a notorious matter of fact, I conceive does not redound to their own any more than to the honour of our nation.

If you add, 'But you yourself once styled them thus'—I grant I did; but I did it in ignorance. I took it on their word; and I now freely and openly testify my mistake.

Secondly. I do not admire their doctrine in the particulars that follow:

1. That we are to do nothing in order to salvation, but barely to believe.

2. That there is but one duty now, but one command—to believe in Christ.

3. That Christ has taken away all other commands and duties, having wholly abolished the law.

(The sermon Count Zinzendorf preached at Fetter Lane, on John viii. 11, places this in a strong light. He roundly began: 'Christ says, *I came not to destroy the law*: But He did destroy the law. The law condemned this woman to death; but He did not condemn her. And God Himself does not keep the law. The law forbids lying; but God said, *Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed*; yet Nineveh was not destroyed.')

4. That there is no such thing as degrees in faith, or weak faith; since he has no faith who has any doubt or fear.

(How to reconcile this with what I heard the Count assert at large, 'that a man may have justifying faith, and not know it,' I cannot tell.)

5. That we are sanctified wholly the moment we are justified; and are neither more nor less holy to the day of our death.

6. That a believer has no holiness in himself at all; all his holiness being imputed, not inherent.

7. That a man may feel a peace that passeth all understanding, may rejoice with joy full of glory, and have the love of God, and of all mankind, with dominion over all sin; and yet all this may be only nature, animal spirits, or the force of imagination.

8. That if a man regards prayer, or searching the Scriptures, or communicating, as matter of duty; if he judges himself obliged to do these things, or is troubled when he neglects them,—he is in bondage, he is under the law, he has no faith; but is still seeking salvation by works.

9. That, therefore, till we believe, we ought to be still; that is, not to pray, search the Scriptures, or communicate.

10. That their Church cannot err, and of consequence ought to be implicitly believed and obeyed.

Thirdly. I approve many things in their practice; yet even this I cannot admire in the following instances:

1. I do not admire their conforming to the world, by useless, trifling conversation ; by suffering sin upon their brother, without reproving even that which is gross and open ; by levity in the general tenor of their behaviour, not walking as under the eye of the great God ; and, lastly, by joining in the most trifling diversions in order to do good.

2. I do not admire their close, dark, reserved behaviour, particularly toward strangers. The spirit of secrecy is the spirit of their community, often leading even into guile and dissimulation. One may observe in them much cunning, much art, much evasion and disguise. They often appear to be what they are not, and not to be what they are. They so study to become all things to all men, as to take the colour and shape of any that are near them, directly contrary to that openness, frankness, and plainness of speech so manifest in the apostles and primitive Christians.

3. I do not admire their confining their beneficence to the narrow bounds of their own society. This seems the more liable to exception, as they boast of possessing so immense riches. In his late book the Count particularly mentions how many hundred thousand florins a single member of their Church has lately expended, and how many hundred thousand crowns of yearly rent the nobility and gentry only of his society enjoy in one single country. Meantime do they, all put together, expend one hundred thousand, yea, one thousand, or one hundred, in feeding the hungry, or clothing the naked, of any society but their own ?

4. I do not admire the manner wherein they treat their opponents. I cannot reconcile it either to love, humility, or sincerity. Is utter contempt, or settled disdain, consistent with love or humility ? And can it consist with sincerity to deny any charge which they know in their conscience is true ? To say those quotations are unjust which are literally copied from their own books ? To affirm their doctrines are misrepresented, when their own sense is given in their own words ? To cry, ' Poor man ! He is quite dark ! He is utterly blind ! He knows nothing of our doctrines ! ' though they cannot point out one mistake this blind man has made, or confute one assertion he has advanced !

Fourthly. I least of all admire the effects their doctrine has had on some who have lately begun to hear them. For,

1. It has utterly destroyed their faith, their inward 'evidence of things not seen,' the deep conviction they once had that the Lamb of God had taken away their sins. Those who before had the witness in themselves of redemption in the blood of Christ, who had the Spirit of God clearly witnessing with their spirit that they were the children of God, after hearing these but a few times, began to doubt ; then reasoned themselves into utter darkness ; and in a while affirmed, first, that they had no faith now (which was true), and soon after, that they never had



any. And this was not the accidental but natural effect of that doctrine that there are *no degrees* in faith, and that none has any faith who is liable at any time to any degree of doubt or fear; as well as of that dark, unintelligible, unscriptural manner wherein they *affect* to speak of it.

I expect you will answer: 'Nay, they are the most plain, simple preachers of any in the whole world. Simplicity is their peculiar excellence.' I grant one sort of simplicity is; a single specimen whereof may suffice: one of their eminent preachers, describing, at Fetter Lane, 'the childhood of the Lamb,' observed that 'His mother might send Him out one morning for a halfpenny-worth of milk; that, making haste back, he might fall and break the porringer; and that He might work a miracle to make it whole again, and gather up the milk into it.'<sup>1</sup> Now, can you really admire this kind of simplicity, or think it does honour to 'God manifest in the flesh'?

2. This preaching has destroyed the love of God in many souls; which was the natural effect of destroying their faith, as well as of teaching them to grieve the Holy Spirit of God by ascribing His gift to *imagination* and *animal spirits*; and of perplexing them with senseless, unscriptural cautions against the *selfish love of God*; in which it is not easy to say whether nonsense or blasphemy be the chief ingredient.

3. This preaching has greatly impaired, if not destroyed, the love of their neighbour in many souls. They no longer burn with love to all mankind, with desire to do good to all. They are straitened in their own bowels; their love is confined to narrower and narrower bounds; till at length they have no desire or thought of doing good to any but those of their own community. If a man was before a zealous member of our Church, groaning for the prosperity of our Zion, it is past; all that zeal is at an end; he regards the Church of England no more than the Church of Rome; his tears no longer fall, his prayers no longer ascend, that God may shine upon her desolations. The friends that were once as his own soul are now no more to him than other men. All the bands of that formerly endeared affection are as threads of tow that have touched the fire. Even the ties of filial tenderness are dissolved. The child regards not his own parent; he no longer regards the womb that bare or the paps that gave him suck. Recent instances of this also are not wanting. I will particularize, if required. Yea, the son leaves his aged father, the daughter her mother, in want of the necessaries of life.<sup>2</sup> I know the persons; I have myself relieved them more than once; for that was 'corban' whereby they should have been profited.

4. These humble preachers utterly destroy the humility of their

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Langman made this statement to Wesley on June 7, 1746.

<sup>2</sup> See Mrs. Cennick's statement above, Oct. 24.



hearers, who are quickly wiser than all their former teachers ; not because they 'keep Thy commandments' (as the poor man under the law said), but because they allow no commandments at all. In a few days they are 'wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.' '*Render a reason!*' Aye, there it is. Your carnal reason destroys you. You are for reason : I am for faith.' I am for both. For faith to perfect my reason, that, by the Spirit of God not putting out the eyes of my understanding, but enlightening them more and more, I may 'be ready to give' a clear scriptural 'answer to every man that asketh' me 'a reason of the hope that is in' me.

5. This preaching destroys true, genuine simplicity. Let a plain, open-hearted man, who hates controversy, and loves the religion of the heart, go but a few times to Fetter Lane, and he begins to dispute with every man he meets ; he draws the sword and throws away the scabbard ; and if he happens to be hard pressed, by Scripture or reason, he has as many turns and fetches as a Jesuit ; so that it is out of the power of a common man even to understand, much more to confute him.

6. Lastly, I have known a short attendance on this preaching destroy both gratitude, justice, mercy, and truth. Take one only, but a terrible proof of this : One whom you know was remarkably exact in keeping his word. He is now (after hearing them but a few months) as remarkable for breaking it ; being infinitely more afraid of a *legal* than of a *lying* spirit ! more jealous of the works of the law than of the works of the devil ! He *was* cutting off every possible expense in order to do justice to all men ; he *is* now expending large sums in mere superfluities. He was merciful after his power, if not beyond his power :

Listening attentive to the wretch's cry,  
The groan low-murmured, and the whispered sigh.<sup>1</sup>

But the bowels of his compassion are now shut up ; he has been in *works* too long already ; so now, to prove his *faith*, he lets the poor brother starve, for whom Christ died ! If he loved any one under the sun more than his own soul, it was the instrument by whom God had raised him from the dead ; he assisted him to the utmost of his power ; he would defend him even before princes. But he is now unconcerned whether he sinks or swims ; he troubles not himself about it. Indeed he gives him—good words ; that is, before his face ; but behind his back he can himself rail at him by the hour, and vehemently maintain,

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<sup>1</sup> From Samuel Wesley Junior's *Poems*. 'To the Memory of Dr. Gastrell, Bishop of Chester.' The original reads thus :

Listening attentive to the wretch's cry,  
The griefs low whispered, and the stifled sigh.

not that he is mistaken in a few smaller points, but that he 'preaches another God, not Jesus Christ.'

Art thou the man? If you are not, go and hear the Germans again next Sunday.

*Fri. 30.*—I rode through a violent storm to Windsor,<sup>1</sup> and preached to a little serious congregation. About one I preached at Brentford, and gathered up the poor remains of the shattered society. How firm did these stand in the midst of storms! But the sun shone, and they melted away.

*DEC. 3, Mon.*—I rode to Canterbury, and preached on Rev. xx. A few turbulent people made a little noise, as I found it was their custom to do. Perceiving more of them were gathered the next night, I turned and spoke to them at large. They appeared to be not a little confounded, and went away as quiet as lambs.

*Wed. 5.*—I walked over the cathedral, and surveyed the monuments of the ancient men of renown. One would think such a sight should strike an utter damp upon human vanity. What are the great, the fair, the valiant now? The matchless warrior, the puissant monarch?—

A heap of dust is all remains of thee!

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.<sup>2</sup>

*Mon. 10.*—I rode to Leigh, in Essex, where I found a little company seeking God, and endeavoured to encourage them in 'provoking one another to love and good works.'

*Mon. 17.*—I set upon cleansing Augeas's stable, upon purging that huge work, Mr. Fox's *Acts and Monuments*, from all the trash which that honest, injudicious writer has heaped together, and mingled with those venerable records which are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance.<sup>3</sup>

*Sun. 23.*—I buried the body of Elizabeth Bamfield, a young woman of two-and-twenty, who, the Tuesday before, rose up from breakfast, dropped down, and spoke no more. But she was ready for the Bridegroom. 'Blessed are they whom, when He cometh, He shall find watching.'

<sup>1</sup> His last recorded visit. See article in *Meth. Rec.* Oct. 22, 1903.

<sup>2</sup> From Pope's 'Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.' See *W.H.S.* vol. v. p. 115. Wesley quotes, with

but slight inaccuracy, from memory.

<sup>3</sup> This abridgement is contained in vols. ii.-v. of *The Christian Library*. See Green's *Bibliography*, No. 131, and 153 note.

1751. JAN. 1, *Tues.*—About this time I received a remarkable letter,<sup>1</sup> part of which ran as follows :

When George Whitefield first preached on Kennington Common, curiosity drew me to hear him frequently. I admired his zeal in calling sinners to repentance, but did not see myself to be one of that number ; having had a religious education, even in spiritual religion, such as was not to be found in other societies.

As soon as the Foundery was taken, I went thither constantly, morning as well as evening. But I had no desire of being acquainted with any of the society, much less of joining therein ; being strongly resolved never to turn my back on the profession I was educated in.

The next year I furnished myself with the books which John and Charles Wesley had printed. I compared them with Robert Barclay's *Apology*, and with the Bible ; and of many things I was convinced. But what they said of Justification I could not comprehend ; and I did not much concern myself about it, being but slightly convinced of sin.

It was my custom to rise some hours before the family, and spend that time in reading. One Sunday morning I was just going to open my Bible when a voice (whether inward or outward I cannot tell) seemed to say very loud, 'God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven thee.' I started up, took the candle and searched all about, to see if any one was near ; but there was none. I then sat down, with such peace and joy in my soul as cannot be described. While I was musing what it could mean, I heard it again, saying, 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.' I trembled exceedingly, not with fear, but such an emotion as I cannot express. Yet I got up a second time and opened the door, to see if it was any human voice. Soon after it was repeated the third time, still louder ; which drove me on my knees to prayer, being overwhelmed with the love of God, and, for the time, utterly incapable of doubt or fear.

I now saw the New Testament in a different light than I had ever done before. All the day I was comforted with promises from it, either read or brought to my mind. Yet the thought, 'May not all this be a delusion?' frequently darted into me ; but it as often drove me to prayer ; upon which all doubt presently vanished away.

I was immediately changed in my dress, conversation, and whole deportment ; which brought on me the ridicule of all my acquaintance. But nothing moved me. I wondered what the Cross meant ; for, whatever appeared to be the will of God, I ran cheerfully to do, without a moment's hesitation. I felt no temptation to anger, pride, or any other evil. Though often provoked, I was not ruffled in the least. God

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<sup>1</sup> From a woman and a Quakeress.



seemed to reign in my heart alone. He was all my desire, all my hope. And this light lasted about three months, without any cloud at all.

But, after this, it pleased God to remove all at once the veil which till then covered my heart ; though I do not remember that any disobedience preceded, for I feared sin more than death or hell. Yet in a moment such a scene was opened to me that, if I had not felt the hand of God underneath me, I should certainly have gone distracted. The infernal regions were represented to my view day and night. At the same time I saw what I was by nature, and what I had deserved from God for all my sins. Oh how did Satan then strive to tear away my shield ! and what a burden of sin did I feel ! It is impossible to describe it. If I looked from God a moment I was full of horror. I often feared I should lose my senses ; but had no thought of death, nor fear concerning it. Yet hell appeared to me without a covering, and I seemed surrounded with devils, sleeping and waking. But I still held this fast : 'Thou hast forgiven me, O my God ; and I will not let Thee go.'

All this time I constantly attended the preaching ; and, having a strong desire to know whether friend Wesleys lived the gospel, as well as preached it, I got acquainted with one who lived at the Foundery. I frequently sat and worked with her, and made all possible inquiries into the most minute circumstances of their behaviour. This afterwards proved a great blessing to me ; for when I heard any idle report (and I heard not a few), I could answer peremptorily, 'I know the contrary.'

Their preaching now took deeper hold of me than ever, and searched every corner of my heart. I saw I had nothing to bring to God, and was indeed vile in my own eyes. When my friends sometimes told me how good I had been, their words were as sharp swords. I found I had nothing to trust in but the atoning blood. But this trust kept my soul in constant peace.

Thus I went on a considerable time before I admitted any serious reflections concerning the ordinances ; which indeed I did not care to think of at all, till one day reading in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God,' the words struck me to the heart. I began to read over again, with all attention, what was written on both sides of the question. But this gave me no satisfaction ; so I tried another way, giving myself up to earnest prayer that God would guide me by His Word and Spirit into all that He required of me.

However, these thoughts died away, and I was quite easy about it, till one Sunday, at Devonshire Square Meeting,<sup>1</sup> it was brought to my mind in such a manner that I believe the seat shook under me. I then plainly saw it was my duty, and determined to delay no longer : for

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Devonshire Square Meeting of the Baptists.



that purpose I went to Cowley<sup>1</sup> two or three days after. But all the night before it was to be done I was in deep distress. I spent all the night in weeping and prayer; and yet, as the morning drew on, my trouble increased, with strong terror, as if I was just going to execution. But I remained fixed in my purpose; and as soon as I was baptized, all the clouds dispersed, and I rejoiced more than ever in God my Saviour.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 16.*—I received another letter from a friend, on a subject of general concern.

VERY DEAR SIR,

When I have deeply mused on ages past, and on the revival of primitive Christianity in the present age, I have often queried whether ever before our time there arose in any one place, and in the same instant, a visible Christian society and a visible antichristian one. No doubt God had wise ends in permitting the *Unitas Fratrum* to appear just as the people of God began to unite together. But we cannot fathom His designs. Yet we know all shall work together for His people's good.

Perhaps it required more grace to withstand this contagion than would have enabled us to die for Christ; and very probably we should have been now a very different people from what we are, had we only had our own countrymen to cope with. We should then have only set the plain gospel of Christ against what was palpably another gospel, and the mind and life of Christ in opposition to that of those who are vulgarly termed Christians. And I verily believe we should have been far higher in Christianity than most of us are at this day.

But this subtle poison has more or less infected almost all, from the highest to the lowest, among us. We would put gospel heads on bodies ready to indulge every unholy temper. Although (glory be to God!) as a society we stand at least as clear of joining with the Beast as any other, yet we have not purged out all his leaven; the Antinomian spirit is not yet cast out.

All our preaching at first was pointed at the heart, and almost all our private conversation. 'Do you feel the love of God in your heart? Does His Spirit reign there? Do you walk in the Spirit? Is that

<sup>1</sup> Cowley Grove, near the bridge, was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rich.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Richard Butterworth links this letter with Elizabeth Cart, whom Charles Wesley baptized at Cowley, 'in the river,' on Thursday, May 5, 1748. 'It is to be noted,' he adds, 'that Mrs. Rich, whose home was at Cowley, is mentioned

by Charles Wesley a few days before, but as being apparently in London. If they went down to Cowley on Monday, she may have followed on the Wednesday.'

*April 29.*—Mrs. Rich carried me to Dr. Pepusch, whose music entertained us much, and his conversation more.

mind in you which was in Christ?' were frequent questions among us. But while these preachers to the heart were going on gloriously in the work of Christ, the false apostles stepped in, laughed at all heart-work, and laughed many of us out of our spiritual senses. For, according to them, we were neither to see, hear, feel, nor taste the powers of the world to come, but to rest contented with what was done for us seventeen hundred years ago. 'The dear Lamb,' said they, 'has done *all* for us; we have nothing to do but to *believe*.' Here was a stroke at the whole work of God in the heart! And ever since this German spirit hath wrought among us, and caused many to rest in a barren, notional faith, void of that inward power of God unto salvation.

*Sun. 27.*—I preached a charity sermon at Spitalfields, for the use of our poor children. The church was extremely crowded; but not many rich, not many *εὐγενεῖς*, 'well-born,' were there. It was enough that there were many of the people of God, and their Lord in the midst of them.

*Wed. 30.*—Having received a pressing letter from Dr. Isham, then the Rector of our College, to give my vote at the election for a member of Parliament, which was to be the next day, I set out early, in a severe frost, with the north-west wind full in my face. The roads were so slippery that it was scarce possible for our horses to keep their feet; indeed one of them could not, but fell upon his head and cut it terribly. Nevertheless, about seven in the evening, God brought us safe to Oxford. A congregation was waiting for me at Mr. Evans's, whom I immediately addressed in those awful words, 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

*Thur. 31.*—I went to the schools, where the Convocation was met; but I did not find the decency and order which I expected. The gentleman for whom I came to vote was not elected. Yet I did not repent of my coming; I owe much more than this to that generous, friendly man who now rests from his labours.<sup>1</sup>

I was much surprised, wherever I went, at the civility of the people—gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of names, as once; no, nor even laughter. What

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Morley, to whom he was largely indebted for his Lincoln fellowship (Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 380, and vol. ii. p. 260).

can this mean? Am I become a servant of men? Or is the scandal of the cross ceased?

FEB. 1, *Fri.*—We set out for London in another bitter morning, having such a wind (now got to the east, and so in our face again) as I hardly ever remember. But by five in the evening we were under shelter at the Foundery. It being the night before appointed for a watch-night, we continued praying and praising God as usual till about twelve o'clock; and I found no inconvenience but a little faintness, which a few hours' sleep removed.

*Sat. 2.*—Having received a full answer from Mr. [Vincent] P[erronet], I was clearly convinced that I ought to marry. For many years I remained single, because I believed I could be more useful in a single than in a married state. And I praise God, who enabled me so to do. I now as fully believed that in my present circumstances I might be more useful in a married state; into which, upon this clear conviction, and by the advice of my friends, I entered a few days after.

*Wed. 6.*<sup>1</sup>—I met the single men, and showed them on how many accounts it was good for those who had received that gift from God to remain 'single for the kingdom of heaven's sake'; unless where a particular case might be an exception to the general rule.

*Sun. 10.*—After preaching at five, I was hastening to take my leave of the congregation at Snowsfields, purposing to set out in the morning for the north; when, on the middle of London Bridge, both my feet slipped on the ice, and I fell with great force, the bone of my ankle lighting on the top of a stone. However, I got on, with some help, to the chapel,<sup>2</sup> being resolved not to disappoint the people. After preaching, I had my leg bound up by a surgeon, and made a shift to walk to the Seven Dials. It was with much difficulty that I got up into the pulpit; but God then comforted many of our hearts.

I went back in a coach to Mr. B——'s, and from thence in a chair to the Foundery; but I was not able to preach, my

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 3 he preached at Hayes on Gen. i. 27 and John xvii. 3 (*W.M. Mag.* 1847, p. 868). The day following he wrote to Blackwell (*Works*, xii.

p. 173) an account of disbursements to the poor from a sum of £5 5s. given for this purpose by Blackwell.

<sup>2</sup> At Snowsfields.



sprain growing worse. I removed to Threadneedle Street, where I spent the remainder of the week, partly in prayer, reading, and conversation, partly in writing an *Hebrew Grammar* and *Lessons for Children*.

*Sun. 17.*—I was carried to the Foundery, and preached, kneeling (as I could not stand), on part of the twenty-third psalm; my heart being enlarged, and my mouth opened to declare the wonders of God's love.

*Monday* the 18th was the second day I had appointed for my journey; but I was disappointed again, not being yet able to set my foot to the ground. However, I preached (kneeling) on *Tuesday* evening and *Wednesday* morning.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On Feb. 18 (according to *The Gentleman's Mag.*), or 19 (according to the *London Mag.*), John Wesley was married to Mrs. Vazeille, of Threadneedle Street, the widow of a merchant, with a jointure of £10,000 settled on herself and four children, one of whom married Mr. William Smith, of Newcastle, one of the most influential members of the Orphan House Society.

In considering this marriage, and especially his brother's attitude towards it, we must remember that Charles Wesley began the year 1751 harassed by family affairs and out of humour with John and the London society. In marrying 'Sally Gwynne' he had not detached her from 'her two inseparable sisters, Betsy and Peggy.' There were friends also coming and going—Mrs. Colvil and Miss Digge. On Sunday, Jan. 6, he writes with pathetic humour, 'We had the pleasure of frequent visits from them.' His shorthand notes, inserted in his Journal and hitherto unpublished, reveal a critical not to say querulous frame of mind. A Sunday spent with the Mannings at Hayes, where he preached twice, did not sweeten his spirit. He rode back to town the same day, but instead of taking refuge with 'Sally' and her sisters, he looked in at the Foundery society. In shorthand he writes: 'Heard my brother exhort the society. I thought he misapplied his subject in trifles.' The

day following 'Mr. W——'s three sisters were at our family prayers; in which I was overwhelmed with their burthen and constrained to warn them with tears and vehement expressions of my fear and sorrow. The arrows of conviction pierced one of their hearts; the others were rather confounded than alarmed' Ten days later he writes (in shorthand), 'Heard my brother in the society. A poor society indeed! His words were quite trifling.' On Sunday the 27th Charles preached at the Foundery, as he himself remarks, 'with great severity,' adding in shorthand, 'Betsy [his sister-in-law] was on my hearth; but alas, her hunger for revelation and the word is quite gone.' On the Wednesday he 'got an hour's very useful conversation with Lady Piers.'

The two brothers were approaching another critical moment in their joint life, and in the development of the Methodist Society. From the beginning the government of Methodism had been autocratic. In the absence of his brother, Charles founded the Holy Club; but directly John appeared on the scene the presidency passed into his hands. No one ever questioned his authority. In London, Bristol, Newcastle, he naturally and inevitably held the reins of government. In such a case the character of the autocrat, his absolute loyalty to his own principles and methods,



*Sun. 24.*—I preached, morning and evening, at Spitalfields, where many who had been wandering from God for several

was all-important. He must be at one with himself, if the people he led were to follow with unbroken ranks. He, first, must be a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, if much people were to be added to the Lord. No one realized this more keenly than Charles Wesley. No one was more jealous concerning the good name of his elder brother, no one more terrified at the faintest suspicion of anything in the life of 'my brother' that threatened his influence in, over, and through the societies. The strength of his loyalty made him hypercritical, nervous, irritable, and therefore a dangerous ally. The part played by him in the two crises, those of 1749 and 1751, has never been fully understood, partly because the available documentary evidence has not been fully and literally disclosed, and partly, of course, because of its fragmentary character. If we are now able to see the facts in true perspective it is because we have more light. As in the Grace Murray episode, so now, it was Charles Wesley's want of tact and prudence, of calm wisdom, of strong self-control, in a word, his temperamental weakness, that aggravated a difficult situation, if it did not entirely account for the trouble that followed. One page in his manuscript Journal (that for January 1751) reveals his state of mind at this juncture and prepares us for the attitude that, quite probably, precipitated his brother's marriage, and after the marriage irritated all concerned—John, the bride, Ebenezer Blackwell, and the whole London society.

On Saturday, February 2, John Wesley returned from Oxford. At the request of the Rector of his college he had gone to record a vote for his father's old friend, Dr. Morley. In the University, always dear to him, he had been treated with unexpected respect and affection. A sentence in one of Charles Wesley's

shorthand notes makes it extremely probable, if not certain, that once more the 'Fellow of Lincoln' was tempted to escape from the strife of tongues, from vulgar misunderstanding and cruel slander, into the quietude of a cloistered life. Why should he not return to his own college, where a warm welcome awaited him, resume his duties as a college tutor, reorganize the Holy Club, and live the quiet, celibate, scholarly life so congenial to him? The alternative, suggested it may have been by the venerable Vincent Perronet or by his confidential lay friend Ebenezer Blackwell, was marriage. A sedate, godly woman, of middle age, moderately but sufficiently provided for, and wholly unconnected with the Methodist circles in Bristol and Newcastle—such an alliance might provide relief from many difficulties. Charles writes :

*FEB. 2, Sat.*—My brother returned from Oxford, sent for and told me *he was resolved to marry!* I was thunderstruck, and could only answer he had given me the first blow, and his marriage would come like the *coup de grâce*. Trusty Ned Perronet followed, and told me the person was Mrs. Vazeille—one of whom I never had the least suspicion. I refused his company (his brother's?) to the chapel [West Street], and retired to mourn with my faithful Sally. Groaned all the day, and several following ones, under my own and the people's burden. I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest either by night or by day.

*Sun. 3.*—Gave the sacrament, but without power or life. No comfort in it; no singing between, no prayer after it.

*Thur. 7.*—My excessive cough helped to pull me down; and then a sore throat. My companion [his wife] sympathized with me too sensibly.

*Thur. 14.*—She was often in great pain, especially to-day. I watched by her in great distress, but could not remove her pain by sharing it. Sent for Mr. Wathen, who prescribed what gave her immediate relief. I gave God who heareth prayer the glory.

*Sun. 17.*—Dragged myself to the chapel, and spoke on those words, 'Thy sun shall no more go down,' &c. The whole congregation seemed infected by my sorrow; both under the word and at the sacrament we wept and

years seemed at length to have fresh desires of returning to Him. How is it that we are so ready to despair of one another? For want of the 'love' that 'hopeth all things.'

made supplication. It was a blessed morning to us all.

At the Foundery heard my brother's lamentable apology, which made us all hide our faces. Several days afterwards I was one of the last that heard of his unhappy marriage.

Mon. 18.—Carried Sally out of the confusion to Mrs. Colvil's.

On Monday, Feb. 18, or Tuesday the 19th, John Wesley and Mrs. Vazeille were married, probably at Hayes by their mutual friend the Rev. Charles Manning. The following entries in Charles Wesley's Journal, like the last, have never before been fully published. Given *verbatim et literatim* they not only add to the dramatic interest of the story, but go far to explain what has hitherto been obscure.

Sun. 24.—After sacrament Mr. Blackwell (who was a personal friend of Mrs. Vazeille, and probably more than a consenting party to the marriage) fell upon me in a manner peculiar to himself, brating, driving, dragging me to my sister [*i.e.* to his brother's bride].

Wed. 27.—My brother came to the chapel house [in West Street, where Mr. and Mrs. Charles for the present resided, Charles being the minister in charge] with his wife. I was glad to see him; saluted her; stayed to hear him preach; but ran away when he began his apology.

To appreciate the significance of this attitude we must recall the Rules of the Holy Club, which, especially in their application to the ordained ministers and lay assistants, or 'helpers,' of the United Societies, had hitherto been strictly observed and enforced (see p. 421). John Wesley himself, in his contemplated marriage to Grace Murray, Charles Wesley in his betrothal and marriage, John Bennet and Grace Murray, had fully recognized their binding character. For the first time in the inner circle of the Holy Club, those strange rules of holy living had been violated, and violated by the man chiefly responsible for their compilation. Had he disregarded them

two years earlier, he would have married Grace Murray. Had he been equally scrupulous in observing them now, his marriage with Mrs. Vazeille would have been forbidden. Instead of consulting his brother, as the rule required him to do, he simply announced his resolve to marry, and significantly indicated his determination to tolerate no repetition of the Newcastle intermeddling by withholding the name of the lady. Instead of consulting the societies, as the rule also required, giving them time to consider the question and give their advice, he waited until the eve of his marriage, and then pronounced an 'apology' in the Foundery society-room, which his brother stigmatized as 'lamentable' and at which the members 'hid their faces.' This same apology he repeated at West Street after the marriage, and probably elsewhere. Charles Wesley, in shorthand, reports the substance of this 'lamentable' apology, explains the situation, and carries the story one stage further.

MARCH 1, Fri., 1751.—Miss Hardy related my brother's apology: 'That in Oxford he had an independent fellowship, was universally honoured, but left all for the people's sake [he is referring to his recent visit to the University]; returned to town, took up his cross, and married; that at Oxford he had no more thought of a woman than for any other being; that he married to break down the prejudice about the world and him.' His easily-won lady sat open-eyed. He said, 'I am not more sure that God sent His Son into the world than that it is His will I should marry.'

Sat. 9.—Great emotion in the word, both morning and evening.

Thur. 14.—Saw the necessity of reconciliation with my brother, and resolved to save the trouble of umpires.

Fri. 15.—Called on my sister, kissed and assured her I was perfectly reconciled to her and to my brother.

Mon. 18.—Finished 'Marcus Antoninus, having learnt from him, I hope, some useful lessons, particularly not to resent, not to

MARCH 4, *Mon.*—Being tolerably able to ride, though not to walk, I set out for Bristol. I came thither on *Wednesday*, thoroughly tired; though, in other respects, better than when I set out.

*Thur.* 7.—I learned that poor Mr. Hall is now a settled Deist. Now let those triumph who separated chief friends. Surely his blood is on their head.

*Sat.* 9.—Many of our preachers came from various parts. My spirit was much bowed down among them, fearing some of them were perverted from the simplicity of the gospel. But I was revived at the sight of John H[aime], John N[elson], and those who came with them in the evening; knowing they held the truth as it is in Jesus, and did not hold it in unrighteousness.

*Mon.* 11.—Our Conference<sup>1</sup> began; and the more we conversed, the more brotherly love increased. The same spirit we found on *Tuesday*<sup>2</sup> and *Wednesday*. I expected to have

revenge, not to let my peace lie at the mercy of every injurious person.

*Tues.* 19.—Brought my wife and sister together, and took all opportunities of showing the latter my sincere respect and love.

*Thur.* 21.—At four in the morning met the watchman, who told me the first news of the prince's death.

*Fri.* 22.—With my brother; said I desired entire reconciliation, that all the advantage Satan had gained was through our want of mutual confidence; that I did not believe him in as dangerous situation as he was before his marriage. He under[stood] his promise to Molly Francis [the woman in the Bristol society whose tongue aroused the jealousy of Grace Murray and drove her to reopen communication with John Bennet] and Miss Lundy; was in good humour and high spirits; talked freely and fully; would fain he had me engaged for the year to come, but I declined it.

The apparent obscurity of this last sentence is explained by the following extract from a letter of John Wesley's to Blackwell on March 5 (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 174):

The note delivered to me on Sunday night, which ran in these words, 'I am not determined when I shall leave London,' convinces me that I must not expect to see the writer of it at our approaching Conference. This is, indeed, deserting me at my utmost need, just when the Philistines are upon me.

But although the reconciliation between the brothers themselves may have been perfect, the estrangement cannot fail to have left behind in Mrs. Wesley's mind seeds of distrust, which, aided by various circumstances perhaps inseparable from an ill-assorted union, led eventually to a final separation.

<sup>1</sup> The eighth Conference. The first note of separation from the Church was heard at this Conference. Cf. Crookshank's *Hist. of Methodism in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> On Tuesday the 12th he wrote a brief, perfectly friendly letter to John Bennet respecting travelling arrangements.

Our building obliges me to return to London, so that my journey into the north must be deferred a little longer. I expect to leave London on the 27th instant, to be at Wednesbury the 31st, and at Alpraham on Thursday, April 4, whence I think (at present) to go on to Manchester. The Saturday following I am to be at Whitehaven. The Wednesday and Thursday in Easter week I can spend wherever you think proper. I propose taking Leeds in my return from Newcastle.

We should all have been glad to see you



heard many objections to our first doctrines; but none appeared to have any. We seemed to be all of one mind, as well as one heart.

*Fri. 15.*—I mentioned whatever I thought was amiss or wanting in any of our brethren. It was received in a right spirit, with much love, and serious, earnest attention; and I trust not one went from the Conference discontented, but rather blessing God for the consolation.

*Tues. 19.*—Having finished the business for which I came to Bristol, I set out again for London; being desired by many to spend a few days there before I entered upon my northern journey. I came to London on *Thursday*, and, having settled all affairs, left it again on *Wednesday* the 27th.<sup>1</sup> I cannot understand how a Methodist preacher can answer it to God to preach one sermon or travel one day less in a married than in a single state. In this respect surely 'it remaineth that they who have wives be as though they had none.'

On *Wednesday* I rode with John Haime to Tetsworth; on *Thursday* went on to Evesham. One from thence met us on Broadway Hill.<sup>2</sup>

here. I hope you both enjoy health both of body and mind. I am your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

PS.—Perhaps you could spare time to visit Newcastle this spring. I should be glad to see Mr. Bodily.

To Mr. John Bennet, at Chinley End, near Chappel in the Frith, Derbyshire. By Gloster.

<sup>1</sup> On March 27 he wrote to 'My dear Molly' an affectionate letter:

To MRS. WESLEY, in Threadneedle Street, London.

TETSWORTH, 42 miles from London,  
*March 27, 1751.*

MY DEAR MOLLY,

Do I write too soon? Have not you above all the people in the world a right to hear from me as soon as possibly I can? You have surely a right to every proof of love I can give, and to all the little help which is in my power. For you have given me even your own self. Oh, how can we praise God enough for making us helps meet for each other! I am utterly aston-

ished at His goodness. Let not only our lips but our lives show forth His praise!

Will you be so kind as to send word to T. Butts that Mr. Williams of Bristol will draw upon him in a few days for Twenty Pounds (which I paid Richard Thyer in full), and that he may call upon you for the money.

If you still have a desire to make your will Bro. Briggs can write it for you. It requires no form of law, no, nor even stamp paper. But if you apprehend any difficulty Mr. l'Anson will rejoice to advise you, either for my sake or your own.

My dear, forward the business with Mr. Blisson, and the stating the accounts by Mr. Crook as much as possible. But, oh! let no business of any kind prevent your spending at least one hour a day in private reading, prayer, and meditation.

To hear you do this constantly will give a particular satisfaction to him who blesses God that he is

Ever yours.

If any letter comes to you directed to ye Rev. Mr. Wesley, open it: it is for yourself.

Dear Love, Adieu!

<sup>2</sup> Near the home of the Kirkhams at Stanton.



I was soon informed that Mr. Keech was buried the night before. His widow and daughter were sorrowing; but not as without hope, neither did they refrain from the preaching one day. So let my surviving friends sorrow for me.

I was to have preached in the Town Hall; but a company of players had taken possession of it first. Our own room could not contain the congregation; but to as many as could crowd into it I applied 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

*Fri. 29.*—I rested at Evesham.

*Sat. 30.*—I rode to Birmingham, and found God in the midst of the congregation.

*Sun. 31.*—I earnestly warned the society against idle disputes and vain janglings; and afterwards preached on 'If ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law.' The hearts of many were melted within them; so that neither they nor I could refrain from tears. But they were chiefly tears of joy, from a lively sense of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

At one I was obliged to preach abroad, the room<sup>1</sup> not being able to contain half the congregation. Oh, how is the scene changed here! The last time I preached at Birmingham<sup>2</sup> the stones flew on every side. If any disturbance were made now the disturber would be in more danger than the preacher.

At five in the evening I preached at Wednesbury to a still larger congregation; but no mocker or trifler appeared among them. How many of the last shall be first!

*APRIL 1, Mon.*—I rode to Dudley. The dismal screaming wherewith we were welcomed into the town gave us reason to expect the same kind of reception as I had when I was there before. I began preaching immediately in a yard not far from the main street. Some at first seemed inclined to interrupt; but when they had heard a little they grew more attentive, and stayed very quietly to the end, though it rained great part of the time.

I had desired John Haime to preach at Wednesbury; but when I came he had but just begun the hymn. So I had

<sup>1</sup> Near Steelhouse Lane. This room was used until 1764.

<sup>2</sup> The reference seems to be to an

unrecorded visit (*Meth. Rec.* Feb. 26, 1901). But see Sheldon's *Early Methodism in Birmingham*, pp. 16, 17.

an opportunity, which I did not expect, of speaking again to that willing people. What a work would have been in all these parts if it had not been for doubtful disputations!—if the Predestinarians had not thrown back those who began to run well, partly into the world, partly to the Baptists, and partly into endless disputes concerning the secret counsels of God! While we carried our lives in our hands, none of these came near, the waves ran too high for them; but when all was calm, they poured in on every side, and bereaved us of our children. Out of these they formed one society here, one at Dudley, and another at Birmingham. Many, indeed, though torn from us, would not stay with them, but broke out into the wildest enthusiasm. But still they were all called Methodists; and so all their drunkenness and blasphemies (not imputed to a believer) were imputed to us.

*Tues. 2.*—I preached at Darlaston, late a den of lions; but most of the fiercest of them God has called away by a train of amazing strokes,<sup>1</sup> and those that remain are now as lambs. I preached in the evening at Wednesbury, where, notwithstanding the rain, every man, woman, and child stayed to the end. I gave them all an earnest caution not to lean on broken reeds, on opinions of any kind; and even the Predestinarians received it in love, and told me it was highly seasonable.

*Wed. 3.*—I made an end of visiting the classes, miserably shattered by the sowers of strange doctrines. At one I preached at Tipton Green, where the Baptists also have been making havoc of the flock; which constrained me, in speaking on those words, ‘Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins,’ to spend near ten minutes in controversy; which is more than I had done in public for many months (perhaps years) before.

*Thur. 4.*—We took horse about four. The snow fell without intermission, which the north wind drove full in our faces. After resting awhile at Bilbrook,<sup>2</sup> Newport, and Whitchurch,<sup>3</sup> and riding some miles out of our way, we overtook some

<sup>1</sup> The deaths of Winsper the Constable, Bill Humpage, a noted cock-fighter, and several other notorious persecutors (*Meth. Rec.* June 18, 1901).

<sup>2</sup> At Bilbrook he usually slept next door to the Manor House. On the side-wall is the inscription ‘Wesley’s House.’

<sup>3</sup> See *W.H.S.* vol. vi. p. 35.

people going to the preaching at Alpraham,<sup>1</sup> who guided us straight to the house. William Hitchens<sup>2</sup> had not begun; so I took his place, and felt no weakness or weariness while I declared 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'

*Fri. 5 (being Good Friday).*—I preached at eight, and then walked to Bunbury church.<sup>3</sup> I preached again at one, and in the evening at Poole, near Nantwich, to another deeply serious congregation. The next evening we reached Manchester.

*Sun. 7 (being Easter Day).*<sup>4</sup>—After preaching, I went to the new church, and found an uncommon blessing, at a time when I least of all expected it, namely, while the organist was playing a voluntary! We had a happy hour in the evening, many hearts being melted down in one flame of holy love.

*Wed. 10.*—I rode to Shackerley. Being now in the very midst of Mr. Taylor's disciples, I enlarged much more than I am accustomed to do on the doctrine of Original Sin; and determined, if God should give me a few years' life, publicly to answer his new gospel.<sup>5</sup>

By the huge noise which was in the street as we entered Bolton, I conjectured Satan would try his strength once more; but God suffered him not. The mob soon was vanished away, and I had both a numerous and a quiet congregation.

*Thur. 11.*—The barber who shaved me said, 'Sir, I praise God on your behalf. When you was at Bolton last, I was one of the most eminent drunkards in all the town; but I came to listen at the window, and God struck me to the heart.'

<sup>1</sup> At Alpraham Wesley preached at the forge opposite the church. Some of the people ascended the steeple and tried to drown his voice by ringing the bells. This year the services were removed to the house of Mr. Sim, who, having been received into the society by John Nelson in 1749, along with his two brothers, continued steadfast to the end (*W.M. Mag.* 1857, p. 220).

<sup>2</sup> A brother of S. and T. Hitchens, whose Lives Wesley wrote. He retired from the itinerancy and established a

business in Bristol, but acted as a local preacher for many years.

<sup>3</sup> See Janion's *Methodism in Chester*, p. 16.

<sup>4</sup> Letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 174).

<sup>5</sup> To Wesley's visits to Shackerley Methodism is indebted for his treatise on *Original Sin*. Dr. Taylor, whose opinions he controverted, was Divinity tutor in a Unitarian college founded at Warrington, afterwards of Norwich. See above, p. 374.

I then earnestly prayed for power against drinking; and God gave me more than I asked: He took away the very desire of it. Yet I felt myself worse and worse, till, on the 5th of April last, I could hold out no longer. I knew I must drop into hell that moment unless God appeared to save me. And He did appear. I knew He loved me, and felt sweet peace. Yet I did not dare to say I had faith, till yesterday was twelve-month, God gave me faith; and His love has ever since filled my heart.'

Hence I rode with Mr. Milner<sup>1</sup> to Ribchester, where some clergymen had appointed to meet him, with whom we spent one or two hours in serious and useful conversation.

Between five and six we reached the vicarage at Chipping, where a few serious people soon assembled. The next day we rode to Ambleside, and on *Saturday* the 13th over more than Welsh mountains to Whitehaven.

*Sun.* 14.—I heard two useful sermons at church on 'Fear not them that can kill the body.' I preached at eight on 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' and between one and two, at the market-place, on 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' A few stones were thrown at first, but the bulk of the congregation was deeply serious, as well as in the evening, when I preached on 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?'

In meeting the classes the two next days, I observed one remarkable circumstance: without an absolute necessity, none of this society ever miss their class. Among near two hundred and forty persons, I met one single exception, and no more.

*Wed.* 17.—I rode to Clifton, six miles from Whitehaven. It was supposed few would come in the middle of the afternoon; but, on the contrary, there were abundantly more than any house could contain; so that, notwithstanding the keen north-east wind, I was obliged to preach in the street. Several of the poor people came after me to Cockermouth, where I stood at the end of the market-house, ten or twelve steps above the

<sup>1</sup> Rev. J. Milner, vicar of Chipping, a friend of Wesley and Ingham. On June 7, 1752, Wesley preached in his church, and for allowing this, Milner was brought before the bishop. See fully,

Tyerman's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 116; *Meth. Mag.* 1797, p. 512 (letter from Milner); and Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 271; also *Journal*, below, June 6 and 7, 1752, and April 8, 1753.



bulk of the congregation, and proclaimed 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.' A large and serious congregation attended again at five on *Thursday* morning. We then rode to Gamblesby, where I preached in the school-house to as many serious people as it could contain; and on *Friday* the 19th crept on, through miserable roads, till we came to Hindley Hill.

Early in the morning we scaled the snowy mountains, and rode by the once delightful seat of the late Lord Derwentwater; now neglected, desolate, and swiftly running to ruin. In the afternoon we brought Mr. Milner safe to the Orphan House at Newcastle.

*Sun. 21.*—The rain obliged me to preach in the House both morning and afternoon. The spirit of the people refreshed me much, as it almost always does. I wish all our societies were like-minded—as loving, simple, and zealous of good works.

*Mon. 22.*—The rain stopped while I was preaching at the market-place in Morpeth. We rode from thence to Alnwick, where (it being too wet to preach at the Cross) some of our friends procured the Town Hall. This, being very large, contained the people well; only the number of them made it extremely hot.

*Tues. 23.*—We rode on to Berwick-upon-Tweed. At six in the evening a young man was buried, cut off in the strength of his years, who was to have inherited a considerable fortune. Almost the whole town attended the funeral. I went directly from the churchyard to the grave, and had full as many attendants as the corpse, among whom were abundance of fine gay things, and many soldiers.

*Wed. 24.*—Mr. Hopper and I took horse between three and four, and about seven came to Old Camus.<sup>1</sup> Whether the country was good or bad we could not see, having a thick mist all the way. The Scotch towns are like none which I ever saw, either in England, Wales, or Ireland. There is such an air of antiquity in them all, and such a peculiar oddness in their manner of building. But we were most surprised at the

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<sup>1</sup> Wesley's first visit to Scotland was on the invitation of Captain (afterwards Colonel) Gallatin, who was quartered at Musselburgh. He and his wife were to

the end of life sincere friends of Wesley's (see below, Dec. 18, 1778). Whitefield tried to dissuade him from this visit (*Works*, vol. x. p. 356).

entertainment we met with in every place, so far different from common report. We had all things good, cheap, in great abundance, and remarkably well dressed. In the afternoon we rode by Preston Field, and saw the place of battle and Colonel Gardiner's house.<sup>1</sup> The Scotch here affirm that he fought on foot after he was dismounted, and refused to take quarter. Be it as it may, he is now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'

We reached Musselburgh between four and five. I had no intention to preach in Scotland, nor did I imagine there were any that desired I should. But I was mistaken. Curiosity (if nothing else) brought abundance of people together in the evening. And whereas in the kirk (Mrs. G[allatin] informed me) there used to be laughing and talking, and all the marks of the grossest inattention; but it was far otherwise here—they remained as statues from the beginning of the sermon to the end.

*Thur. 25.*—We rode to Edinburgh; one of the dirtiest cities I had ever seen,<sup>2</sup> not excepting Cologne in Germany.

We returned to Musselburgh to dinner, whither we were followed in the afternoon by a little party of gentlemen from Edinburgh. I know not why any should complain of the shyness of the Scots toward strangers. All I spoke with were as free and open with me as the people of Newcastle or Bristol; nor did any person move any dispute of any kind, or ask me any question concerning my opinion.

I preached again at six on 'Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found.' I used great plainness of speech toward them, and they all received it in love; so that the prejudice which the devil had been several years planting was torn up by the roots in one hour. After preaching, one of the bailies of the town, with one of the elders of the kirk, came to me, and begged I would stay with them a while, if it were but two or three days, and they would fit up a far larger place than the school, and prepare seats for the congregation. Had not my time been fixed, I should gladly have complied. All I could now do was

<sup>1</sup> Which covered the right flank of the Royalist forces under Cope. See Sir Walter Scott's description of the hero's death. He is said to have been dismounted by a blow from a scythe. See

also Doddridge's *Life of Colonel Gardiner*.

<sup>2</sup> Of course only the old town is referred to. The new town was not yet projected.

to give them a promise that Mr. Hopper would come back the next week and spend a few days with them.

*Fri. 26.*—I rode back to Berwick. The congregation was large, though the air was piercingly cold; as it was the next evening, while I preached at Alnwick Cross, where, on *Sunday* the 28th, I preached at eight and at one. Afterwards I rode to Alnmouth, where I had found the largest congregation I have seen in all Northumberland. I preached at Widdrington in the evening; at Plessey, *Monday* the 29th about noon; and at Newcastle in the evening.

*MAY 4, Sat.*—I rode to Sheep Hill, in a rough, tempestuous day, and, after preaching and settling the society, to Sunderland. I found many here much alive to God, and was greatly comforted among them.

*Sun. 5.*—I met the society at five, preached at eight, and then rode to Painshaw. Just as the congregation came out of the church, I began. We had some heavy showers, but none went away. I reached Newcastle before five, but the storm would not suffer me to preach abroad. As many as possibly could crowded in, but many were obliged to stand without, while I enforced 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

*Mon. 6.*—I met a few people at Durham in my way, and then rode on to Stockton. Some angry people set up a dismal scream as we entered the town, but they could go no farther. By means of a plain, rough exhorter,<sup>1</sup> who lived in the town, the society was more than doubled since I was here before, and most of them were rejoicing greatly; only poor R—— M—— still went on heavily, being unequally yoked with one who was a bitter enemy to all spiritual religion. I preached in the main street, near the market-place. When I had done, R—— M——'s wife followed me into the house. I desired we might go to prayer. God broke her heart in pieces, and she determined to go on hand in hand with her husband.

*Tues. 7.*—I preached at Acomb, near York.<sup>2</sup> The next day

<sup>1</sup> Probably George Atchinson (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 195).

<sup>2</sup> Where was a small society of about half a dozen members, with Thomas

Slaton as their leader, and a room in Pump Yard for their meeting-place (*Tyerman's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 120).

I rode on to Epworth, and on *Thursday* preached at Hainton about noon, and at Coningsby in the evening. The wind was as the piercing of a sword, but the congregation regarded it not.

*Fri. 10.*—We rode to Ludborough. The minister's son and two more made a little disturbance for a while; however, I permitted them to be present when I met the society. They seemed utterly astonished, and I believe will not lightly speak evil of us again.

It rained incessantly as we rode to Grimsby, where I preached to a mixed congregation, some of whom (the greater part) were exceeding serious, and some exceeding drunk. The society I found was much alive to God.

*Sat. 11.*—We returned to Epworth, to a poor, dead, senseless people. At which I did not wonder when I was informed (1) that some of our preachers there had diligently gleaned up and retailed all the evil they could hear of me; (2) that some of them had quite laid aside our hymns, as well as the doctrine they formerly preached; (3) that one of them had frequently spoke against our rules, and the others quite neglected them. Nothing, therefore, but the mighty power of God could have kept the people so well as they were.

*Sun. 12.*—After preaching at five, I rode to Misterton. The congregation was the largest I have seen in these parts. Thence I returned to Uppertorpe, where I did not observe one trifling or careless hearer. I came to Epworth just in time for the afternoon service, and, after church, walked down straight to the Cross. The north-east wind was strong and keen, yet the bulk of the congregation did not regard it.

*Mon. 13.*—I learned the particulars of Mr. R[omley]'s case, of which I had heard but a confused account before. 'In November last he was desired to baptize a child of John Varley's. It was observed his voice, which had been lost several years, was entirely restored.<sup>1</sup> He read the office with great emotion and many tears, so as to astonish the whole congregation; but, going home from church, he behaved in so strange a manner that it was thought necessary to confine him. During the first week of his confinement he was for constraining every one that came near him to kneel down

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 343.



and pray, and frequently cried out, 'You will be lost, you will be damned, unless you know your sins are forgiven.' Upon this Mr. — roundly averred that the Methodists had turned his head. After seven or eight days he grew much worse, though still with intervals of reason, and in about a fortnight, by a judgement mixed with mercy, God took him to Himself.

*Tues. 14.*<sup>1</sup>—The waters were greatly out in the road, so that the York coach was overturned just before us, the bridge it should have gone over being under water; yet no passenger was hurt, only dropping wet, being all thrown into the river. We were to pass the same river a few miles off; and which way to do it we knew not. But just as we came to the place, we overtook two gentlemen who had hired a guide. So we followed them as close as we could, and crossed it without difficulty. I preached about five at Leeds, in the walls of the new house.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 15.*—We had a little Conference,<sup>3</sup> with about thirty preachers. I particularly inquired concerning their grace and gifts and fruit, and found reason to doubt of one only.

*Thur. 16.*—I rode to Wakefield; but we had no place except the street which could contain the congregation, and the noise and tumult there were so great that I knew not whether I could preach at all. But I spake a few words, and the waves were still. Many appeared deeply attentive. I believe God has taken hold of some of their hearts, and that they will not easily break loose from Him.

*Fri. 17.*—I preached in the new house at Birstall,<sup>4</sup> already too small for even a week-day's congregation. After a few days more, spent among the neighbouring societies, I returned by easy journeys to London.

<sup>1</sup> On this day he wrote a letter to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 175).

<sup>2</sup> This was the famous Old Boggard House, which John Nelson helped to build, in which nineteen Conferences were held, and also the memorable Foreign Missionary meeting of Oct. 6, 1813. It was succeeded by St. Peter's Chapel, and was finally pulled down in 1848. See *Meth. Rec.* Winter No., 1894, p. 62; and *W.M. Mag.* 1908, p. 387.

<sup>3</sup> The ninth Conference, at which the formal disciplinary question was asked, the one delinquent being (probably) James Wheatley. This was the second held in this year. See above, p. 516.

<sup>4</sup> Methodists in the neighbouring societies contributed, and the trustees were selected from Birstall, Gomersal, Great Horton, Gildersome, and other adjacent places. See *Meth. in Bradford*, p. 34. For the settlement of this house see *Works*, vol. xiii. pp. 274-8.

JUNE 1, Sat.—I wrote as follows to the Rector and Fellows of our College :

*Ego Johannes Wesley, Collegii Lincolnensis in Academia Oxoniensis Socius, quicquid mihi juris est in prædicta Societate, ejusdem Rectori et Sociis sponte ac libere resigno ; illis universis et singulis perpetuam pacem ac omnimodam in Christo felicitatem exoptans.*<sup>1</sup>

A few days after I went down to Bristol,<sup>2</sup> where I procured a particular account of one that went to rest some months before. Part of it was as follows :

Elizabeth Walcam was born in March 1733. From her infancy she was mild and affable. When she was about six years old she was much in private prayer, and often called her brother and sister to join with her. If she was in any trifling and laughing company, she seldom went farther than a little smile. In the whole course of her life she was remarkably dutiful to her parents and loving to all ; mostly in an even frame of spirit, slow to anger, and soon pacified ; tender-hearted to all that were distressed, and a lover of all that was good.

From the time she joined the society she was a true lover of her ministers and her brethren ; not suffering any to speak evil of them, particularly of her ministers. And, if her innocent answers did not stop them, she left their company.

In the beginning of December last she was indisposed, and on Saturday the 8th took her room. In the afternoon she broke out, 'When shall I see my Jesus ? I want to know that He has taken away my sins.' After a while she cried, 'He does love me. I know Jesus loves me. My Father ! He is my Father and my God.'

Yet on the Wednesday following she was in deep distress. I found her, says one who then visited her, crying out, 'Oh that I was washed in the blood of the Lamb ! Pray for me, that I may know my sins are forgiven.' I prayed with her several times, and stayed all night. She did not sleep at all, her pain of body, as well as mind, being exceeding great. She was almost continually in prayer, crying for mercy, till I went away about eight in the morning.

About nine in the evening I came again. She was still in violent pain, but did not seem to regard this in comparison to her soul. Her continual cry was, 'I do not know Christ. I want an interest in Christ. Oh that I might know Him ! Oh that He would forgive my sins—that

<sup>1</sup> The subjoined is Jackson's translation of Mr. Wesley's Latin resignation of his Fellowship :

I, John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, do hereby spontaneously and freely

resign whatever rights I possess in the aforesaid Society to the Rector and Fellows of the same ; wishing to all and each of them perpetual peace and every species of felicity in Christ.

<sup>2</sup> Accompanied by his wife.

He would wash me whiter than snow!’ She had never any ease but while we were at prayer, with which she was never satisfied; but held me, and would not let me rise from my knees, sometimes for an hour together. I was praying with her about twelve o’clock, when she called out, ‘Help me to praise the Lord. I feel my sins are forgiven. I am washed and made whiter than snow.’ She spent the remainder of the night in praise and prayer. About eight in the morning I went home.

On Sunday evening I found her much weaker in body, but her soul was full of life and vigour. When I came in she said, ‘I am exceeding glad you are come. Now let us rejoice together. We shall meet together in heaven. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb. I know God is my Father. I know my name is written in heaven. There we shall all rejoice together.’ She was never satisfied with giving thanks; not suffering me to rise from my knees, but holding me by my hands when I wanted to rise.

About eight Mrs. W[igginton]<sup>1</sup> came in, and told us Mr. C[harles] W[esley] was come to town. She<sup>2</sup> then broke out into prayer for him, for Mr. J[ohn] W[esley], and for the society. Afterward she prayed for the Q[uake]rs, that God would deliver them from all darkness of mind, covetousness, pride, and the love of the world. She continued praying till near twelve o’clock, speaking with a clear, strong voice; although, whenever she ceased speaking, she seemed just dying away. About twelve she cried out, ‘Lord, forgive me! What shall I do to be saved?’ I was astonished to hear her voice so changed, and asked, ‘My dear, what is it distresses you?’ She answered, ‘I feel anger toward Peggy.’ (That was the maid’s name.) ‘Lord, forgive me! Lord, lay not this sin to my charge!’ We went to prayer together; and, after a time, she said, ‘Help me to bless and thank the Lord. I find sweet refreshments from Him. He is reconciled again.’ And from that hour she found no more darkness.

She then began praying for her parents, her sisters, and brother; adding, ‘Do pray that God would restrain him from the evils of this world. I have been restrained from a child. I never could play as other children did.’ Towards morning she dozed a little; but all the intervals she spent in praise and thanksgiving, still speaking with as clear and strong a voice as if she had been in health.

One day, as she was praising God, one desired her brother to take pattern by her. She immediately answered, ‘Not by me; take pattern by Jesus—take pattern by Jesus!’

About twelve at night, as I came into the room, she said, ‘My heart

<sup>1</sup> Who belonged to a Quaker family. Her daughter’s conversion and her connexion with Charles Wesley are fre-

quently noted in his Journal. See above, vol. ii. p. 232; also *Diary, passim*.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Walcam.



is blessed of the Lord, and by the strength of the living God I speak. Come, let us go to prayer; let us praise the living God once more in this world; the Lord ever——' Here her breath failed. But soon after she sung with us,

Come, let us join our cheerful songs;

adding, 'I am more afraid to live than to die; but, whether I live or die, I will praise the Lord.'

On Sunday morning she said, 'Jesus loves me. He has been always with me. He is a merciful God; He is indeed. I shall go to glory—to glory. Come, O Lord Jesus, and make my passage easy to eternal glory! I long to be with Jesus. I could grasp Him!' (stretching out her arms). 'Oh give me an easy passage! We shall soon meet again, to sing praises unto the Lord for ever.'

At another time she said, 'Let others do what they will, we will praise the Lord. I am happy; I am easy. If He raises me or not, I shall praise the Lord.'

She said to her father, 'I asked to drink of the bitter cup, but I knew not what I asked; but yet, if it is an hundred times more, I desire to drink it all.'

As she grew weaker she was seized with strong convulsions, which followed close one upon another. But the moment the fit ceased she always began to speak, praying and praising God; nor was her understanding, or even her memory, either disordered or weakened thereby. Nay, her understanding remained even during the fit, so that she heard and knew all that was spoken near her; and, when she recovered her speech, repeated as there was occasion, and remarked upon it.

When Mr. C[harles] W[esley] and two others came to pray with her, she was exceeding low. After they were gone, she said, 'My spirit joins with them. They are the people of God; I know they are. How sweet they look! Don't they look different from other people? Come, mother, let us praise God: I am always better after prayer. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise! Oh how great is my rejoicing! I shall be whiter than the driven snow.'

Soon after she said, 'I am refreshed; indeed, I am. We shall see Him on His great white throne. There we shall see Him face to face. My dear Jesus! Praise Jesus! Why don't you praise Jesus? Praise my God! He is making intercession for me. He *is*: the Lord loves me; I *know* He does.'

To her mother she said, 'What a blessed thing it is that you have brought up a child for the Lord!'

She continued praying and praising God till the 25th, when her breath was so short that she could say nothing but 'Jesus.' This she uttered continually as she could, till, about six in the evening, she



resigned her spirit, without any sigh or groan, or alteration in her countenance, which had the same sweetness as when she was living. She lived on earth sixteen years, nine months, and eighteen days.

*Fri. 21.*—I drew up a short account of the case of Kingswood School.<sup>1</sup>

1. The School began on Midsummer Day, 1748. The first school-masters were J[ohn] J[ones], T[homas] R[ichards], W[alter] S[ellon], R[ichard] M[oss], W[illiam] S[pencer], and A[braham] G[rou]. The Rules were printed; and, notwithstanding the strictness of them, in two or three months we had twenty-eight scholars. So that the family, including M[ary] D[avey], the housekeeper, R—— T——,<sup>2</sup> our man, and four maid-servants, consisted of forty persons.

2. From the very beginning I met with all sorts of discouragements. Cavillers and prophets of evil were on every side. An hundred objections were made both to the whole design and every particular branch of it; especially by those from whom I had reason to expect better things. Notwithstanding which, through God's help, I went on; wrote an English, a Latin, a Greek, a Hebrew, and a French Grammar, and printed *Praelectiones Pueriles*, with many other books for the use of the School; and God gave a manifest blessing. Some of the wildest children were struck with deep conviction; all appeared to have good desires; and two or three began to taste the love of God.

3. Yet I soon observed several things which I did not like. The maids divided into two parties. R—— T—— studiously blew up the coals by constant whispering and tale-bearing. M[ary] D[avey] did not supply the defects of other servants, being chiefly taken up with thoughts of another kind.<sup>3</sup> And hence the children were not properly attended, nor were things done with due care and exactness.

4. The masters should have corrected these irregularities, but they added to them. T[homas] R[ichards] was so rough and disobliging that the children were little profited by him. A[braham] G[rou] was honest and diligent; but his person and manner made him contemptible to the children. R[ichard] [Moss] was grave and weighty in his behaviour, and did much good till W[alter] S[ellon] set the children against him; and, instead of restraining them from play, played with them himself. J[ohn] J[ones] and W[illiam] S[pencer] were weighed down by the rest, who neither observed the Rules in the school nor out of it.

<sup>1</sup> See *Hist. of Kingswood School*, pp. 34-40; also C. Wesley's Journal of date.

<sup>2</sup> The serving man. A Richard Taylor became Miss Bosanquet's farm-bailiff in

Yorkshire. This, it is thought, may have been the R—— T—— of this account.

<sup>3</sup> A widow who married Thomas Richards (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 34).

5. The continual breach of that rule, 'Never to let the children work but in the presence of a master,' occasioned their growing wilder and wilder, till all their religious impressions were worn off; and the sooner, as four or five of the larger boys were very uncommonly wicked.

6. When I came down in September 1750 and found the scholars reduced to eighteen I determined to purge the house thoroughly. Two more of the children (one of them exquisitely wicked) I sent home without delay. M[ary] D[avey], T[homas] R[ichards], R[ichard] M[oss], and three of the maids were gone away already; R—— T——, W[alter] S[ellon], and A[braham] G[rou] went after; so that only two masters, Mr. J[ones] and S[pencer], remained with Mrs. Hardwick, one maid, and sixteen scholars.

7. I now hoped the time was come for God to revive His work; but we were not low enough yet. So first J[ohn] J[ones] and then W[illiam] S[pencer] grew weary; the Rules were neglected again; and in the following winter Mr. Page died, and five more scholars went away. What weakened the hands of the masters still more was the bitter evil-speaking of some who continually endeavoured either to drive away the children that remained or to prevent others from coming.

8. There are now two masters, the housekeeper, a maid, and eleven children. I believe all in the house are at length of one mind, and trust God will bless us in the latter end more than in the beginning.

JULY 8,<sup>1</sup> *Mon.*—I wrote an account of that wonderful self-deceiver and hypocrite, James Wh[eatley]. Oh, what a scandal has his obstinate wickedness brought on the gospel! And what a curse on his own head!<sup>2</sup>

1. In the beginning of June Richard Pearce, of Bradford,<sup>3</sup> wrote to my brother at Bristol, desiring that he would narrowly inquire into the behaviour of Mr. James Wh[eatley]. And not long after Mrs. Silby, of Bradford, related some strange particulars, in order to be thoroughly informed of which my brother rode over to Bradford; and, on Wednesday, June 12, talked himself with Mary B[radford], Jane W——, Elizabeth L——, Mary S——, Mary F——, Ann W——, and Mary D——. The same accounts which they had before given to Mrs. Silby they now gave to my brother and her together; and afterwards to Sarah Perrin<sup>4</sup> and Mary Naylor, without varying in any one circumstance.

<sup>1</sup> On July 3 he wrote to Blackwell (*Works*, vol. xii. p. 175).

<sup>2</sup> See Tyerman's *Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 121-6; and *Life of C. of Huntingdon*, vol. ii. pp. 328, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Bradford-on-Avon.

<sup>4</sup> S. Perrin was Wesley's housekeeper at Bristol for some years. Six letters from her to Wesley are in vol. i. of the *Arm. Mag.*

2. My brother wrote down what they said, and at his return to Bristol read it to James Wh[eatley], who consented to come face to face with them; and on Tuesday the 25th my brother and I rode with him to Bearfield. Mary B[radford] and Mary D[everel] were there, and repeated before him what they had said to my brother. He cavilled at one or two trifling circumstances, but allowed the substance of what they said to be true.

3. After deeply weighing the matter I read the following paper before I gave it into his hands :

*June 25, 1751.*

Because you have wrought folly in Israel, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, betrayed your own soul into temptation and sin, and the souls of many others, whom you ought, even at the peril of your own life, to have guarded against all sin ; because you have given occasion to the enemies of God, whenever they shall know these things, to blaspheme the ways and truth of God :

We can in no wise receive you as a fellow labourer till we see clear proofs of your real and deep repentance. Of this you have given us no proof yet. You have not so much as named one single person in all England or Ireland with whom you have behaved ill, except those we knew before.

The least and lowest proof of such repentance which we can receive is this : that till our next Conference (which we hope will be in October), you abstain both from preaching and from practising physic. If you do not we are clear ; we cannot answer for the consequences.

JOHN WESLEY,  
CHARLES WESLEY.

4. *Wednesday* the 26th I desired him to meet me at Farley Wick, with the other women, at eight in the morning. All the five women came, and gave my wife the same account which they had before given to my brother. But Mr. Wh[eatley] did not come till after they were all gone.

5. On *Thursday* and *Friday* my brother and I spared no pains to persuade him to retire for a season ; but it was labour lost. He professed himself, indeed, and we would fain have thought him, penitent ; but I could not find any good proof that he was so. Nay, I saw strong proof that he was not : (1) Because he never owned one tittle but what he knew we could prove ; (2) because he always extenuated what he could not deny ; (3) because he as constantly accused others as excused himself, saying many had been guilty of *little imprudences* as well as he ; (4) because, in doing this, he told several palpable untruths, which he well knew so to be.

6. Yet still we spared him, hoping God would give him repentance. But finding, after some weeks, that he continued going from house to house, justifying himself and condemning my brother and me for



misrepresenting him, on *Monday*, July 22, I rode to Bearfield again and put myself to the pain of writing down from the mouths of these seven women, as near as I could in their own words, the accounts which I judged to be most material. I read over to each what I had written, and asked if I had mistaken anything. Every one answered: No; it was the very truth, as she was to answer it before God.<sup>1</sup>

I would now refer it to any impartial judge, whether we have shown too much severity; whether we have not rather leaned to the other extreme, and shown too much lenity to so stubborn an offender.

Even when I returned to London soon after, I declined, as much as possible, mentioning any of these things, having still a distant hope that Almighty Love might at length bring him to true repentance.<sup>2</sup>

Some who came up from Lincolnshire in the beginning of August occasioned my writing the following letter<sup>3</sup>:

LONDON, *August 15, 1751.*

REV. SIR,

1. I take the liberty to inform you that a poor man, late of your parish, was with me some time since, as were two others a few days ago, who live in or near Wrangle.<sup>4</sup> If what they affirmed was true, you was very nearly concerned in some late transactions there. The short was this: That a riotous mob, at several times, particularly on the 7th of July, and the 4th of this month, violently assaulted a company of quiet people, struck many of them, beat down others, and dragged some away, whom, after abusing them in various ways, they threw into drains, or other deep waters, to the endangering of their lives. That, not content with this, they broke open a house, dragged a poor man out of bed, and drove him out of the house naked, and also greatly damaged the goods, at the same time threatening to give them all the same or worse usage if they did not desist from that worship of God which they believed to be right and good.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. C. Wesley's account of these proceedings.

<sup>2</sup> About this time Charles Wesley went into Yorkshire with a commission to inquire into the moral conduct of the preachers. He found one or two who did not walk worthy of the gospel, and several whom he thought utterly unqualified to preach. Dr. Whitehead, in

his *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 264-6, reproduces extracts from the correspondence of John and Charles Wesley relating to this commission.

<sup>3</sup> To the Rev. Richard Bailey or Rev. H. A. Barker, vicar of Wrangle.

<sup>4</sup> This refers to Thomas Mitchell's fight with the 'lions of Wrangle' (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 178).



2. The poor sufferers, I am informed, applied for redress to a neighbouring Justice of the Peace. But they could have none. So far from it that the Justice himself told them the treatment was good enough for them, and that if they went on (in worshipping God according to their own conscience) the mob should use them so again.

3. I allow some of those people might behave with passion or ill manners. But if they did, was there any proportion at all between the fault and the punishment? Or, whatever punishment was due, does the law direct that a riotous mob should be the inflictors of it?

4. I allow also that this gentleman supposed the doctrines of the Methodists (so called) to be extremely bad. But is he assured of this? Has he read their writings? If not, why does he pass sentence before he hears the evidence? If he has, and thinks them wrong, yet is this a method of confuting to be used in a Christian—a Protestant country? Particularly in England, where every man may think for himself, as he must give an account for himself to God?

5. The sum of our doctrine, with regard to inward religion (so far as I understand it) is comprised in two points: the loving God with all our hearts, and the loving our neighbour as ourselves. And, with regard to outward religion, in two more: the doing all to the glory of God, and the doing to all what we would desire in like circumstances should be done to us. I believe no one will easily confute this by Scripture and sound reason, or prove that we preach or hold any other doctrine as necessary to salvation.

6. I thought it my duty, sir, though a stranger to you, to say thus much, and to request two things of you: (1) That the damage these poor people have sustained may be repaired; and (2) that they may, for the time to come, be allowed to enjoy the privilege of Englishmen—to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. On these conditions they are heartily willing to forget all that is past.

Wishing you all happiness, spiritual and temporal, I remain, reverend sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant.

Mr. B—— was not so wise as to take my advice. So the sufferers applied to the Court of King's Bench, and, after it had cost him a large sum, he was glad to let them worship God in their own way.

*Sat. 17.*—Calling on a gentleman in the city,<sup>1</sup> whom I had not seen for some time, I was surprised to find him thin and pale, and with all the marks of an approaching consumption.

<sup>1</sup> Ebenezer Blackwell.

I asked whether he did not think a journey would do him more good than a heap of medicines, and whether he would set out with my wife and me for Cornwall on Monday. To which he willingly assented.

On *Monday* evening I preached at Reading. Mr. B[lackwell] overtook us on *Tuesday* morning, with whom we had an agreeable ride to Newbury, and thence to Andover. Leaving him there, I rode on through heavy rain to Salisbury, and preached in the evening to an attentive congregation.

*Wed. 21.*<sup>1</sup>—We joined companies again, till Mr. B[lackwell] went to Shaftesbury. I overtook him there the next morning, and we rode on together to Yeovil. Here I struck off, to visit the societies in Devonshire, and Mr. B[lackwell] went straight forward to the Land's End, whence he returned in perfect health.

I now found more and more proofs that the poor wretch<sup>2</sup> whom we had lately disowned was continually labouring to poison our other preachers. And with some of them he did not lose his labour, the deep prejudices they then received having utterly drank up their blood and spirits, so that we were obliged, sooner or later, to part with them also.<sup>3</sup>

We reached Beer Crocombe in the evening, and Cullompton the next day, *Friday* the 23rd. I preached in the little meadow at the end of New Street, and observed one circumstance which I had not seen elsewhere. The people did not come close to me but stood in a half-moon some yards off, leaving a considerable space in the midst. The very children behaved with remarkable seriousness. I saw but one, a girl of three or four years old, who ran about as in play, till another, not much bigger, reproved her, and constrained her to stand still. Here I rested the next day.

*Sun. 25.*—I heard at church, by way of sermon, part of *Papists and Methodists Compared*. But it did not lessen the congregation at one, on whom I enforced (what they were somewhat more concerned in), 'What shall it profit a man' to 'gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

<sup>1</sup> Letter to a friend.

<sup>2</sup> Wheatley. See above.

<sup>3</sup> See Tyerman's *Life of Wesley* for full account of the Assistants at this

time, and of the disciplinary action of the Leeds Conference under Charles Wesley and privately (vol. ii. p. 129).

I then rode over to Tiverton, and preached in the market-house, filled with attentive hearers. So it was on *Monday* likewise.

*Tues. 27.*—We rode to Uffculme, about eight miles from Tiverton, and preached in the market-place to a larger congregation than one would think the town could have afforded.

*Wed. 28.*—It being the time of their yearly meeting at the school,<sup>1</sup> abundance of gentlemen came to town. Yet I preached in the market-house undisturbed, and afterwards met the society in peace.

*Thur. 29.*—There was a sermon preached at the old church before the trustees of the school. At half an hour past twelve the morning service began, but such insufferable noise and confusion I never saw before in a place of worship, no, not even in a Jewish synagogue. The clergy set the example, laughing and talking during great part both of the prayers and sermon.

A young gentlewoman, who was with us where we dined, hastened away to prepare for the ball. But before she was half-dressed she was struck, and came down in a flood of tears. Nevertheless, she broke through, and in a few hours danced away all her convictions.

Toward the close of the sermon in the evening a rabble of gentlemen's servants gathered together and endeavoured to make a disturbance, but it was mere lost labour.

*Fri. 30.*—I inquired into the particulars of the last fire here. It began on June 4, about six in the evening. Four engines were brought immediately, and water in abundance ran through the middle of the street. Notwithstanding, it seized four houses instantly, spread across the street, and ran on both sides, right against the wind, till it had burnt all the engines and made all help impossible. When most of the people had given up all hopes it stopped all on a sudden: on one side of the street by blowing up the market-house, on the other none could tell how, having first left about three hundred families without a place where to lay their heads.

I preached at six on those words in the Morning Lesson, 'We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for, as concerning this sect, we know everywhere it is spoken against.'

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<sup>1</sup> See Blackmore's description in *Lorna Doone*.



A drunken man made a little noise, but a clergyman present desired the town clerk to stop him, which he did immediately. Then the mob of footmen began, having procured a horn and greatly increased their numbers. But a party of the townsmen undertook them, and scoured the streets of them in a few minutes. To revenge themselves they laid hold on a poor chimney-sweeper they met, though no Maccabee (as the common people call us here), carried him away in triumph, and (we heard) half-murdered him before he got out of their hands.<sup>1</sup>

*Sat. 31.*—We rode to Launceston. The mob gathered immediately, and attended us to the room. They made much noise while I was preaching, and threw all kind of things at the people as they came out; but no one was hurt.

*SEPT. 1, Sun.*—At the desire of many I went at eight into the main street. A large congregation of serious people quickly gathered together. Soon after a mob of boys and gentlemen gathered on the other side of the street: they grew more and more noisy, till, finding I could not be heard there I went to the room, and quietly finished my discourse.

I preached again as soon as we came out of church, and then hasted to Tresmeer. Mr. T—— not being come, I read prayers myself, and found an uncommon blessing therein. I preached on Luke x. 23, 24, 'Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see,' &c., and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. We were filled with consolation. We sang praises lustily and with a good courage, till (in a manner I never remember before),

A solemn reverence checked our songs,  
And praise sat silent on our tongues.

We were well buffeted both with wind and rain in riding from thence to J—— T——'s, where the congregation was waiting for me. And we had another season of solemn joy in the Lord.

*Mon. 2.*—We rode to Camelford. In the way I read Mr. Glanvill's <sup>2</sup> *Relations of Witchcraft*. I wish the facts had had a more judicious relater—one who would not have given a fair pretence for denying the whole by his awkward manner of accounting for some of the circumstances.

<sup>1</sup> See *Meth. Mag.* 1819, p. 544.    <sup>2</sup> Chaplain to Charles II. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 79.



*Wed. 4.*—We called in the afternoon on Mr. H[arris],<sup>1</sup> in Camborne parish.

*Sat. 7.*—I rode in a stormy afternoon to St. Just. But the rain would not let me preach abroad either that evening or on *Sunday* morning. About noon I made shift to stand on the lee-side of a house in Morvah and preach Christ to a listening multitude. I began at Newlyn about five. About the middle of the sermon there was a vehement shower of rain and hail; but the bulk of the congregation stood quite still, every man in his place.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached in Ludgvan, Sithney, Crowan, and Illogan.<sup>2</sup>

*Wed. 11.*—At noon I preached in Redruth, and in the evening in Gwennap. It blew hard, and rained almost without ceasing; but the congregation stood as if it had been a fair summer's evening.

*Thur. 12.*—We rode to Penryn. Here I light upon the works of that odd writer, William Dell.<sup>3</sup> From his whole manner one may learn that he was not very patient of reproof or contradiction, so that it is no wonder there is generally so much error mixed with the great truths which he delivers.

*Fri. 13.*—I preached at St. Mewan; *Saturday* the 14th at St. Lawrence, near Bodmin: a little, ugly, dirty village, eminent for nothing but a hospital for lepers, founded and endowed by Queen Anne.<sup>4</sup> But I found God was there, even before I opened my mouth to a small, loving congregation, one of whom had been sensible of his acceptance with God for above six-and-fifty years.<sup>5</sup>

I preached at St. Cleer in the afternoon, about two miles from Liskeard; and the next morning a mile nearer the town. Hence I went on to Plymouth Dock, where I preached in the

<sup>1</sup> Of Rosewarne, Camborne. Cf. below, July 31, 1753. (*W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 190.)

<sup>2</sup> See below, Sept. 5, 1757.

<sup>3</sup> Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, in the seventeenth century. He published many sermons and discourses.

<sup>4</sup> This is incorrect. It is mentioned

in a deed bearing date 29 Henry VIII, and was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1582. See, fully, *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 190.

<sup>5</sup> The great-grandfather of Mr. N. Sibly, in 1906 one of the oldest trustees and local preachers. See *Meth. Rec.* Aug. 30, 1906.

evening to a large congregation, and on *Monday* evening to a much larger, with great plainness of speech.

*Tues.* 17.—Being greatly importuned to spend a few more days in Cornwall, I rode back to Launceston. After preaching there about noon, in the evening at St. Gennys, and the next morning at Cubert, we went on, and reached St. Ives in the afternoon on *Thursday* the 19th.

*Fri.* 20.—I read, with great prejudice in their favour, some of Mr. Erskine's<sup>1</sup> sermons; particularly those which I had heard much commended, entitled, 'Law-Death, Gospel-Life.' But how was I disappointed! I not only found many things odd and unscriptural, but some that were dangerously false, and the leaven of Antinomianism spread from end to end.

On *Saturday* and *Sunday* I preached at St. Just, Morvah, and Zennor.

*Mon.* 23.—We had a general meeting of the stewards, and a solemn watch-night. After the service was over I rode to Camborne, and in the evening, *Tuesday* the 24th, reached St. Cleer. The house would not contain one-half of the people; so I stood in the porch, that all, both within and without, might hear. Many from Liskeard were present, and a solemn awe was upon the whole assembly.

*Wed.* 25.—After preaching about noon at Plymouth Dock we went on to Mr. V——'s at C——. The next evening we reached Tiverton, where a large number of serious people were waiting for me. The sons of Belial were likewise gathered in large numbers, with a drummer at their head. When I began speaking, they began drumming and shouting; notwithstanding which I went through my sermon, to the no small mortification of Satan's servants and the joy of the servants of God.

I would have walked home without delay, but our brethren constrained me to step into a house. One of the merchants of the town quickly followed me, with a constable and one or two servants, who took me between them, carried me through all the mob, and brought me safe to my own lodgings.<sup>2</sup>

*Fri.* 27.—In the evening I preached at Beer Crocombe, and *Saturday* the 28th came to Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Erskine. See *W.H.S.* vol. iv. p. 79; also above, vol. ii. p. 231.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Durnford, *Historical Memoirs of Tiverton*, p. 233.

*Sun.* 29.—I had much comfort among the children in Kingswood, finding several of them that really feared God.

*OCT. 1, Tues.*—This week I had an opportunity of speaking to most of the members of the society in Bristol, who are now as calm and well united together as if James Wh[eatley] had never been.

*Wed.* 16.—We had a solemn watch-night at Kingswood. John How,<sup>1</sup> one of our nearest neighbours, a strong, healthy man, went home soon after twelve, said, ‘My feet are cold,’ and spoke no more. He lay quietly down, and, without any struggle, was dead before one.

*Thur.* 17.—I preached at Bath, and the next day at Salisbury.

*Sat.* 19.—We rode leisurely on to Basingstoke; and came, about two hours after sunset, to Bramshill Park.<sup>2</sup>

*Sun.* 20.—Farmer N——, who had begged me to come that way, upon the minister’s offering me the use of his church, informing me that his mind was changed, I rode over to Reading, preached at one and at five; and on *Monday* the 21st rode forward to London.

*Wed.* 30.—After preaching at West Street Chapel in the evening, I walked to Lambeth, to see Miss Sm——, who had for several days expressed an earnest desire to see either my brother or me. When I came her sister told me her senses were gone, and that she had not spoke for several hours. But she spoke as soon as I took her by the hand, and declared a hope full of immortality. I prayed with her, and praised God on her behalf. An hour or two after her spirit returned to God.

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<sup>1</sup> Another John How, perhaps a son, is named below, Oct. 25, 1757.

<sup>2</sup> Between Winchfield and Reading.















